

SPORT

SEPTEMBER

**SUGAR RAY,
THE MIRACLE MAN**

**SECRET RATINGS
OF THE N. L. PLAYERS**

**WHY DON'T THEY
STOP KNOCKING
DUKE SNIDER?**

**JOE DI MAGGIO'S
LIFE TODAY**



42
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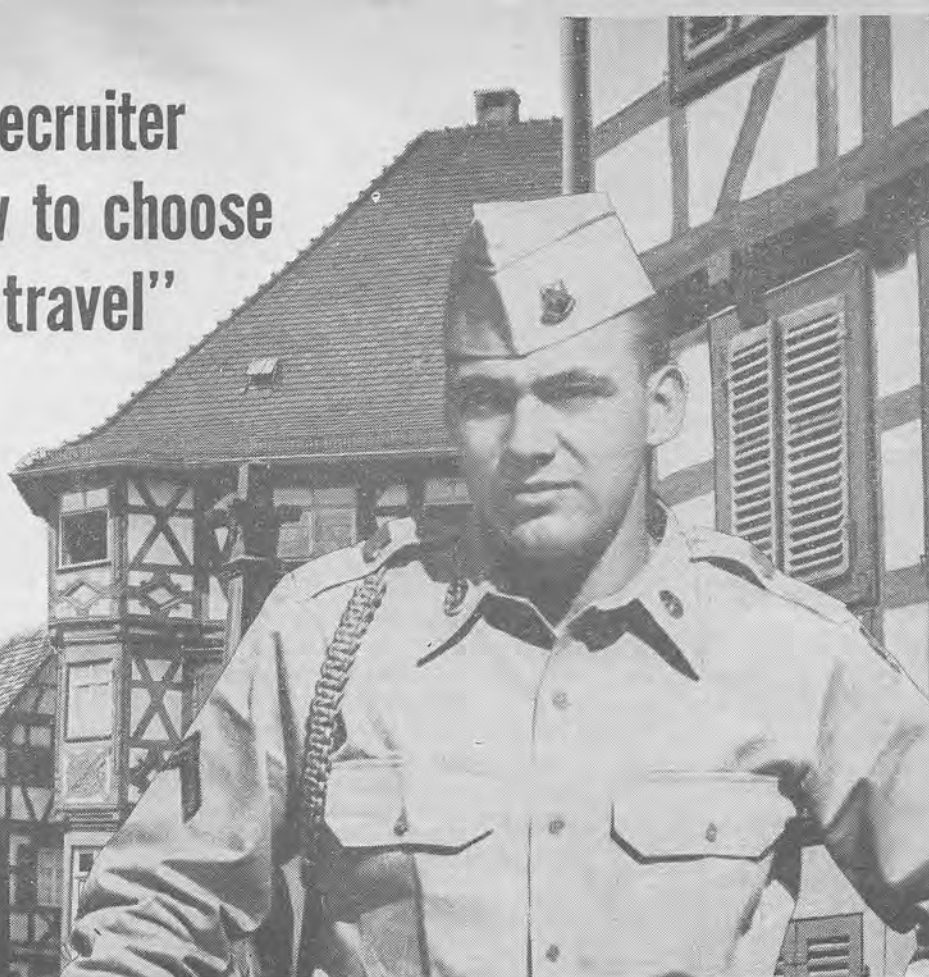
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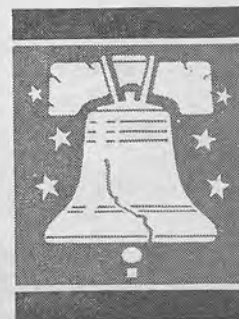
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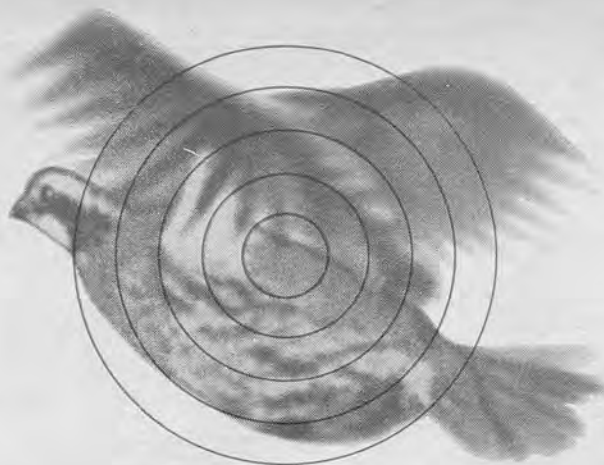
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AUGUST 29



CARMEN
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DON
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next month in SPORT

Billy Pierce has become the hero of the city of Chicago. The good little lefty is, today, the mighty winner of the American League and the hope of the hungry White Sox. *SPORT* visits Billy, our cover boy for October, at home in Chicago . . . It was no sudden impulse by the Yankees that sent Billy Martin off to the A's. The Copa incident, at best, was a convenient excuse to get rid of the team's off-the-field ringleader. Roger Kahn tells it all in "Why They Broke Up Billy Martin's Gang."

The *SPORT* SPECIAL, "Carmen Basilio Reaches for the Jackpot," is one of those warming boxing stories—the account of an honest battler, a throwback to the old days, a fellow who is willing to take a punch in order to give one, and who finally wins his point in the murky business . . . Pacific Coast football is breaking up. Once-mighty schools have done each other enough dirt to make a shambles of the PCC. The inside story of the impending pull-out of the "big-time" schools is in "Death Sentence for the PCC."

Mel Allen's All-America Football Preview reports on the up-and-coming heroes, including Don Stephenson of Georgia Tech, for 1957 . . . Also for the football fan is the story of Jimmy Brown, a natural athlete who could have been anything but chose to play football. This year, as a rookie in the NFL, he'll find out if he picked the right sport . . . Then there is the second part of our Secret Ratings, this time on the AL, from the private files of a major-league ball club; and stories on National League hot shots Frankie Robinson, Gil Hodges and Bob Buhl.



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SPORTalk

By FRANK GRAHAM, JR.



Campus Queen Candidate No. 1

This is the month when these pages begin to brighten up considerably. We're off and running with our 1958 Campus Queen Contest, and our first candidate is a beautiful blonde sophomore from the University of Florida, Nancy Peterson. Nancy, who is only 17 and a graduate of Miami's Edison High School, is now majoring in fashion design at Florida U.

As this department is a popular corner for demon statisticians, we'll supply them with the figures. Nancy is five feet, six inches tall, weighs 121 pounds and measures 35-23-35. Her hobbies include swimming, water skiing, tennis, dancing and sports cars. At last reports, Nancy had no steady boy friend but a look at the accompanying picture indicates that this situation may change at any moment.

Look for Campus Queen candidate No. 2 next month. Your chance to vote comes at the end of the year.

A Day With Floyd Patterson

This was a day at Floyd Patterson's training camp, the Long Pond Inn at Greenwood Lake, N. Y., before the champ's title fight with Hurricane Jackson. A group of writers and publicity men had driven up from New York, 60 miles away, to watch Patterson in training. The inn is a long white building, trimmed in red, which stands on the bank of the lake that gives the town its name. The camp is really "home" for Patterson, for he spends most of his time there. Like his predecessor to the throne, Rocky Marciano, Floyd is so dedicated to his profession that he never leaves the camp while in strict training and at other times leaves only on weekends.

NANCY PETERSON
University of Florida

to visit his wife and baby daughter, who live with her mother in St. Albans, Queens.

On this day Floyd was in the big dining room when the writers arrived and girded themselves to attack the big Long Pond Inn steaks, Patterson, who eats only two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, looked on quietly (and wonderingly) as the writers applied themselves to the beef. When one of the writers came up for air long enough to ask him a question, he replied briefly but courteously. Finally a little boy came in and said that there were some other boys from the town high school outside and would Floyd please come out and be interviewed. The champion, who is always more at ease with children than with other adults, cheerfully accepted.

The next time the writers saw him,



The two Mickey Mantles, Sr. and Jr., display their "Mickey Mantle Pencil Sets," another of the star's sidelines.

he was in his trunks, ready for his workout. The ring was pitched in a large pine-panelled room over the bar and dining hall. Just below the windows a group of men and small boys were standing on the bank, fishing. Spectators sat on seats around the ring, watching the champion's every move. In the front row sat a group of six boys, all about ten years old, holding jumping ropes and trunks. "They're kids from the town," said Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato. "Floyd always likes kids around, and these boys go for walks with him in the afternoon, and then every day he gives them boxing lessons after his workout."

Patterson proceeded to batter a couple of sparring partners about the ring and once, between rounds, he looked down at the boys sitting at ringside and said, "Get dressed." The boys jumped to their feet and disappeared through a door that led to the dressing room. When Floyd had finished boxing, he began to punch the small bag. "When I first started working with him," Dan Florio, his trainer, said, "he couldn't punch the small bag very good, and so he was ashamed to do it when people were around. I told him to practice when he was alone, and now he does fine."

Pretty soon the boys emerged from the dressing room, clad only in shorts, socks and sneakers. Floyd's habitual expression of unconcern brightened considerably. While the other boys began to shadow box, Floyd called two of the youngsters into the ring and laced on their gloves. Then he applied vaseline to their faces, tilting back the boys' heads with the flat of his left hand, just as Dan Florio greases his head, and smearing their features with the vaseline which will lessen the possibility of cuts or abrasions. The boys grimaced as if they were having their faces scrubbed by their mothers. Then Patterson told them to start fighting and the boys went at each other with gusto. Floyd, leaning on the top rope, quietly gave instructions: "Get off the ropes." "Move! Move!" "No wild swings. Punch straight."

"They all look like they came out of the Gramercy Gym," one onlooker said, referring to the dreary little New York gymnasium where D'Amato schooled Patterson and his other fighters. The boys bounced around the ring, their hands held high, and handled themselves like boys five or six years older. At the end of the round, Patterson called them over one at a time, wiped the vaseline from their eyes with the edge of his yellow robe and lectured them in low tones.

"Maybe Floyd's a good teacher because he learns so fast himself," D'Amato said. "The chief of police walked in here the other day and thanked Floyd for all the things he has done for his son. Just think—only a few years ago Floyd was in a home for maladjusted boys."

The White Sox Name Their Best

We recently had an intriguing letter from a reader in Seattle, Wash. Scotty Powe is his name and he came up with what we think is a good suggestion. Mr. Powe, while reading Roger Kahn's great story on Pee Wee Reese in the June *SPORT*, noticed that Pee Wee was described as Brooklyn's all-time shortstop. Well, Mr. Powe began wondering about all-time teams in general and so he wrote to us asking that we print the all-time teams for each major-league club in *SPORT*. We contacted each of the ball clubs and asked them to give us their all-time all-star teams. Many of these clubs have already selected theirs in past years by means of a poll of the fans or writers in their towns. That makes the all-time teams reasonably official. Anyway, we're beginning the series this month and our first club is the Chicago White Sox. Here's their all-time lineup.

First Base: Joe Kuhel, who played for the Sox from 1938 through 1943, and again in 1946-47. His lifetime average was .277.

Second Base: Eddie Collins, now in baseball's Hall of Fame, who was with the Sox during the years 1915-26. He had a lifetime batting average of .333, and is rated by many as the greatest second-baseman of all time.

Shortstop: Luke Appling, who was there for so long he didn't really give anybody else a chance at the all-time job. He held down the shortstop position in Chicago from 1930 through 1950 and had a life-time average of .310.

Third Base: Willie Kamm, who played with the Sox from 1923 through 1931 and batted .281 as a big-leaguer.

Left Field: Al Simmons, who was honored even though he played only three seasons in Chicago, 1933-35. This famous slugger's average was .334, and he's in the Hall of Fame, too.

Center Field: Johnny Mostil, who spent all of his big-league career in Chicago, beginning with 1918, and then from 1921 through '29. He batted .301.

Right Field: Minnie Minoso, the flashiest of the current "Go-Go" brigade. Minnie arrived in Chicago in 1951 and has hit at a .307 clip.

Righthanded Pitcher: Ted Lyons, who spent all of his pro career with the Sox (1923-46) and won 260 games to earn a place in the Hall of Fame. Ted managed Chicago in 1947-48.

Left-handed Pitcher: Billy Pierce, like Minoso, one of the two current Sox to be honored. Billy came to Chicago in 1949 and had won 114 American League games before this season.

Pitt's "Doctor" Backfield

In all the hysteria touched off by the recruiting scandals in big-time college football, the times that the players themselves are helped have often been overlooked. It's obvious that many of the boys recruited will only allow themselves to be used to bring much gold and some peculiar glory to their colleges; others will take advantage of the free education placed at their disposal in return for their blood, sweat and torn cartilage. This year's Pitt eleven is a publicity man's dream. The Panthers, who have had two successive bowl teams, may field an "all-doctor" backfield this fall. As their team shapes up now, all four members of the starting backfield are pre-med students and, coincidentally, all of them are from Pennsylvania mining or industrial towns and would never have had the chance to go to college if it were not for their ability to play football.

Bill Kaliden, the quarterback, earned 16 A's and three B's last year at Pitt. Bill, a junior, comes from Homestead, Pa., and is the son



To most fighters, training camp is a place of drudgery. To Floyd Patterson, it is where he feels at home.

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of a Greek immigrant who works in a mill there.

Dick Bowen, the fullback, is a senior from Duquesne, and his father works in the mills, too. He is active in church affairs and reads the Bible every night before going to bed.

Jim Theodore, the right halfback, is a senior whose parents came over here from Bulgaria. He lives in Wilmerding, another industrial town.

Andy Sepsi is a highly rated sophomore who may win the first-string job at left half. As a high school boy in Brownsville, a mining town, he received the incredible total of 109 athletic scholarship offers. He has not yet made up his mind whether he will become a doctor or a dentist, but either way he will be a "doctor." When the purists begin to complain of the evils of athletic scholarships, Pitt can point with a good deal of pride to the futures it has opened up for this unusual quartet of backs.

News From The Fan Clubs

Moe Drabowski, one of the few newcomers Chicago Cub fans have had to cheer about in recent years, is now being honored with a fan club of his own. Faithful followers of the Cubs and lovers of the underdog everywhere should write to Julie Shakin of 201 Crown St., Brooklyn, N.Y., for further information. (It looks like Julie is preparing himself for his home town's loss of the Dodgers.) . . . Linnet Frazier of Chambersville Rd., McKinney, Tex., has formed a club for Frank Robinson and is looking for new members. . . . Members of the Al Rosen Fan Club haven't given up just because their hero has forsaken the Indians for the investment business. The club is still flourishing and its slogan has been changed from "We Flip Over Al" to "We Want Rosen!" Nostalgic Indian fans who want to join the vigil can contact the club's president, Mary Alice Hall, at 1800 Harrisburg Rd., Canton 5, Ohio. . . . Emily Fitzgibbons of 2123 Mars Ave., Lakewood 7, Ohio, writes: "I have started the Cleveland Association of Indian Fan Clubs (CAIFC) and I would like to hear from Indian fan clubs that have not already registered with me. I'm especially interested in hearing from any Bobby Avila Fan Clubs". . . . And going Emily one better is LaVerne Isenberg of R.R. 1, Dorsey, Ill., who has founded something called the Association of Sport Collectors. Mr. Isenberg would like to hear from collectors of sports autographs, cards, magazines, guides, books and even averages. . . . Bobby Henrich of the Cincinnati Reds is another rookie to be honored with a fan club. Henrich admirers may write to Barbara Griffin, 6645 Taylor Rd., Cincinnati 11, Ohio. . . . Barbara Bernstein, obviously another disenchanted Dodger fan, who lives at 320 Sterling St., Brooklyn, has started a fan club for Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates. . . . This department has received a request from David McKellar, a 19-year-old lad who is stationed on the Rock of Gibraltar and who would like an American pen pal. David is particularly interested in basketball and hockey, and has his walls plastered with photos from SPORT. Anyone wishing to write to David should send their letters to 5021110, LAC McKellar, D.A., Room 45, Devils Tower, RAF North Front, Gibraltar. (→ TO PAGE 98)

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CIVIL ENGINEERING

- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING

- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL

- ☐ Electrical Engineering
- ☐ Elec. Engr. Technician
- ☐ Elec. Light and Power
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Elec)

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

- ☐ Good English
- ☐ High School Mathematics
- ☐ Short Story Writing

LEADERSHIP

- ☐ Industrial Foremanship
- ☐ Industrial Supervision
- ☐ Personnel-Labor Relations
- ☐ Supervision

MECHANICAL and SHOP

- ☐ Diesel Engines
- ☐ Gas-Elec. Welding
- ☐ Industrial Engineering
- ☐ Industrial Instrumentation
- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
- ☐ Industrial Safety
- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ Tool Making

RADIO, TELEVISION

- ☐ General Electronics Tech.

- ☐ Industrial Electronics
- ☐ Practical Radio-TV Eng'g
- ☐ Practical Telephony
- ☐ Radio-TV Servicing

RAILROAD

- ☐ Car Inspector and Air Brake
- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
- ☐ Diesel Locomotive

STEAM and DIESEL POWER

- ☐ Combustion Engineering
- ☐ Power Plant Engineer
- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE

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- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
- ☐ Cotton Warping and Weaving
- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
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FRANCHISE-SHIFT BATTLE

Thanks for publishing your ideas of the shifts of well-to-do baseball teams like the Dodgers. Your point was well taken—when a flourishing ball club contemplates a “move to improve,” then no club is safe. When 37½ per cent of the National League (that’s what Brooklyn, New York and Cincinnati amount to) begin moving, you’ve got a contagious condition. I, for one, don’t want to see the Giants and Dodgers skip out of the New York area if it means the loss of the Redlegs by Cincinnati, especially since last year was a record-breaking one for Redleg attendance. If a team is just coming into its own with attendance and is moved just to fill in for two other teams, then it would seem that even attendance figures carry no weight when owners begin thinking about moving.

Milwaukee, Wisc. **WILLIAM E. BOYS**



I take issue with your editorial about the franchise shifts. Any city would have supported a team with the record the Dodgers have had over the years since 1940. If a poor team had been there, would Brooklyn have supported them?

If Los Angeles can out-support the Dodgers in good years and bad ones, then let LA have the ball club. Over the years, we on the Pacific Coast have felt that the people in the East pull for their own stars and teams. Don’t be so selfish. Give others fair treatment. I would like to see big-league ball here in San Francisco. If this city is better able to support a big-time club than many of the eastern cities, we should have a big-league team. Let’s be American!

San Francisco, Calif.

JOSEPH J. DUBROVICH

The solution to the shifting of franchises is simple: Let the Dodgers stay in Brooklyn. They play great ball, the fans support them, and the franchise makes good money. Why move them? Or any other ball club?

Instead, why not enlarge the big leagues to two 12-team leagues? Or, just as well, create a third league? This would give more fine ballplayers a chance to make the grade. It would increase the popularity of the sport. It would give more fans the opportunity to see real baseball.

How can we call baseball our national pastime when only 14 cities, predominantly eastern cities at that, have major-league franchises? Let’s expand baseball. Larger West Coast and southern cities like Los Angeles,

San Francisco and New Orleans should be represented in the majors. Let’s give every American a chance to support his team.

And, if the Dodgers, one of the greatest and most colorful teams of the modern era, are moved to the West Coast, it will become known in four or five years as the “O’Malley Folly.”

Pittsburgh, Pa.

BILL HOEBLER

... I have what I think is a brand new idea. Why not a single major league of 24 teams broken into four divisions—eastern, mid-western, western and southern? I would make the following franchise shifts: the Giants to San Francisco and the Senators to Los Angeles.

Now my league—call it the International Baseball Union—would have in the eastern sector, Montreal, the New York Yankees, Brooklyn Dodgers, Boston Red Sox, Philadelphia Phillies and Baltimore Orioles. In the Midwest there would be Toronto, the Pittsburgh Pirates, Cleveland Indians, Cincinnati Redlegs, Detroit Tigers and Chicago Cubs. In the West, Milwaukee Braves, Chicago White Sox, Kansas City A’s, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco. In the South, Los Angeles, Dallas, Houston, Mexico City, Havana and St. Louis.

The schedule? Well, each team would play the clubs in its division 14 times for a total of 70 games; the six teams in one other division would be played six times, alternating the three divisions on a three-year rotation plan; the other 12 teams in the league (the two remaining divisions) would be played four times each. This would retain the traditional 154-game schedule. Think of the competition that would result, the rivalries that would grow. Baseball would have an international flavor. There might be problems with the Justice Department, but that could be worked out. This plan would give baseball a much-needed shot in the arm.

Worthington, Pa.

WILLIAM LORENZETTI

... If O’Malley thinks baseball is a free enterprise just like other businesses, then why does he expect the city of New York to buy him a new stadium—with a dome yet?

Sure, baseball benefits the community. But so does food. Why not a municipally-purchased chain of restaurants for, say, Chock Full O’ Nuts? Baltimore, Md.

H. M. LASKY

WHO’S PICKING ON SAMMY WHITE?

It may be coincidence, but I have read all your magazines for three years and every time I see a picture of Red Sox catcher Sammy White trying to get a runner out at the plate, the runner is always safe. Doesn’t Sammy ever get a runner out? Gray, Me.

RONALD DOUGHTY

We don’t know. Maybe it’s always the same photo.

There is more to the story, “The Decline and Fall of the Cubs,” than Warren Brown wrote. John Holland is the exact opposite of Wid Mathews. Mathews never traded and Holland always trades. I don’t think he tries to make good trades, but just trades for the sake of trading. Here is an example of a Holland deal: Gene Baker, who could play second, short and third, and Dee Fondy, hitting a respectable .300, for two Pirate benchwarmers, Dale Long and Lee Walls. Maybe the Cubs won’t finish last with old faces, but they certainly will do it with this kind of new faces.

Chicago, Ill.

TOM BENEDICT

WRESTLING ISN’T FIXED



I’m a wrestling fan, and I read in SPORT a letter from someone who claimed to be a wrestling fan, too, but he sure didn’t talk like one. He said he was watching Ricki Starr in a match on television, and that Starr was slugging, not wrestling. He also said wrestling is fake and that the matches are fixed in advance. And he called wrestling a minor sport.

Well, Ricki Starr isn’t my favorite wrestler. Cyclone Anaya is. But I’ve seen Ricki on TV and in person, and I’ve never seen him slug. Of course, if a wrestler loses his temper, you may see him slugging. Ricki is among the top six in wrestling, as I just found out reading your magazine. This letter-writer must need glasses if he thinks Ricki can’t wrestle. Because he can.

Wrestling is not fake, though many people say that it is. If you fall down and hurt yourself, you can’t be faking. So how can a wrestler fake a broken arm or leg? He can’t and you can’t, so why call getting hurt and wrestling a fake? I doubt if matches have been fixed in advance because I’m sure the wrestling commissions watch for that very carefully.

To me, wrestling isn’t a minor sport. It was an old sport when the world was still new. Last year more fans paid to see wrestling matches than boxing matches.

Springfield, Mo.

DIANE DEVINE

DEFENSE FOR GABE PAUL

I was rather amused when I read a letter defending poor Frank Lane of the Cardinals, in which Gabe Paul of Cincinnati was called a “do-nothing” general manager. As I recall, Brooks Lawrence set a league record with 13 straight victories. He ended up with 19 wins. Paul picked up Lawrence from poor Lane whose deals “turn out all right.” Gus Bell was brought to the Reds by Paul. Gus finished last season with 29 homers. Gabe traded for Buster Freeman and Don Hoak. Not bad for a “do-nothing” general manager.

Medford, Ore.

GREG MILNES

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Why Don't They Stop Knocking The Duke?

The trouble is, people expect too much from this graceful centerfielder, as if his ringing homers and spectacular catches weren't enough for them

By Frank Graham

WITH the possible exception of his own teammate, massive Don Newcombe, the Brooklyn Dodgers' Duke Snider must be the most freely psycho-analyzed ballplayer in the major leagues. What's more, he is probably the most criticized and the most harshly judged.

The Duke can wallop three home runs in a single game, as he has done twice in his career, and instead of extolling his greatness, the fans are likely to leave the ball park shaking their heads and saying, "What a ballplayer he'd be if he could get hold of himself and play that way all the time." If they mean that Snider would win over all his critics if he would just hit three home runs in every game, they are doubtless correct—but that is a savagely demanding yardstick to apply even to so gifted an athlete as this free-swinging, graceful centerfielder from Compton, Calif.

It is Snider's personal cross that nothing he ever does is quite enough. Many of the baseball writers and most of the fans are committed to the notion that he is potentially one of the greatest players of all time, and that he fails to realize his potential because he, depending on whom you are listening to, either (a) doesn't care enough, and consequently doesn't really try, or (b) cares too much, tries too hard, presses, and explodes in a black rage when he doesn't hit like Babe

Ruth, field like Tris Speaker and run the bases like Ty Cobb.

Somebody is always knocking the Duke. One of his managers, Burt Shotton, used to accuse him of being a spoiled child. "Duke," Shotton said, "will be a great player when he grows up. He needs a kick in the pants about every third day." One of the reporters who covers the Dodgers regularly wrote from Vero Beach, Fla., on March 1 this year: "Duke Snider, as handsome, as talented, and as ambitionless as ever, arrived to participate in the Dodgers' first full-scale workout today."

Apparently, the Duke ought to be ashamed of himself about something. But about what? Perhaps he owes the Brooklyn fans an apology for his lifetime batting average, which, after eight full seasons and parts of two others in the National League, is only .306. Perhaps he should bow his head in shame because he struck only 276 home runs in those years and will, at the end of this season with a total well over 300, stand in 11th place on the all-time list of baseball's home-run hitters. Perhaps he doesn't realize the enormity of his crime in hitting a mere .293 in 32 World Series games, with only ten home runs and 24 runs-batted-in to his credit. On the record, the Duke appears to be a downright scandalous handicap to his (→ TO PAGE 94)

Color by Ozzie Sweet



SUGAR RAY, THE MIRACLE MAN

*He's worked his wonders so many
times that there is no point in doubting
him or his ways any more. "It's
something," Ray says, "to defy the world"*

By ED LINN



"I owe my success to the millions of people who have prayed for me and to the way that God answered their prayers and mine. That was what helped me to victory tonight. And I want to thank Joe Louis who came to my aid when I needed him and helped me with his advice and counsel. He is my very great friend. My very dear friend, Father Jovian Lang, gave me the spiritual help I needed. Their faith is what sustained me, and I am grateful."

ALTHOUGH Sugar Ray Robinson is well aware that some people have ridiculed him for his evangelical speech after the second Fullmer fight, he resists all efforts to get him to say he did not mean he thought God had favored him over Fullmer but was merely thanking God for allowing him to perform at the peak of his powers. Sugar Ray meant what he said quite literally and he is a man who stands up for what he believes.

"I would never say beforehand that God was *going* to favor me," he says firmly. "But I'm happy that He *did* choose to favor me."

Ray's religion is an inner, intensely personal thing, highly

Ray has always had that special tenacity and single-mindedness to win.

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polished with the philosophy of positive thinking. He will not, for instance, compare himself today with the fighter that he was at his peak. He will not even pick out one fight as the best he ever fought. "If I said I was 50 per cent less efficient in my last fight than I was earlier in my career, or 30 per cent or ten per cent, I'd be thinking negatively. I never felt better physically, and that's all that matters. A fighter must feel like The Boss in there."

At other times, such phrases will cross his lips as, "Fear is something I never entertain," or "Mental attitude is at least as important as physical condition."

For Robinson, positive thinking is more than a mental calisthenic; it is an essential belief in his destiny to triumph. ("I have never been a failure at anything; just an occasional setback.") This, of course, is a philosophy compounded, in equal parts, of humility and arrogance; the humility of placing yourself in God's hands and the arrogance of assuming that God will always look upon you with favor. If that sounds pretty complicated, then nobody has ever accused Sugar Ray Robinson of being an uncomplicated man. By coming out of retirement to win back his championship, he trampled over that law of nature which had sucked in and swallowed up every other man who had ever made the attempt. Ray walked across the quicksands, a miracle in itself.

Ray's wife, Edna Mae, a beautiful, highly intelligent woman who comes from a family of psychologists, has found that Ray puts himself into a state somewhat approaching self-hypnosis when he is preparing for a fight.

The training period for Sugar Ray is a search to hit what he calls "that thing," a state of tranquility that seems to arise when he has achieved not only a perfect coordination of muscle but also that peace of mind that comes to him when he feels he is in tune with his destiny.

If he does not feel "that thing," he simply will not go on. Mrs. Robinson has even found that he will suffer injuries serious enough to postpone a fight shortly after he has expressed doubts about his condition. He has been squabbling with his onetime manager, George Gainford, for years, and yet in the end Gainford always ends up training him. Otherwise, Sugar Ray doesn't feel he's really in shape.

Edna Mae Robinson considers it part of her wifely duty, then, to keep him reassured, to be ever confident, to tell him what he wants to hear. While preparing for the Fullmer re-match, Ray was worried that he was meeting a force as strong as his own, for Gene is an elder in the Mormon church.

To his wife, he'd say, "This is a very religious boy, Andrew." (His pet nickname for her.)

"Of course he is," she would say. "But who has the experience, you or he?"

"I know, but he may be asking for the same things I'm asking."

"He probably is," she would say. "But it's who believes most intensely and brings his belief to the fore with the greatest determination and faith. The man who can separate his belief from himself, he is the man who is most ready. It is the man with no fear, the man with no doubt . . ."

Mrs. Robinson gave her husband this sort of psychological massaging every night. Just before he left for the stadium the night of the fight, he called her and said, "All right, honey, I'm ready."

"I had no doubt that he was going to win," she says. "A few seconds before the knockout I said to myself—I swear to you—*here it comes.*"

Along the boxing beat, it must be said, Ray Robinson's will to believe has been greeted with what can only be described as a will to disbelieve. There are at least two good reasons for this. The first is that if Mahatma Gandhi himself had come to the attention of the boxing world he would be presumed to have been working an angle. The second is that Ray Robinson has not won five world titles without leaving the battlefield covered with the dead and wounded. And Ray's battlefield extended far beyond the ring itself.

"Until this last comeback," one man says, "I never heard any of this religious talk out of him. I've got to be suspicious . . ."

A writer says (though not in print), "Ray is trying to get in on a good thing. Rocky Graziano made a fortune proving that Somebody Up There liked him; Sugar Ray is going to prove that Somebody Up There *loves* him." There have been other comments which a sense of delicacy keeps us from repeating here, but this should give you an idea.

Says Robinson: "Few people are close enough to any man to know what he's really like, and nobody knows everything about him, including the man himself. I haven't become religious all of a sudden. I have been a religious man all my life; my mother had me in church when I was a boy. It has only been since the Fullmer fight that it has become predominant, though. Sportswriters have been around asking me if I'm thinking of becoming a minister; I never said anything like that. They've even wanted to take pictures of me praying in church. I wouldn't do it because I believe prayer is a private matter."

(Note: For those who think all fighters sound like Maxie Rosenbloom talks, we want to emphasize that these are accurate quotes. This is exactly the way Ray Robinson talks.)

"All my life," he says, "I've prayed for guidance before I made a big decision. Even when I'm traveling I manage to get to church. Any church. Or, for that matter, any synagogue. Everybody is praying to the same God; I'm sure He gets the message."

Whatever the reason, there is no arguing that Sugar Ray, perhaps the greatest all-around fighter who ever stepped into the ring, has always been able to reach down for something extra when he was battling for survival. The one-punch knockout over Gene Fullmer—when Ray was a 4-1 underdog—was only the most recent example. As far back as September, 1951, which is not the day before yesterday, Sugar Ray was being written off. "Robinson's fading genius," wrote one expert before his rematch with Turpin, "will not be enough to combat Randy's youth, strength and stamina." Wrote another: "Robinson's legs have gone and his legs were his fistic trumps." If Robinson had been content to lie down when they first began to tell him he was dead, he would have turned to dust long ago.

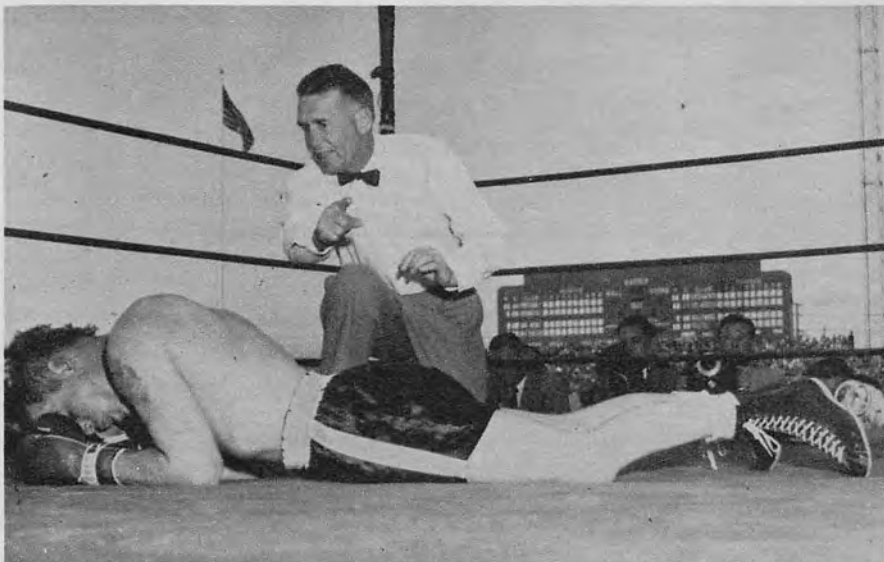
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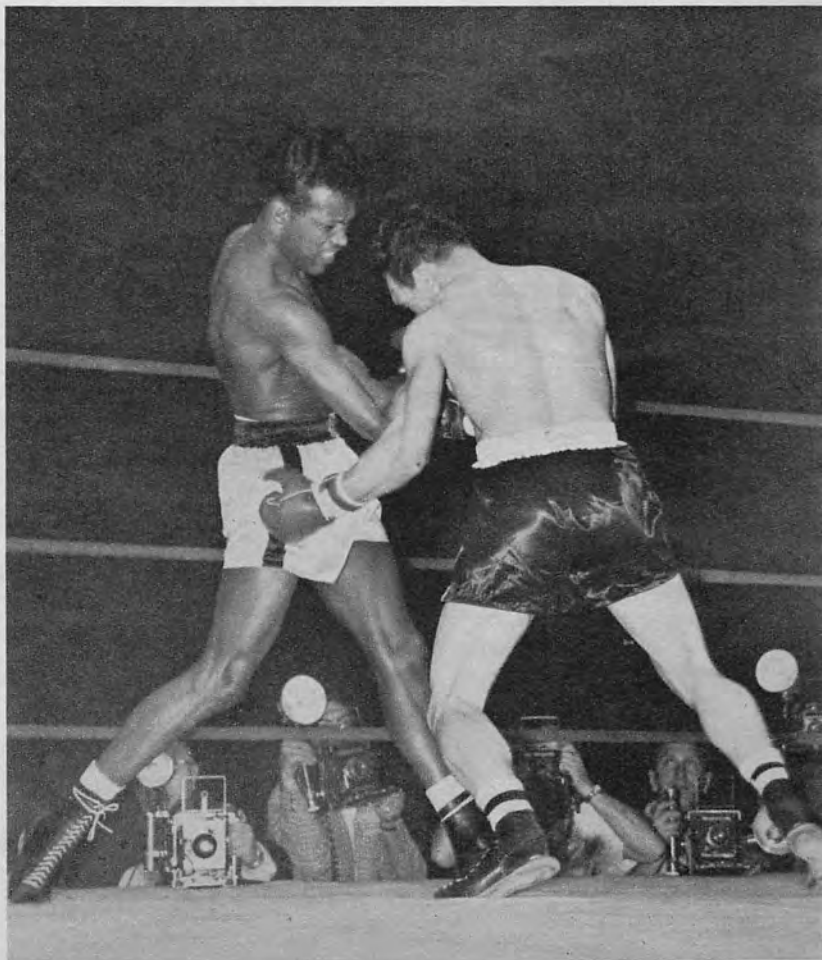
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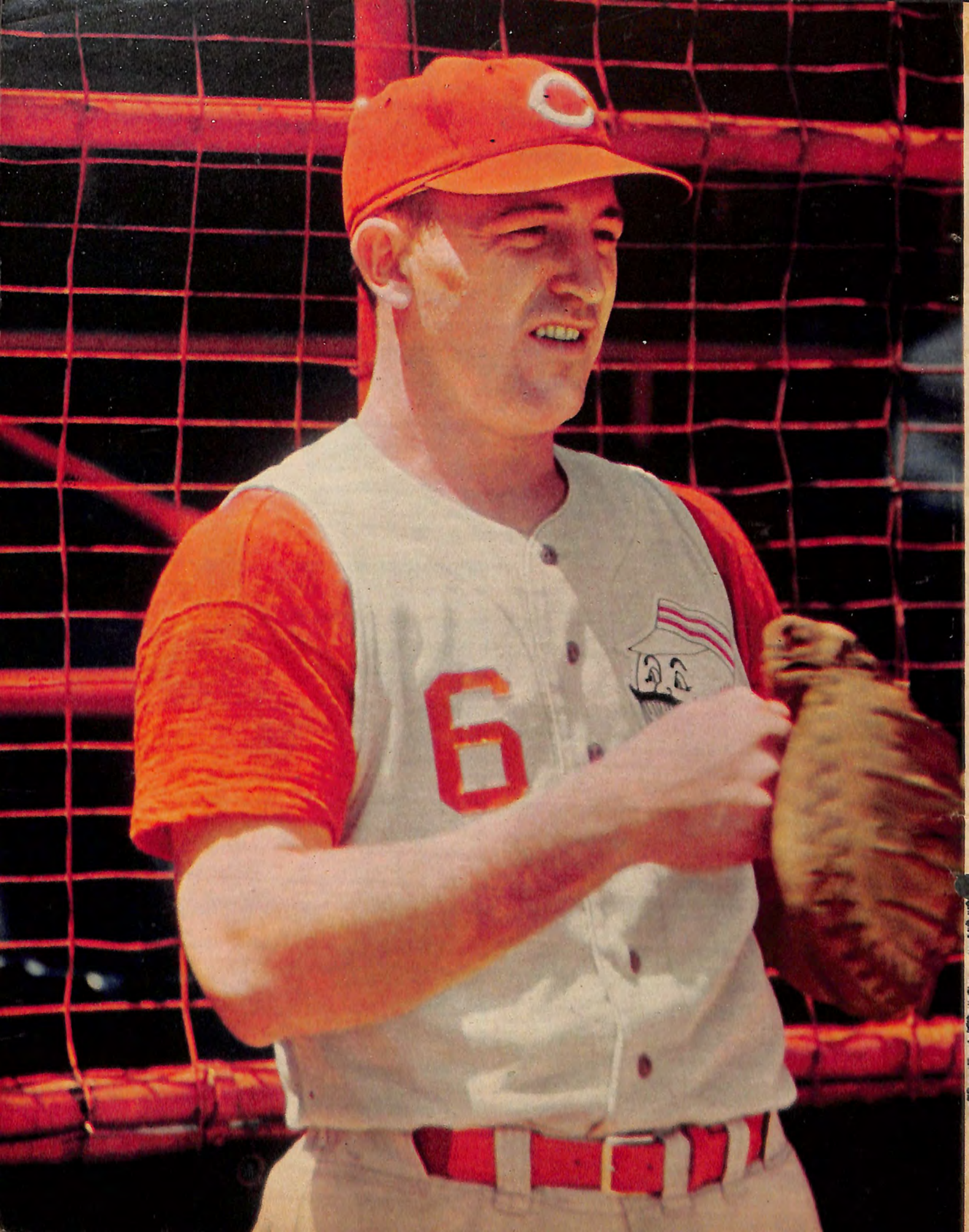


No one thought Ray could come back. First he was beaten by Tiger Jones, (A). Then he regained his title, knocking out Bobo Olson, (B). It all faded again when he went in against Gene Fullmer (C) and lost the title. But the miraculous touch returned when he hit Fullmer (D) with one punch, a left to the chin, and won it all back.

C



D



*Ed's something of a character, but
he is the NL's top catcher, too. Once
he cut out swinging for the fences,
he arrived as an authentic slugger*

Bailey's The Best

By Milton Richman

ED BAILEY and I had finished our business. The Cincinnati catcher consulted his watch and said he probably would go back up to his room and relax. No use hanging around the hotel lobby. It would be at least two hours before he and the rest of the Reds had to grab a subway out to Ebbets Field for a night game with Brooklyn.

Over on the other side of the lobby, some of the St. Louis Cardinal players were wondering how they, too, were going to kill a couple of hours. They were booked for a night game with the Giants at the Polo Grounds. Bailey and I were just about to say goodbye when Hobie Landrith, the likeable little Cardinal catcher, came over. Hobie used to be with Cincinnati, so he and Bailey own a special license to needle each other.

"Well, well," Landrith began, "so you're still giving out interviews, eh?"

"Yup," Bailey said, breaking into a smile.

"Hope you didn't say the wrong thing and put your foot in your mouth again, did ya?"

"Tried hard not to."

Before Landrith could try again, Bailey leaned toward me, pointed across his chest at Hobie and stage-whispered, "He's my manager. Everything I do, I gotta clear with him."

Landrith studiously ignored Bailey's aside. "What title they putting on this story?" Hobie wanted to know.

I told him it hadn't been decided yet, but that it would probably be something like "The Best Catcher in the National League."

"You guys," Landrith put in quickly, "won't go too

far wrong on that one. You might even be right."

For years, there was no question at all about the No. 1 receiver in the National League. Roy Campanella took care of all possible arguments. About a year ago, however, there was a conspicuous rush among informed baseball people to climb on the Bailey bandwagon. In the balloting for the National League All-Star team last season, a majority of fans passed over the veteran Campanella and such others as Del Crandall and Stan Lopata to cast their votes for Bailey as the outstanding catcher in the circuit. Occasionally, the fans pull a rock in their All-Star voting. Sometimes they pick a faded star at a position where he no longer really is the No. 1 man, and once in a while they will let some home-town pride rub off on their ballots. But they can't be faulted on their choice of Bailey.

"As his manager, I may be a bit prejudiced about Bailey," Cincinnati skipper Birdie Tebbetts says. "Tell you what you do. Go around the National League and ask these three questions: One, which catcher has shown the greatest improvement in the last two years? Two, who is the best all-around catcher in the league right now? And three, which catcher in this league looks like he'll be a star for at least the next five or six years? Then come back and let me know."

Well, we did that little errand for Tebbetts. And, as they say at the race track, Birdie must have known something. To all three of those questions the answers almost unfailingly came back: "Bailey!"

When you stop to consider it, that represents a tremendous tribute for a young fellow of 26 who is putting in only his second season (—→ TO PAGE 80)

One of the few big-league catchers who hits with power, Ed was an All-Star game starter in 1956, his first year as a regular.

Color by George Heyer



Jack's healthy brood enjoys a snack in the customary American way, by the TV set. From *left to right*, they are: one-year-old Ronnie; John 8; wife Gloria; Bobbie 7; David 10; and Jack, holding Michael 2.



A pretty good man with the round ball as a youngster, Jack lets go a one-hander in basketball workout with the kids. *At right*, Jack looks quizzical as Gloria seems to be enjoying a joke.



SPORT VISITS: The Kramers' House

PHOTOS BY DAVID SUTTON

The fortunes of his tennis career have helped Jack to provide his growing family with this handsome home in Bel Air in sunny California



Jake gets around in a Ford Thunderbird, also owns a station wagon for family trips.



Playful Bobbie doesn't seem overly impressed as his father examines one of his store of tennis trophies, above. At right, Jack gives Gloria a helping hand in kitchen.





A man who is used to living out of his suitcase on his frequent tennis trips, Jack, here putting on a fresh shirt as Gloria spruces up, takes things leisurely at home.

SPORT VISITS: The Kramers' House

Continued



The Kramers' ample backyard has set of swings for the kids to play on.



Sunday dinner finds the Kramer table surrounded by some healthy appetites. Family-man Jack spends spare time with his five boys.



Jack still plays tennis for fun and to stay in condition. *Above*, he towels himself off after brisk set with Gil Shea at nearby Hillcrest Country Club.



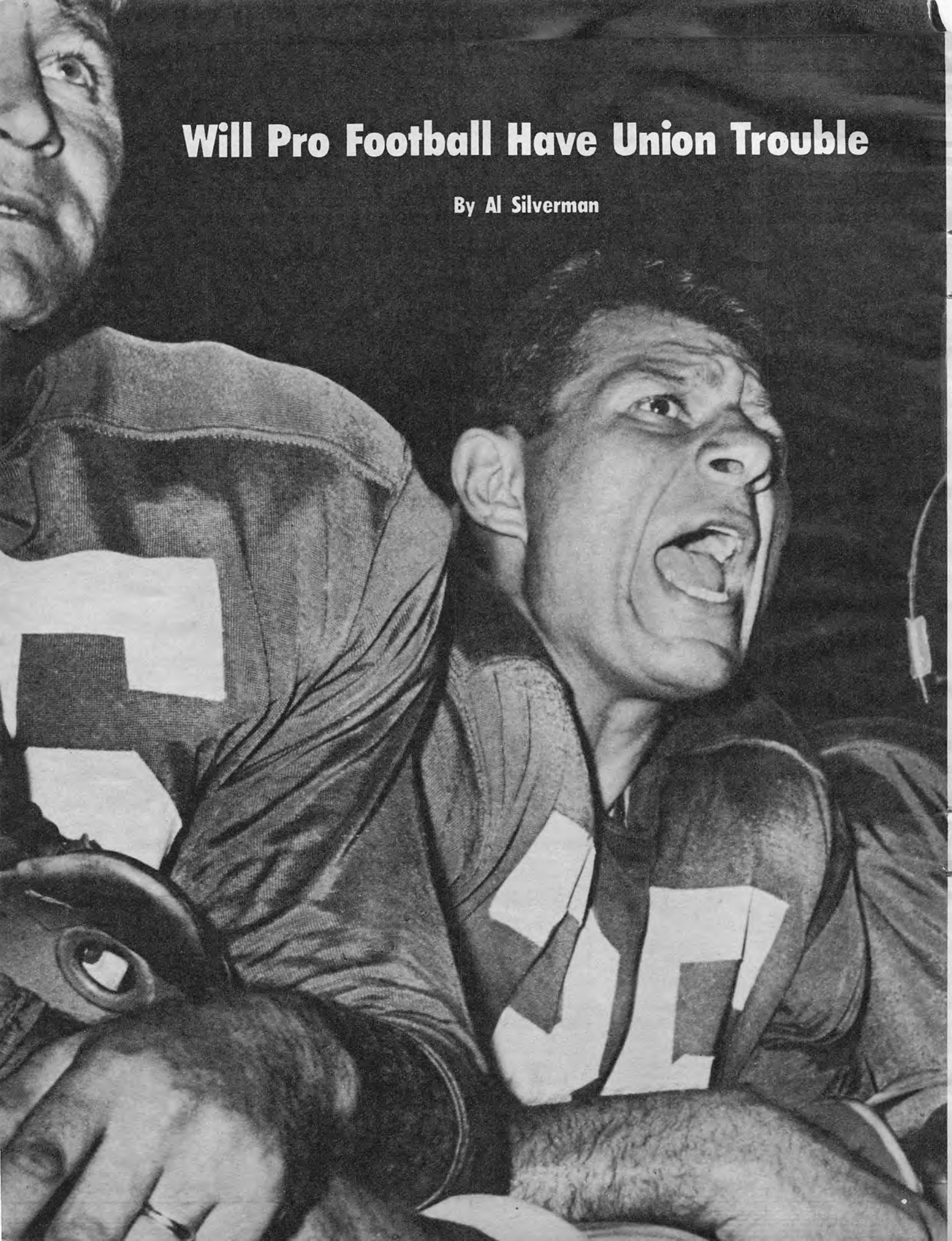
There's nothing like keeping tennis success in the family. Here Jack instructs son John on the proper stance when he's making a backhand return.



The simple rewards of parenthood: Michael gives his father a bite of his sandwich.

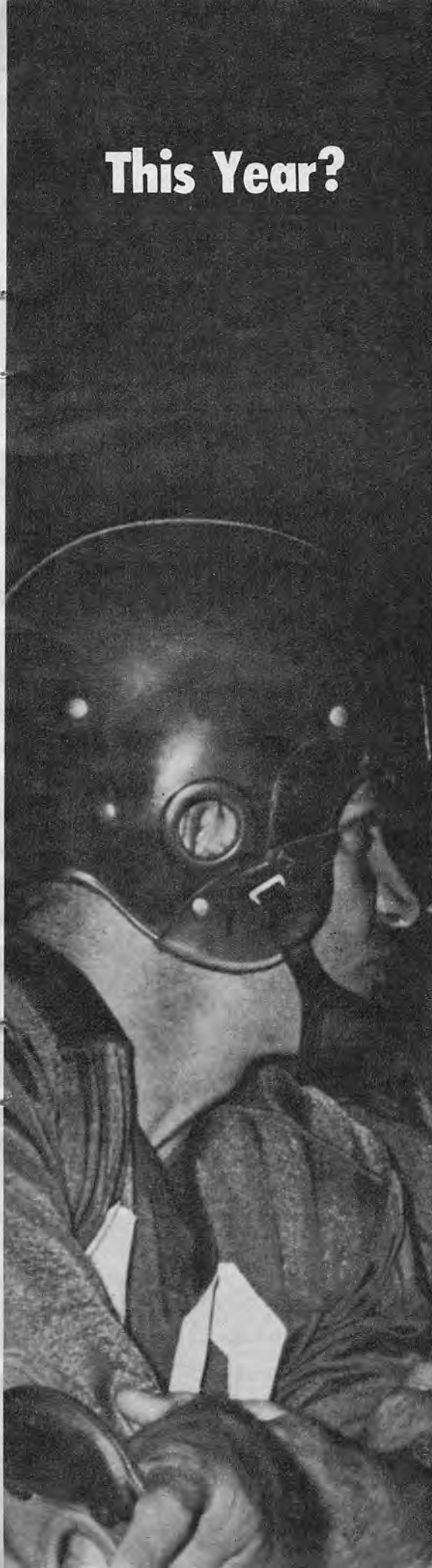
Will Pro Football Have Union Trouble

By Al Silverman



This Year?

*The players feel they have been double-crossed
by the NFL, and if they don't get recognition, plus a few
demands, they may go out and strike—now!*



PRIOR to the National Football League's annual meeting last February, Creighton Miller, an ex-All-America from Notre Dame and attorney for the Football Players Association, asked Commissioner Bert Bell if Bell would not meet with the player representatives and give careful consideration to the Association's objectives.

Bell answered vaguely. "The door," he said, "has always been open to the players."

Later the league's club owners, through Bell, asked the Players Association to come out with a statement backing the present NFL method of drafting college football players. This was at a time when the Congress of the United States was making large, though not necessarily friendly eyes at pro football. The Association agreed to publish such a statement, asking in return only that Bell present the case for a Players Association as earnestly as he could to the owners. Bell was properly sympathetic and agreed to make a pitch for the group.

But after the owners' meeting broke up, Bell came out and issued this statement: "We will not recognize anybody as bargaining agent."

Rightly or wrongly, the NFL Players Association, which represents 370 of the approximately 420 professional football players (the Chicago Bears are the lone club to remain aloof from the organization) feel that the Commissioner slipped them the old doublecross. As the Los Angeles Rams' Norm Van Brocklin puts it, "The club owners accepted our endorsement of the present method of drafting players—but they rejected our association. Now, I ask you—how can they accept an endorsement from a group they will not recognize?"

Creighton Miller said it a little more cautiously but he was saying the same thing. "We are not aware of the facts surrounding Mr. Bell's presentation of our program to the owners, but we do know they asked our group for the endorsement, and after receiving it, they slammed the door in our faces."

The owners? Most of them weren't talking, except for George Preston Marshall of the Washington Redskins, the most outspoken anti-association club owner in the league. Referring to the proposed association, he said, "It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of . . . For the benefit of Mr. Miller and all concerned, if they feel the Redskins can be run better by them, they're welcome to try it . . . And I'd suggest to Mr. Miller that he take over the Cleveland Browns. They're much closer to home." Miller is a member of a prominent Cleveland law firm.

By this time the harassed Bert Bell decided he had talked enough. About the only thing he will say now on the issue is, "Ninety per

What the players want is pay for exhibition games, security against injury, a minimum salary of \$5,000. What's more, they insist, the league can afford it.

WHAT THE PRESS THINKS

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SPORT MAGAZINE=
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PLAYER UNION TROUBLE COULD BREAK OUT IN PRO FOOTBALL AT ANY POINT DURING THE 1957 SEASON. THE MOOD OF THE PLAYERS INDICATES AS MUCH, WITH SO MANY CONVINCED THEY WERE DOUBLE-CROSSED BY THE CLUB OWNERS LAST WINTER WHEN THE PLAYERS SAID THEY ENDORSED THE RESERVE CLAUSE WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THEIR UNION WOULD BE RECOGNIZED. CREIGHTON MILLER, THEIR ATTORNEY, IS CONFIDENT HE CAN KEEP THE PLAYERS IN LINE AND IS READY TO GET TOUGH IN HIS FUTURE DEALINGS WITH THE OWNERS.

SHIRLEY POVICH, WASHINGTON POST AND TIMES HERALD=

VOCAL OWNERS LIKE GEORGE MARSHALL OF REDSKINS AND GEORGE HALAS OF BEARS UNDOUBTEDLY WILL CAUSE BICKERING OVER PLAYERS' UNION PLATFORM. BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE WILL BE MAJOR TROUBLE. PLAYERS GROUP WILL BE FORCED TO DEMONSTRATE STRENGTH AND STABILITY BEFORE ITS FULL DEMANDS WILL BE MET. HOWEVER, SHOULD WIN EARLY CONCESSIONS ON POINTS LIKE TRAINING CAMP EXPENSE MONEY AND MODERATE SALARIES FOR EXHIBITION GAMES. MAJOR DEMANDS WILL BE STALLED FOR 1957 AND EVENTUALLY WILL HAVE TO BE RESOLVED OVER A BARGAINING TABLE=

TOMMY DEVINE, DETROIT FREE PRESS=

ALMOST ONE YEAR AGO EDWIN ANDERSON, OWNER OF DETROIT LIONS, WAS QUOTED AS SAYING "THE PLAYER UNION IS IMPORTANT AND I AM SURE ONE WILL BE ESTABLISHED SOON" ANDERSON MERELY SAID WHAT I AND OTHERS HAVE BEEN SAYING FOR YEARS, NAMELY THAT PRO FOOTBALL PLAYERS ARE ENTITLED TO SOME REMUNERATION FOR PLAYING A LONG STRING OF EXHIBITION GAMES. IF THE OWNERS HAD SEEN TO IT FROM THE START THAT PLAYERS WERE PAID FOR THESE LUCRATIVE EXHIBITIONS THERE WOULD BE NO NEED FOR A UNION. IN OTHER WORDS, THE SHORTSIGHTED OWNERS BROUGHT IT ON THEMSELVES PARTIALLY BY NOT CONSULTING THEIR PLAYERS EARLIER. PRO FOOTBALL BECOMES INCREASINGLY POPULAR EACH YEAR AND NEEDS FRIENDLY COOPERATION BETWEEN PLAYERS AND OWNERS TO CONTINUE THIS GROWING POPULARITY=

BRAVEN DYER, LOS ANGELES TIMES=

NO UNION TROUBLE THIS YEAR. OWNERS ANXIOUS TO STAVE OFF UNION, SO GRANTING MINOR CONCESSIONS SEEMINGLY AFFABLE. LONG TERM BENEFITS SHRUGGED OFF BY OWNERS. "THOSE ARE CLUB POLICY AND SUCH BENEFITS WILL BE INCORPORATED THIS YEAR ANYHOW, SO DON'T WORRY." IN HOPE PLAYERS WILL FORGET UNION AND BE CONTENT WITH "SHOP" POLICY. EVENTUALLY, OF COURSE, PLAYERS WILL SEEK GREATER GUARANTEED PROTECTION SO UNION WILL BE MORE STRONGLY ORGANIZED AND THEN RECOGNIZED. BUT NOT THIS YEAR. OWNERS TOO CLEVER AT SAVING THE QUICK DOLLAR=

BRUCE LEE, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE=

cent of the players call me Bert."

And that's the way things stood going into the summer—a complete impasse between the players and management. Without question, the situation has potentially more than enough trouble spots to erupt into the worst explosion ever visited on a professional sport.

As they see it now, the Players Association is in a position to take a number of steps. In June it presented its case to Congress, hoping for a sympathetic hearing and hoping, too, that Congressional pressure might help the club owners see the light. Then they were ready to renounce their endorsement of the draft and the option clause (which provides for a one-year option, and no more, for the services of the player). They have a legitimate out here because, in their carefully worded manifesto endorsing the draft, the Association said, "We believe that professional football, as a sport, is best served by the present method of selecting college players." Since then the Supreme Court has handed down its historic decision in the Radovich case, in which it held that professional football was a business, subject to the anti-trust laws. Says Creighton Miller, "It will be necessary for us to take another look at the option clause and the method of drafting players in the light of the Radovich decision."

The Association has still another weapon at its disposal and, as this was being written, there seemed to be a 50-50 chance that it would be employed. This would call for the players to refuse to play in some or even all of the pre-season exhibition games.

Miller was very cautious when I asked him about this. "Not playing a pre-season exhibition game is a definite possibility," he said, "but this will be a decision by all of the player representatives." And then Miller added significantly, "There is a general feeling of unrest by all the players concerning the exhibition season."

Striking at the exhibition games (for that is what it would truly be, a strike) would hit home at the owners where it hurts the most—in the cash box. It is a well-known fact that the owners clean up on the pre-season games, although they have never gone to the trouble to publicize their profits. In a recent column, Joe Williams, the sports columnist of the New York World Telegram and Sun, listed figures from 33 exhibition games in 1956, excluding charity affairs and the All-Star game. The only club owner to challenge these figures is Marshall, who calls them ridiculous. Nevertheless they are pretty

startling. Here they are:

Detroit Lions	\$950,000
Los Angeles Rams	910,000
New York Giants	875,000
Chicago Bears	850,000
San Francisco 49ers	800,000
Baltimore Colts	740,000
Cleveland Browns	575,000
Pittsburgh Steelers	510,000
Washington Redskins	490,000
Green Bay Packers	465,000
Philadelphia Eagles	440,000
Chicago Cardinals	275,000

All in all, the take exceeded \$2,000,000 after taxes.

Confirmation of these figures was borne out in part by radio-television broadcaster Harry Wismer, who is a stockholder in the Washington Redskins, but no present friend of George Marshall. (Wismer is currently suing Marshall for a half-million dollars, charging Marshall with spending that amount of club money for personal expenses). "The owners have secretly told me," says Wismer, "that they make more than enough in the exhibitions to carry them through the year."

Wismer, who is strongly in favor of the Players Association, believes that the players should have all expenses paid and get half-salary for exhibition games. "The worst thing they ever did in pro sports," he says, "is not pay the players for exhibitions. They're making a fortune on these guys. The players may have to take drastic steps but this is the time to do it. Whatever they have to do, they should do it now."

It is not completely true that all clubs do not pay their employees for the pre-season exhibitions. The Bears, for instance, are known to give their players \$100 per exhibition game, plus \$7 meal money on the road. And the Los Angeles Rams, as an outgrowth of the formation of the Association, announced recently that they would hereafter pay their hired hands \$50 for each exhibition game, plus \$9 a day living expenses between the close of the training period and the opening of the season, and \$9 a day for meals on the road. Other clubs in the league have similar arrangements with their players, and individual players have such arrangements, for themselves only, in their contracts.

On the other hand, there are teams that give the players nothing, not even laundry money. In 1953, when Arnie Weinmeister was captain of the New York Giants, he went to the Giant owners and asked that the players be given \$70 for the seven-week exhibition season, \$10 a week for incidental expenses, including laundry money. Soon after, as the team was about to make its first trip to Los Angeles, each player

was given \$100, of which \$30 was for meal money. The rest was an advance against their salary.

It is the contention of the Players Association—and this is the basis of the organization—that all teams should offer equal minimum benefits, that benevolent paternalism, as practiced by some of the clubs, is fine, but that it should be standardized throughout the league.

The club owners, on the other hand, apparently feel just the opposite, or at least they did when they coldly rejected the association last February. As one of the officials put it, "What the hell does a player in Washington know about what goes on in Chicago?" George Marshall, for instance, is against such an association for four reasons:

1) A players association per se is not adaptable in the type of sport we are engaged in. It is a contact sport in which players devote part of their time to the profession.

2) It involves many college players coming out each year who would be previously committed to something without their consent or approval.

3) It would tend to create controversy between players, coaches and management.

4) There's no necessity for it.

That's what Marshall says. . . . The Players Association knows only that professional football has entered a period of prosperity beyond the wildest

dreams of its advocates a few short years ago. Last year, the league's total attendance was over 2,500,000, an increase over the 1955 figure. Bert Bell himself called it the most successful season in the 37-year history of pro football. In addition the players are aware of increased income stemming from these other sources: (1) the exhibition games; (2) television revenue (a real juicy plum to the NFL); (3) increase in admission prices in many cities; (4) increase in price of program in many cities; (5) reduction of amusement tax in 1954 from 20 to ten per cent; (6) reduction of transportation tax from 15 to ten per cent in 1954.

The Players Association will have nothing to do with the solution advocated by Bert Bell after the annual meeting last February. Bell suggested that a player representative for each club carry all of his team's grievances to the owner, and if a settlement can't be resolved at that level, then the representative could go to Bell, who would be the final arbiter.

Getting right down to it, the players feel they should get the same kind of deal given their professional baseball and hockey brethren. In a preliminary statement of purpose, issued at the formal founding of the Association last December, the Association stated: "The players obviously want a continuous improvement in their economic condition with some control over their own destiny . . . Football, (—> TO PAGE 96)



Reps Kyle Rote, Norm Van Brocklin, lawyer Creighton Miller, claim Commissioner Bell, standing, ran out on them.

JOE DI MAGGIO'S LIFE TODAY

A gentleman in retirement, Joe is still looking, leisurely, for the "right" job

By TOM MEANY



A long list of blonde actresses have had their names linked with Joe's, most of the time as publicity stunts. The one here is Cleo Moore.

DiMag is still a big favorite at "old-timers" games. He appeared at Yankee Stadium last year with a group of older Hall of Fame members.

AFTER living there for more than 20 years, Joe DiMaggio finally has become a New Yorker. The former Yankee Clipper has bought his own apartment in a fashionable East Side hotel, the first time he ever has owned a home in his adopted city. Hotel apartments, even the plushiest, have an impersonality about them which might prevent a purist from calling them "home," yet Joe's hotel suite is the closest thing he ever has had to roots in New York since he first came to the big city from the San Francisco Seals.

For that matter, DiMaggio has lived in many places in many cities, but never has had a home in the sense that it really belonged to him. When he was married to Dorothy Arnold, Joe rented apartments in New York and in San Francisco. When he was married to Marilyn Monroe, they lived in a rented house in Hollywood.





Martin Blumenthal

Streaks of gray in his hair adding to his always impressive appearance, Joe remains a prominent and popular man-about-New York.

Between marriages, or rather after their dissolutions, Joe hired a hotel room in whatever city he happened to be in, and whenever he returned to his native San Francisco he lived with his family.

It was a lonely existence, at best. Sure, Joe knew everybody and went everywhere, but it all added up to little more than living out of a suitcase. I visited Joe in many of his homes away from home—hotel rooms at the Edison, the Elysee, the Chatham, the Madison, the apartment he and Dorothy had near Central Park, his sister's home in San Francisco. Although he seemed happiest in San Francisco, among his own family and surrounded by his baseball trophies and memorabilia, there was a suggestion of impermanence to all of his homes. You had the feeling they were only wayside stops, that Joe was waiting to settle down somewhere. In fairness, I must add that these

visits took place when DiMaggio was divorced. I'm sure Joe lived differently as a husband and father.

One question which inevitably pops up whenever DiMaggio's name is mentioned these days is, "What is Joe doing now?" Actually, Joe isn't doing anything right now. He has some sound long-time investments which provide him with a comfortable income. From time to time, he has made other investments which have been rewarding, although he isn't playing the stock market in the accepted meaning of the phrase. "I don't think a day goes by that I don't get six or eight business propositions," DiMaggio said, grinning. "But the truth is, I haven't found anything I like yet. The most appealing, and I don't know if I'm altogether sold on it, is that of narrator on a filmed sports television show."

Joe always has preferred filmed (→ TO PAGE 78)

SECRET RATINGS OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE PLAYERS

*Here is a look at the closed files one club has compiled on
all the players in the league. While Cincinnati dominates all the regular
positions, it runs a weak last in the pitching department*

A BASEBALL team, like any other firm which must compete with its rivals to stay alive, keeps a close check on the assets and liabilities of its rivals. It must know at all times just how it stands against the other clubs, man for man. A miscalculation could prove costly, especially in a trade. So the information is kept up-to-date through a detailed series of "espionage" reports submitted by the manager, the coaches, scouts and, occasionally, even by the ballplayers.

The editors of SPORT have gone to the files of one National League club and have come up with its secret ratings of its own players and those of the seven other clubs. These ratings are not only invaluable to the team in its day-to-day schedule, but can be referred to when the club's officials sit down to talk trade with their rivals or when a chance comes up to buy a player or claim him on waivers.

The Reds, who dominated the ratings with three firsts among the regulars and the best bench, tumbled all the way to the bottom in the pitching ratings. Their staff was judged the league's most undistinguished, so that their chances for the pennant depend heavily—perhaps too heavily—on their fearsome attack and brilliant defense, plus the depth of their bench. The Braves also hold title to three top-rated men, while the Dodgers, who used to dominate these ratings, could get only one man, Gil Hodges, as the best man at his position. To make up for this, however, the Brooklyn pitching staff was rated the best-balanced in the league, another unusual development of today. Willie Mays

was not only rated the league's outstanding player, but the best in baseball. Johnny Antonelli, Don Newcombe and Bob Friend were rated tops among the pitchers despite the slow start each had this season.

Some of the following judgments, particularly where players new to the league are concerned, will be revised as the players prove themselves or falter in the heat of the pennant race. Other judgments are made on the basis of a player's age, and so a big-name player may appear in the ratings below a player who has yet to reach his peak. The club obviously would prefer to have the younger man because his value over the years to come will, of course, surpass that of the fading veteran.

So here are the ratings, right from the files of a National League club which, because of the confidential nature of the material revealed here, has asked to remain anonymous:

FIRST BASE

1—Gil Hodges of the Dodgers: His many skills now make him the best in the business. Because he has learned to hit the outside pitch to right field, he is a better hitter than he has ever been before. Pitchers used to get him out by keeping the ball on the outside corner and Hodges, trying to hit it into the left-field seats, had very little success with it. Now, because he hits the ball consistently to right, he not only has mastered that pitch, but finds that (—→ TO PAGE 68)

LEFT FIELD



FRANK ROBINSON
Reds

CENTER FIELD



WILLIE MAYS
Giants

RIGHT FIELD



HANK AARON
Braves

SHORTSTOP



ROY McMILLAN
Reds

SECOND BASE



RED SCHOENDIENST
Braves

THIRD BASE



ED MATHEWS
Braves

TOP-RATED BY THE FRONT OFFICE

FIRST BASE



GIL HODGES
Dodgers

PITCHERS



DON NEWCOMBE
Dodgers



JOHNNY ANTONELLI
Giants



BOB FRIEND
Pirates

CATCHER

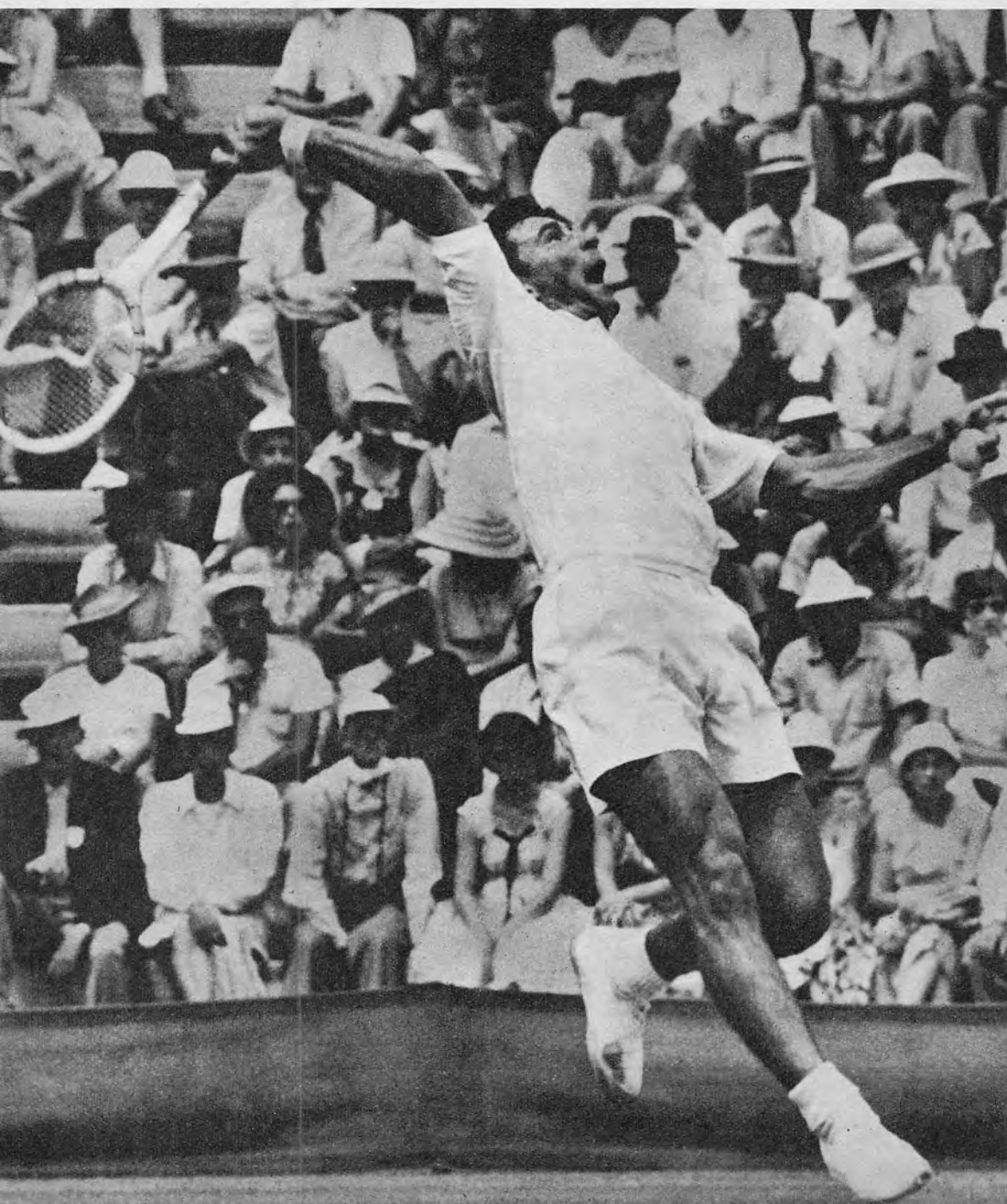


ED BAILEY
Reds

PACKAGE
OF PROFILES

TENNIS COWBOY FROM TEXAS

*Sammy Giammalva may not be great, but the tough scrapper
is just about our only chance to win back the Davis Cup*



Sam's surprising play in the Challenge Round last year won over the wildly partisan Aussie fans. His overhead shot, which he's taking here, is one of game's deadliest.

IT was demonstrated clearly and unmistakably last December in the Challenge Round that if any American has a chance to break through the iron ring of Australian tennis superiority, that American almost certainly will be Sammy Giammalva of Houston, Tex., a 23-year-old black-haired whippet who, the experts claim, is "probably the most aggressive player in the game today."

The United States Davis Cup team was defeated soundly enough last December at Adelaide, 5-0, but the performance of young Giammalva (he turned 23 on August 1) gave our forces at least a glimmer of hope for the immediate future. Sammy's first big moment came in the doubles match when he teamed with Vic Seixas against the great Australian duo of Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall. Hoad and Rosewall won, all right, 1-6, 6-1, 7-5, 6-4, but Giammalva was the best player on the court that afternoon. He hit out freely and served powerfully and kept Hoad and Rosewall on their pins. His forehand return of service was razor-sharp and his overhead, which is described by Davis Cup captain Billy Talbert as "one of the deadliest in tennis," was too hot for the Aussies to handle.

After that remarkable showing, Sammy was permitted to take Herb Flam's place in the singles on the last day, when all was lost for America, and again he displayed astonishing resourcefulness. Playing against Rosewall, Sam won the first set and led 5-1 in the fourth before lack of experience finally flooded out his chances. The scores of that match were 4-6, 6-1, 8-6, 7-5. Sammy's performance did not go unappreciated by the Australian gallery, which was rapidly becoming bored with the spectacle of such an easy Australian triumph. They made Giammalva the darling of the 1956 Challenge Round.

It wasn't only the fight he put up—although that was unexpected enough—but it was also the way he played the game, "with a refreshing zest and enthusiasm, boldness and intensity," as Billy Talbert said, "not found in modern players."

And so with Seixas at 33 through as a big-time threat and Flam never a great player under pressure and Ham Richardson busy as a Rhodes scholar, it all seems up to Giammalva, at least for the present.

Sammy is not a very large physical specimen. He is a solid five-foot, 11-inch, 180-pounder with thick black hair, a pleasant-looking face and a low-slung football build—powerful arms, big shoulders and thick, muscular, rather bowlegged underpinnings. "He looks," says a friend, "like he just got off a horse."

Among Sammy's assets is a powerful spin serve which he always follows to the net, fine ground strokes and a tremendous overhead. He is a hard hitter who refuses to compromise on his shots. On the debit side he is inclined to be erratic and he is not terribly quick on his feet. Nor are his reflexes too sharp. But he is a fighter and he is full of confidence.

In addition, Giammalva loves to play tennis. When he was 17, for instance, he played in the Buccaneer Tournament in Corpus Christi, Tex., a three-day affair on asphalt. Sammy entered the men's singles and doubles, the junior singles and doubles and the mixed doubles. He was on the court from nine to midnight and he enjoyed every minute of it. It was on these tough municipal courts that Sam learned the game and

developed his stamina. He began playing tennis when he was 12 years old. His parents owned a small grocery store in Houston and they lived only two blocks from the municipal court. The pro there was Bob Nesmith. Sammy and two of his friends used to work in the pro shop for their tennis balls and other equipment and Nesmith in turn taught them to play.

It was at that time, in his 17th year, that the chunky youngster began to shoot up and fill out. Sammy won the Texas men's singles championship when he was 17. He won his first USLTA crown in 1951, the indoor junior singles (and doubles), and he repeated those victories in 1952. When he was 19 Sam had to sit out a year because of hepatitis, a liver ailment. That undoubtedly slowed up his progress but he really began to come on in 1955 when he defeated such seasoned campaigners as Art Larsen, Kurt Nielsen and Vic Seixas. His biggest victory that year—his biggest victory to date, in fact—came in the Orange, N. J., tournament when he blazed through Seixas, Nielsen and Gil Shea to capture the men's title. In the Nationals at Forest Hills in 1955, Giammalva went to the quarter-finals before Lew Hoad put him on the sidelines. Last year in the Nationals, Sam lost in an early round to another Australian, Ashley Cooper.

Sam has his troubles getting started on grass each season, mostly because at Texas, where he is a junior majoring in accounting, there's not enough competition around to keep him honest. But once he gets warmed up, as he proved in Australia last winter to everybody's surprise, he can be awfully hard to beat.

His indifferent showing on grass in the East last summer was due mainly to the way he was throwing the ball up on his service. He finally cured it with the help of Don Budge. Giammalva is a modest boy and for a while he was afraid to ask the great tennis immortal for his advice. Finally he said to Gladys Heldman, editor of *World Tennis Magazine*, "I wonder if I can ask Don Budge to help with my service." Budge, who had already noticed that Sam was throwing the ball up the wrong way, was of course delighted to help him.

Mrs. Heldman describes Giammalva as a "thoroughly good boy, sweet, not temperamental but not a poker face, either." Last summer at Newport, he was playing Ashley Cooper when Cooper disappeared between the first and second set. While Cooper's teammate, Ken Rosewall, set out after him, tennis officials attempted to placate Sam. Sam was not to be placated. "I request a default," he kept repeating to the judges. Finally, Cooper showed up and Sam had to go through with the match but he had blown his stack and lost the set.

Last March Sam was married to a fellow Texan, the former Cecile Abdo of San Antonio, and his bride is making the eastern swing with him this summer. He hopes that if he is elected to go to Australia in the winter, he will be able to take his wife along. Last year Ham Richardson, also a newlywed, refused to make the trip because of the ban on wives. If the ban sticks, the United States might find itself sending over a porous team, indeed.

Meanwhile, the American tennis brass are hoping that Giammalva will continue to develop and that he will be the one to lead this country out of the tennis wilderness—and that maybe he can even do it this year.

—AL SILVERMAN

The Hope Of The Boyers

One of seven athletic brothers, Ken could wind up as

Stan Musial's successor with the Cards and with the fans

By Bob Broeg

ONE of baseball's best-looking ballplayers—and that goes for his looks as well as his talent—is called by his most enthusiastic boosters “another Pie Traynor.” Yet Kenton Lloyd Boyer will have to go some just to be the best athlete in an incredible family.

The Boyer brothers of southwestern Missouri, close by the foothills of the Ozarks, give promise of providing baseball with its most interesting case of playing-field nepotism since the five Delahantys left the game early in the century. Already the Boyers have matched the Delahantys, Wrights, Sewells and DiMaggios by having three brothers in the big leagues at the same time. Not only was Ken the third-base rookie of the St. Louis Cardinals in 1955, but older brother Cloyd pitched for Kansas City and bonus youngster Cletis, fresh out of high school back home at Alba, Mo., warmed the Athletics' bench. With two other brothers also having played professionally and two more coming along, the family conceivably could wind up with all seven brothers having had, as they say in the dugout, at least a cup of coffee in pro ball.

The star right now is husky, handsome Ken Boyer, an agile, smooth-moving 26-year-old with quick reflexes and, if he lives up to expectations, a bright and rich future as Stan Musial's successor as the No. 1 Cardinal. That would be at bat, afield and at the box office.

The only drawback in this fine-looking specimen of no apparent athletic weakness is, general manager Frank Lane maintains, a lack of determination. Stoical Fred Hutchinson, less critical, puts it more discreetly. “Boyer,” says the Redbird manager, “has everything to be a great player except drive and aggressiveness. He doesn't push enough.”

Boyer, bland-faced, olive-skinned, brown-eyed, with light brown hair, takes that criticism as matter-of-factly as he scoops up a ground ball or swings a bat. He doesn't visibly extend himself unless necessary, though it's suspected there is deceptive speed and strength in his flowing motions. “I know I'm trying,” he says calmly, frowning to explain away this oblique rap at his desire to succeed and win. “Hell, I know I want a pennant more than I do a big season. I don't think hustle is something you can see all the time. Just

because Enos Slaughter runs on and off the field between innings, it doesn't mean he's trying harder, for instance, than three different type guys like Stan Musial, Al Dark and Jackie Robinson, all great competitors.” Smiling wryly, Boyer adds, “I can see now where the appearance of nonchalance Del Ennis gives has caused him a lot of trouble over the years.”

Boyer, though off to a slow start this season in contrast to his brilliant break from the barrier a year ago, philosophically shrugged off the suggestion that, though he was a tiger physically, he was a phlegmatic tabby in disposition. “I've learned that Lane is, as he admits, a fan who wants to win, a man who says things in anger that he regrets later. All I know is that he's a soft-hearted guy to talk contract with.”

As a reward for a .306 season with 26 homers and 98 runs-batted-in in his sophomore season, Ken received a contract reportedly calling for more than \$15,000. The money looked large to the third son and fifth child of a couple hard pressed to raise the earliest members of a family that now includes seven boys and five girls.

Chester Boyer, a short, stocky man, and his wife, Mabel, raised their brood on a small place just outside of Alba, Mo., a community of some 400 population. During the depression, while the father commuted to nearby Carthage, where he still plies his trade as a marble and granite sawyer, Ken and his two older brothers, Cloyd and Wayne, raised a truck garden about which the ballplayer still speaks with quiet pride. “We weren't farming, actually. We raised only a few pigs and had a cow for milk, but those crops and the canning we did really helped. Why, we'd put up 100 to 200 gallons of blackberries every year.”

When the Boyers moved into Alba itself, the town thoughtfully placed a baseball field across the street from the king-sized family of sturdy youngsters who were quickly outgrowing their parents. On the strength of the recommendations of a bird-dog scout named Buford Cooper and the appraisal of scout C. A. (Runt) Marr, the Cardinals signed first Cloyd, then Wayne, Ken and Lynn Boyer.

Cloyd, a hard-firing righthander of exceptional promise, suffered a sore arm with the Cardinals as a rookie in 1950 and has struggled ever since. Now he's



While the Cardinals wish Boyer had more "drive," he has all the rest of the equipment needed for greatness—he hits with power, he runs well and he can field brilliantly.



hanging on, at 29, with Sacramento in the Pacific Coast League. Wayne, 27, a lefthander, reached class A, pitching for Columbus, Ga., then quit to attend dental school. Lynn, 22, a first-baseman, suffered a broken wrist playing class D ball at Ardmore, Okla., and is now at Joplin Junior College looking toward a coaching and teaching career.

"Remember how they called Cloyd 'Junior' because he was such a soft-spoken, nice kid?" Ken Boyer asks with unmistakable comparison between his temperament and his brother's. "Well, he wasn't too nice to knock down a hitter who dug in on him, was he?"

Although neither Cloyd nor Wayne received a bonus, Ken was paid \$6,000, the maximum without achieving bonus-player restrictions, from Fred Saigh, then owner of the Cardinals. Boyer, who had passed up several college football and basketball scholarship offers, made a down payment on a car, laid aside a share for Uncle Sam, then turned over most of his bonus to his parents.

"I'm glad I wasn't a bonus player like Cletis," he comments about the reported \$35,000 paid by Kansas City in the summer of 1955 after the Cardinals, though interested in Ken's carbon-copy, declined to take on a bonus infielder. "Clete and the folks have found the money real handy, but I'm afraid the kid's progress has been retarded. I know he's looked forward to going down to the minors to play regularly." Cletis now has the chance, having been shipped to the Yankee farm system as part of the deal in which Bobby Shantz went to New York.

Ken Boyer, though he had been a sandlot shortstop, was signed as a pitcher for Lebanon in the North Atlantic League. He has been puzzled about it ever since. "I never could figure that one out," he says. "I was signed as a shortstop, but because Cloyd was a pitcher, I guess, and because I could throw hard, the Cardinals decided I had to be a pitcher."

But Ken had a sub-par pitching record and an above-average batting mark in 1950 at Hamilton, Ont., in the Pony League, and injuries to other players prompted manager Vedic Himsl to make a switch he had long contemplated. He moved Boyer to third base and, despite the Cardinals' current need for able outfielders, it looks as though only old age will slow the agreeable young man who is almost certain to be the finest all-around third-baseman the club ever had claimed. His shift to center field this spring is considered only a temporary measure.

Once he threw away his toe-plate, Boyer needed only a two-year apprenticeship to reach the Cardinals, though a call to service cost him two seasons. After a .306 average at Omaha, then class A and .319 at Houston, where he hit 21 homers and drove in 116 runs, he came up to the Cardinals.

Lane, the outspoken St. Louis general manager, is as impressed by Boyer's native ability as he often is critical of his effort. "Keep in mind," says Frank, "that Boyer has not yet approximated what I believe he can achieve. His potential is tremendous. He had four great months in 1956. If he can have six this season or next, he'll be our answer to Mickey Mantle."

PACKAGE
OF PROFILES

Finsterwald Is Always In The Money

*This steady-stroking golf newcomer
was second in earnings last year.
He's the game's latest glamour boy*

By Jack Zanger



CARVING out a living from the rugged landscape of the men's professional golf circuit bears a curious similarity to prospecting for gold or uranium. Both pursuits require a certain amount of spadework, and a man can make his fortune either by tapping a rich lode with one swift strike or by scrambling for the smaller nuggets. The winners of the Masters Tournament (\$8,000), or the U. S. Open (\$7,200), or the \$50,000 "World" Championship know what it's like to get rich in a hurry; but Dow Finsterwald, a lean, pleasant-natured, 27-year-old, has done it by gathering pebbles. With an utterly indiscriminate assault on courses all along the circuit, dating back to September 1955, he has finished somewhere in the money in more than 50 consecutive PGA co-sponsored tournaments. And just in case you don't think pebbles can add up to very much, Dow earned \$29,513.54 on the tour in 1956 to finish in second place among the year's money-winners. ("There was an awful lot of last-place money in there," he says with a grin.) Only Ted Kroll, whose pockets bulged with \$72,835.83, hypoed considerably by the \$50,000 he won in the "World," made more money last year.

Finsterwald (it may take some time but the name will begin to catch on) hasn't won any of the major tournaments yet, but he is likely to break through at any time. As the summer tour reached the Open at Inverness last June, the biggest single paycheck Dow had collected was the \$5,000 first prize in the Carling's Open in May 1956. To give you an idea of how he has managed to convert his money-winning string into a rock-solid bank balance, here are some samplings of his other paydays: In addition to winning the Carling's in '56, Dow took second money in the Tucson Open (\$1,400), was third in the Miami Beach Open (\$1,600), tied for second in the Dallas Centennial (\$2,700), and was second in the Eastern Open (\$2,150). He started off in 1957 by taking the Tucson (\$2,000), finishing second in the Azalea Open (\$1,300), tying for second in the Kansas City Open (\$1,650) and placing third in the Rubber City Open (\$1,400).

It is of such consistency that champions are made, and to a large majority of golf experts, that's the direction in which Finsterwald is headed. They say he

Dow collects a lot of place money, but this check he's receiving from Miss Arizona was for winning the Tucson Open.

can't miss because of his controlled type of game and his faultless shot-making. He rarely turns in a poor round. Unlike some of the longer belters like Mike Souchak who spend a good part of their time thrashing around in the rough, Dow zeroes in on the fairways. More often than not his ball can be found in a good, playable lie. And once he gets there, he has all the tools—and skill—to head it straight for the pin.

Although he has been on the tour less than three years, Dow has already become the darling of the galleries and the new heir apparent so far as the boys in the press room are concerned. In fact, the writers have become so impressed by his controlled shooting and his chess-board approach to the game that they unblushingly have announced his arrival as the second coming of Ben Hogan. Will Grimsley, of the Associated Press, says: "You know how Hogan has always referred to himself as a 'course manager,' a guy who studies the layout and all very carefully. He claims golf is 80 per cent management and 20 per cent skill. Well, Dow is the same way. He's a thinker who is always working on his game. He always plays the right lie on the fairway, and he's usually two or three thoughts ahead of the other guys on the course."

Neither the high praise nor the considerable success he has achieved so far seem to bewilder this 5-10, 160-pound golf newcomer who has a gift for comic expressions and an ingratiating manner that disarms everyone who meets him. He also has the ability to analyze and discuss his game with the calm detachment of a veteran pro. "I have managed to minimize my bad shots and to control my drives," he says in his native Ohio twang. "You might say my approach is psychological. Out there, you're fighting the course. If you beat that course, you'll beat the other players. When I come to a golf course, I try to figure out how I'll play each hole. Once I decide, I try never to deviate from my plan. If I bogeyed the last hole, I won't try to get even by going for a birdie on the next one. Nor will I play it safe if I'm out in front. The only time I would vary from that would be in the last round of a tournament when I thought I had a chance of winning."

Dow is a contradiction to the accepted pattern most golfers follow. He did not start out as a caddy, he doesn't smoke (his only noticeable nervous habit, if it is one at all, is jiggling bits of grass in his hand while waiting his turn to shoot), he has no temperament to curb, and he never really experienced the insolvency most beginning pros break in with. Of this, Dow says, "I went only about three months or so before placing in the Fort Worth Open, in May 1955." The Finsterwalds (Dow and his wife, the former Linda Pedigo, whom he has known since his school days and married in November 1953) traveled the circuit in their own car, a '55 Cadillac Coupe de Ville, that first year on the tour. "We started out right, anyway," Dow says. Today, he drives a brand new Cadillac Fleetwood and says, "You see, I really haven't come very far. I'm still driving a Cadillac." Dow was merely kidding himself, as he often does, but the truth is he has come a long way in one of the most exacting and fiercely competitive of all sports. He was born on September 6, 1929, in Athens, O., and named after his paternal grandfather. The name is German. Dow's father, Russell Finsterwald, is still a successful lawyer in Athens, and was a Big Ten football official for many

years. In 1945, when he was 16, Dow took a job in the pro shop at the Athens Country Club, sweeping out the place and generally keeping an eye on things. He worked there for parts of his summer vacation for two years, caddying very little, and earning about \$590. "I was 16 and rolling in cash," he says today.

It wasn't until 1947, when he was a senior in high school, that Dow began taking an active interest in the game. He made periodic trips to Cincinnati, where he took lessons from Art Smith, a long-time friend of the Finsterwalds, who once had been the pro at Athens. When Dow entered Ohio University as a pre-law student, it was expected that he would follow in his father's footsteps. But golf became the dominant interest in his life. All he will say now about his family's reaction to his golfing in those days is, "They were sort of neutral about it." But Art Smith remembers getting a long-distance telephone call from Dow's father one day. "He raised all kinds of hell with me, accusing me of trying to influence the boy into playing golf. After his tirade, I tried to explain to him that I was doing no such thing. But I did tell him that Dow had a bright future in golf, and it was his choice."

After getting out of Ohio U., where he was an ROTC cadet, Dow entered the Air Force as a second lieutenant. He was stationed at Shaw Air Force Base in South Carolina, and with a golf course right on the premises, he was able to get out and practice regularly. He even managed to play in the Carolinas Open in 1954 and beat out Julius Boros by two strokes to win the championship. Dow was discharged in November 1954, and three months later, he set out on the pro tour for the first time. He did pretty well that year, winning \$15,386.96 for 14th place. Last spring, Dow became the touring pro for the Tequesta (Fla.) Country Club, located just north of West Palm Beach. He expected Art Smith to join him there this winter as the club's resident pro.

Though his game is favorably compared to Hogan's, nobody ever will confuse Dow's personality with grim little Ben's. Far from being flamboyant, Dow has little mannerisms and a way of saying things that endears him to the fans. He has a Groucho Marx technique of raising his eyebrows when he recognizes someone in the crowd. Last May, during an early round of the Palm Beach Open played in New Rochelle, N. Y., a fan who must have been somewhere in his forties, walked up to Dow after he had just three-putted the previous green. "You're gonna be one of the greatest, Dow," he told him.

"I think you better start hedging on it," Finsterwald answered politely.

Several holes later, he approached his caddy for a club, and asked, "What do you *theenk*?"

"Three wood," the caddy said.

"Oh, how I hate that club," Dow said, feigning pain.

Or, he is not above sing-songing an occasional pun ("It's not how you drive, it's how you arrive.").

But Dow has some pretty good reasons for not taking his game lightly. Last spring, Mrs. Finsterwald presented him with twins, named Jane and Ted, as their first born. "I usually try to play in every tournament I can," he said, "I know this year I'm going to have to. But," he added with a quick smile and a wave of his eyebrows, "I enjoy it. It's pretty hard to top this game."

It's a romance that figures to have a long run.

SIMPSON MADE IT THE SECOND TIME



Simpson is a determined, spunky player. Casey Stengel even gave up "his boy," Billy Martin, to get Harry from the A's.

After a ballyhoo-pumped beginning and some false starts in Cleveland, Harry Simpson became a star with the A's. Then the Yankees wanted him—and got him

By HAROLD ROSENTHAL

A COUPLE of years can make a big difference in the life of a ballplayer. Just over two years ago, Harry "Suitcase" Simpson was appraised as a big, wild-swinging guy who could hit the ball a long way when he got his bat on it, but who didn't get his bat on it anywhere near often enough. Cast off by the Indians and picked up as a gamble by the desperate Kansas City A's, Harry could only look forward to a dreary baseball future. Today Simpson is a certified All-Star, a slugger to be feared and—best of all, as far as he is concerned—a member of the world champion New York Yankees.

A couple of years can make a difference in a ball club, too. For a long time the Yankees were accused of holding down the Negro players in their organization and refusing to take any in trades with other clubs. When Vic Power, a fine young prospect, was bundled off to the A's in exchange for a parcel of humpty-dumpties, the cynics nodded knowingly. However,

Elston Howard, a Yankee farm product, broke the color line at the Stadium and, with the acquisition of Simpson, the Yankees have proved that with them it's the quality of a man's play that counts, and nothing else. Simpson earned the right to play at the Stadium.

There is no prima donna in this hard-working young man. Having helped the A's in the spring by filling in for the injured Vic Power at first base, Simpson immediately volunteered to play left field at the Stadium, which is perhaps the toughest defensive position in the league. The game's best outfielders have been confused by the haze and glare which hugs the top of the triple-decked stands. "I'll play there, first base, anywhere," he said happily when he reported to the Yankees. "Any place the manager wants me—that's okay with me."

Two people gave Simpson the nudge he needed on his way to stardom and the Yankees. One was his wife, who insisted that he stick with the game that he still

loved despite repeated discouragements. The other was Harry's manager at Kansas City, Lou Boudreau. Boudreau remembered that Simpson, whom he had seen in an exhibition game between Cleveland and San Diego in 1950, was not the same when he came to Kansas City in May 1955, sold at cutdown time as a failure by the Indians. After a couple of days, manager Boudreau took Simpson to one side and said, "Harry, you're not batting the way you used to. You're all twisted up. What are you trying to do, anyway?"

"I'm trying to pull the ball the way they tried to show me over in Cleveland," Simpson explained.

"Well, you're in Kansas City now," Lou told him. "Forget about pulling the ball. Do you think you can go back to swinging naturally, the way you used to?"

"I'll try," said the tall, thin Negro, setting his long jutting jaw firmly.

"Go ahead and try," Boudreau said. "Take all the time you need. And don't worry."

Suddenly, almost magically, the old skills returned. Simpson started to punch out those clothes-line hits that had won him the runs-batted-in championship with the San Diego Padres. His average climbed. He finished with an even .300, his baseball career salvaged because of the faith of one man.

A half-dozen years earlier, and on one occasion even before that, the faith of a woman had helped save Simpson's baseball life. Twice he had decided to quit baseball; once when the dreadful bus grind of the Negro leagues had all but crushed his desire to play; another when it seemed as though he had finally come to a dead end.

"In 1946," Simpson recalled, "I was playing for the Philadelphia Stars and you know what kind of a life the fellows had in the Negro leagues. You'd sleep in a hotel maybe one night out of five, no showers after a game, two dollars a day for meal money. My wife, Johnnie, was working in New York. I just left the club and went up there and got a job running a hoist in a copper plant in Long Island City. I kept saying that I liked it, that it was an easy job, and that I didn't mind being away from baseball, but my wife kind of looked forward to the baseball season and how I'd feel then. She kept urging me to go back, so I did.

"I took it for a couple of more years," Harry says. "Then in 1948, I said that this was enough and went home. Eddie Gottlieb, who was running the Philadelphia Stars, wrote to me that the Indians were interested in me, but the news made more of an impression on my wife than it did on me. She urged me to go down to play in Puerto Rico that winter, just in case the offer came through, so I'd be in shape to play. It did, and I signed with the Indians for a class A contract and a thank-you."

In class A at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., in '49, the determined young man originally out of Dalton, Ga., whacked 31 homers to lead the Eastern League. The Indians moved him up in a hurry to their triple-A club at San Diego. Here Simpson had his first serious injury, a muscle pull just before the season opened. He persuaded the club's doctor to inject the area with novocaine before every game to deaden the pain long enough to let him play nine innings.

This went on for a couple of weeks, the injury getting no better because rest was obviously the only cure. Finally, the doctor balked at further injections, fearing possible permanent injury, and Simpson had to sit

down on the bench and allow the muscles to heal. He came back a couple of weeks later to lead the PCL with 156 RBIs for the year.

This performance, of course, demanded that he be brought up to the big club, and he came, as a combination outfielder-first-baseman, to stay for three years—all disappointing. In 1954 the Indians won a pennant, but Simpson was destined not to be on this club which went on to win a total of 111 games. His second serious playing accident, a broken arm, had made him just so much extra baggage at the start of 1954, and the Indians had asked him to go down to Indianapolis to make room for an able-bodied player.

Back in triple-A, Simpson's arm healed and he got to play in 100 games, and hit .282. He came up with the Indians again in 1955 but no one was sufficiently impressed to put up too strenuous an argument when general manager Hank Greenberg decided Simpson was expendable. Kansas City was buying virtually every player who was placed on the market at the time, and Simpson was purchased for \$25,000.

Harry turned out to be easily the biggest bargain in the short history of that organization. Once he got going in his old comfortable, loosey-goosey stance, he moved on to hit .300 in 1955 and the following season he moved into the forefront as an All-Star pick. He doubled his runs-batted-in totals (52 to 105), he quadrupled his homer production (five to 21), and he moved into the star class. He was voted by the local Kansas City newspaper and radio men as the club's most valuable player.

At the start of 1957, Harry, now 31, demonstrated his value in another direction—a burning desire to play despite staggering obstacles. In a spring training game with the Phillies at Clearwater, Simpson stepped in a hole in the outfield and pulled the ligaments in his left ankle. A cast was made to immobilize the leg. First Simpson had to be shooed away from the batting cage when he showed up in uniform, cast and all, as he tried to horn into batting practice. Then Parke Carroll, the A's general manager, almost went into nervous shock when he learned that Harry had decided he had worn the cast long enough. Yep, admitted Harry cheerfully, he had taken it off himself. It had felt pretty good, he explained, and he figured that the whirlpool bath would do it a lot more good than just sitting around. The cast went back on in a hurry.

Then, during an exhibition game just before the season opened, first-baseman Vic Power was hit on the head with a thrown ball and carted off to the hospital. Thick gloom settled over the Kansas City front office as they began to worry about who would play first base. It didn't last long. Simpson, scarcely limping now, approached Carroll. "I'm a real quick healer," he said, grinning. "How about *me* playing first base?" Simpson, in that one quick gesture, sought to repay in some small way the faith of his wife, his manager and Carroll, too, in his ability as a ballplayer. He got into the opening day lineup without any spring training and there he stayed.

No doubt such gestures as these helped Stengel and the Yankees choose Simpson as the man they wanted when they went looking for help last June 15. Stengel would have been even more reluctant to give up "his boy," Billy Martin, if he were not getting a talented and courageous player in return. Harry Simpson filled the bill.

SAVAGE

Model #340



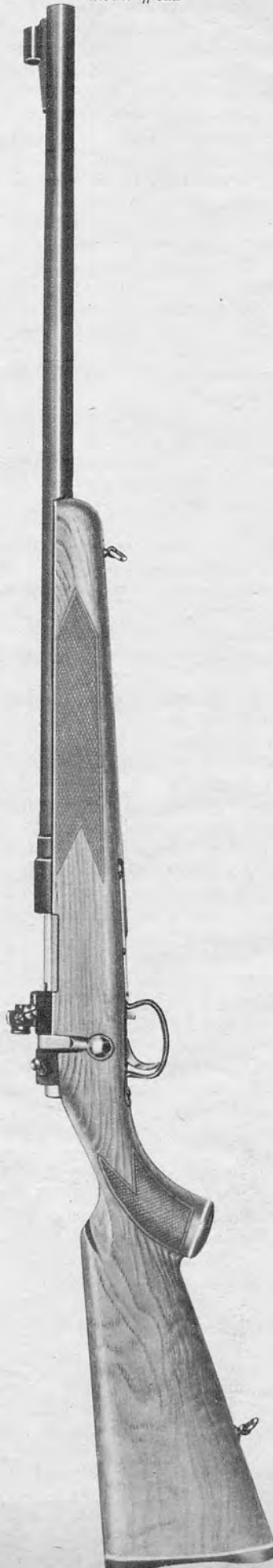
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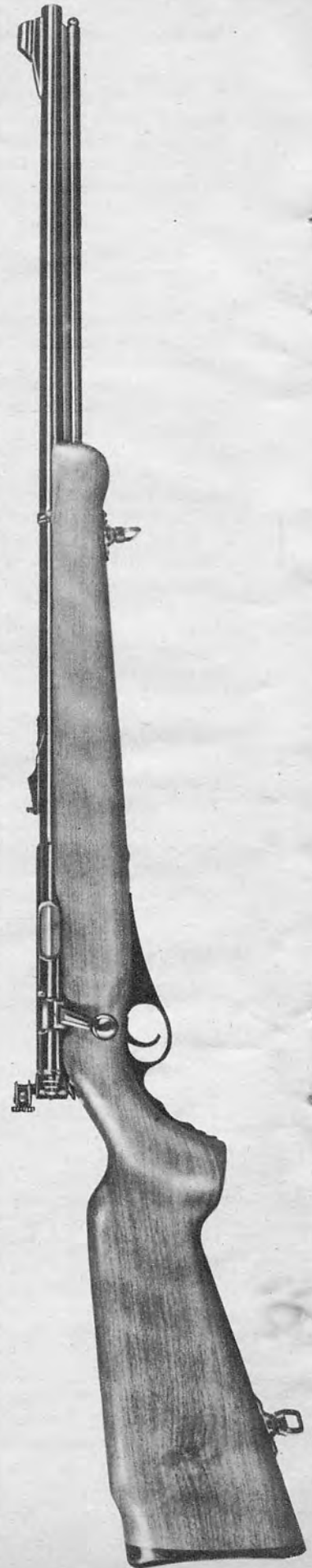
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VARMINT SHOOTING IS ON THE RISE

*Knocking off pests like foxes, crows
and coyotes may be loads of fun, but outsmarting
these slicksters is a real challenge*

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

MAYBE Zane Grey, ace of western writers, had something when he decided to call his bad characters "varmint," for Webster gives him vehement support, calling varmints "noxious, troublesome or objectionable animals," and there isn't much doubt that foxes, woodchucks, coyotes, bobcats, prairie dogs and jack rabbits slide neatly into that description. Of course, some birds, too, are varmints, although the dictionary kind of slips up on this one. Crows lead the rogue's gallery, with the magpie and some species of the hawk and the owl filling out the list of feathered fiends that seem to do more harm than good.

But all varmints do good in giving rifle and shotgun shooters out-of-season practice and sheer sport that rivals even the long-planned, precisely seasoned big-game hunting, or the hoarded hours of wild fowling. In nearly any state, varmints are on the open list and most landowners will take you by the hand and show you where they hang out. For all of them do damage. The meat-eaters—foxes, bobcats, coyotes—kill and eat farm stock, game birds and small animals. The woodchuck is a canny chewer of farm crops, and that brainy black bandit, the crow, devastates corn fields and newly-planted gardens of all kinds, eats duck and chicken eggs and kills young songbirds. Probably the two most cunning, the two that have been fighting a winning battle since civilization began, are the crow and the fox. Not even the rise of great cities and the construction of super-highways, the advances in guns and gun powder, poisons, traps, and even a corresponding growth in the intelligence of man, has been able to hold these two scavengers in check. Man, loath to admit that the two characters have bested him, considers fox hunting with hounds or rifle a great sport, and crow shooting (→ TO PAGE 66)



Anything Goes In The Gold Cup

Some guys will try anything, even chopping along at a wild 170 mph, to grab hold of this 80-pound cup

By Emmett Watson

FOR more than 50 years, a squat, homely-looking, 80-pound mug of metal known as the "Gold Cup" has been the Holy Grail to men who worship speed on water. The Gold Cup is a perpetual trophy awarded by the American Powerboat Association for victory in its annual 90-mile challenge race—a heavyweight aquatic match involving ugly, snub-nosed and super-powered hydroplanes that torpedo along the surface at breath-stopping speeds of 160 miles an hour and more.

The Gold Cup is a fascinating symbol to the relatively few men who have dedicated their lives to winning it. In recent years, two obscure, hopeful men died in the pursuit of it. Others, like wealthy and famous Lou Fageol, and Joe Taggart, a middle-aged retired businessman, will live out their lives in debt to a few brief, borrowed seconds of incredible luck that kept them alive. Colorful "Wild Bill" Cantrell, a phrase-making Dizzy Dean of the hydro pits, still carries the scars of horrible burns suffered in pursuit of the Gold Cup. So does Danny Foster, a celebrated name among hydroplaners. Guy Lombardo, who is sort of a one-man General Motors of the musical world, quit driving only recently—to the vast relief of a long line of people who depend on his existence for a livelihood.

Other famous personalities, like Horace Dodge, the automobile man, and Gar Wood, whose name calls up an instant image of speed, have won and lost the Gold Cup. In recent years—make it the last three—



Slo-Mo-Shun V, shown here winning the 1954 Gold Cup at Seattle, helped revolutionize the sport.

talented, hopeful young designers and mechanics have taken to building hydroplanes in their basements and backyards. "Little Corporations" of a few working guys have banded together to buy or build machines costing \$25,000 to \$40,000. They, too, have caught the Gold Cup fever.

A Texas oil and cattle man, William T. Waggoner (rated by Dun & Bradstreet at \$200 million), also got the hydroplane fever. He cashed in his first year, 1956, by winning the ancient international Harmsworth Trophy. And still another chap, Detroit bakery man Jack Schafer, has gamely poured his limited wealth into the sport for 20 years. He has owned five boats. He hasn't won the Gold Cup yet.

Why? Well, ask Jack Schafer why he keeps trying, and he pushes his yachting cap back on his head, fixes you with a friendly grin, and replies, "At my age I can't be a high-jumper and I don't have the hay to own the Detroit Tigers. But in the boat sport—hell, I can exercise some of my own design ideas and play my own game of trial and error."

For six of the past seven summers, the Gold Cup has been contested on Seattle's Lake Washington over an oval-shaped course varying from three to three and three-quarter miles long. The setting is beautiful beyond description. The Gold Cup course is bordered on the west by high hills and a lovely shoreline, beautiful homes and front lawns. On the north it is bordered by Lake Washington's famed floating bridge, and on the west and south by a miles-long log boom, anchoring more than a thousand yachts and cruisers.

This log-boom has sometimes been called "the longest cocktail bar in the world." This year, as always, some 300,000 to 500,000 people (estimates vary) gather on and about and above the flat blue waters of the lake—the largest crowd to watch a single sporting

event in the world. Seattle has been taken by something called hydro-mania.

Not everyone likes the Gold Cup, of course. Jack Hurley, a prizefight manager who lives in Seattle, turns slightly sick when the race is mentioned. "All those free customers," he moans. "If I could put a box office on this mob, I'd feed the IBC to the pigeons."

Hurley has a short description of the race itself: "Here they come—splllt!—there they go!" The word "splllt" is obtained by sticking your tongue out, closing your lips and blowing hard. Try it sometime.

But make no mistake about this: Hydroplane racing is a fiercely competitive sport. It has spawned cold, lasting hatreds among owners, drivers and designers. There have been disgusting displays of poor sportsmanship, petty jealousies and mean politicking at high levels to gain an edge. Gold Cup rhubarbs have wound up in blaring headlines and serious litigation.

Fortunately, not everything about the race is grim. In 1954, to take an example, Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Black of Seattle were giving a quiet lawn party at their home fronting on the Gold Cup course. The day was bright and sunny. At the precise moment, perhaps, when Dr. Black was mixing his guests another gin-and-tonic, the steering rudder jammed on *Gale IV*, a two-ton monster owned by Joe Schoenith, Detroit electrical contractor. Helpless at the helm was Mr. "Wild Bill" Cantrell, hurtling out of the north turn at 100-plus miles an hour—straight for Dr. Black's lawn party. It is no exaggeration to say that this kind of thing can be very upsetting to your guests.

Gale IV hit the beach, shot up in the air and came down smack in the middle of Dr. Black's rose garden. Cantrell unbuckled himself from his cockpit, climbed out of the boat, and surveyed his position morosely. "Well, this is the first damn time I ever walked away

Anything Goes In The Gold Cup

continued



Danny Foster, above, drove Guy Lombardo's *Tempo VII* when it caught fire in 1955. Over 300,000 fans try to see the race.

from a boat race," he growled at the stunned guests.

For much of its 53-year existence, the Gold Cup race was kind of a floating crap game, because of a unique provision in the rules which provides that the winner can decide where he will defend his title. The first Gold Cup competition in 1904 involved a long, 59-foot winner called *Standard*, which beat two other boats on the Hudson River at the eye-popping speed of 23.6 mph. In subsequent stages of our half-century, the race moved from New York to the St. Lawrence River, to Lake George, to the Mississippi, to the Detroit River. Total average times increased, fell back, then increased some more until 1946, when Lombardo's *Miss Tempo VI* won the race at 70.8 mph.

Traditionally, the 90-mile Gold Cup race is run in three heats of 30 miles each. Through the post-war years of 1946 to 1950, and even before that, Detroit owners and designers had a virtual monopoly on the Cup. *Miss Pepsi*, *Miss Great Lakes* and *My Sweetie* were the speed giants of the time. The top boats of those days were long, flat-sided and narrow, and they rode "through" the water. Then one man changed all that.

He was Ted Jones, a tall, handsome Welshman, born and bred in Seattle, and for years an obscure Boeing Airplane Co. mechanic. Years ago, Jones conceived the revolutionary design which since has been copied by virtually every Gold Cup contender of the past seven years. But to put his design into operation, Jones needed two things—time to work and money to build. He got them both in the person of Stanley St. Clair Sayres, a wealthy Seattle automobile dealer, whom he met in the early Forties. Unfortunately, the two men had only one thing in common—a driving desire, some inner compulsion, to travel faster and ever faster on water. Aside from that, they were born to clash. Jones is a free-thinking individualist, something of a dreamer, and touched by the queer disease known as genius. Sayres, who died last fall, was a strong-willed man, a successful business leader used to giving the commands. Their partnership held together only long enough to create a new, revolutionary era in the sport

of hydroplane racing. Then it fell apart.

In the late Forties, Sayres frequently attended the Gold Cup races in the East. Friends who knew him at the time say he would return home, nervous, brooding and preoccupied; then he would describe the boats and the race intensely, remembering every slight detail. Together, Jones and Sayres built the *Slo-Mo-Shun III*, "as a proving ground." For years, Jones had dreamed of a design that would minimize the friction of a boat going "through" the water. He wanted his boat out of the water, to skim over the surface, riding on only a few square inches of surface; he wanted what is now called "a prop rider."

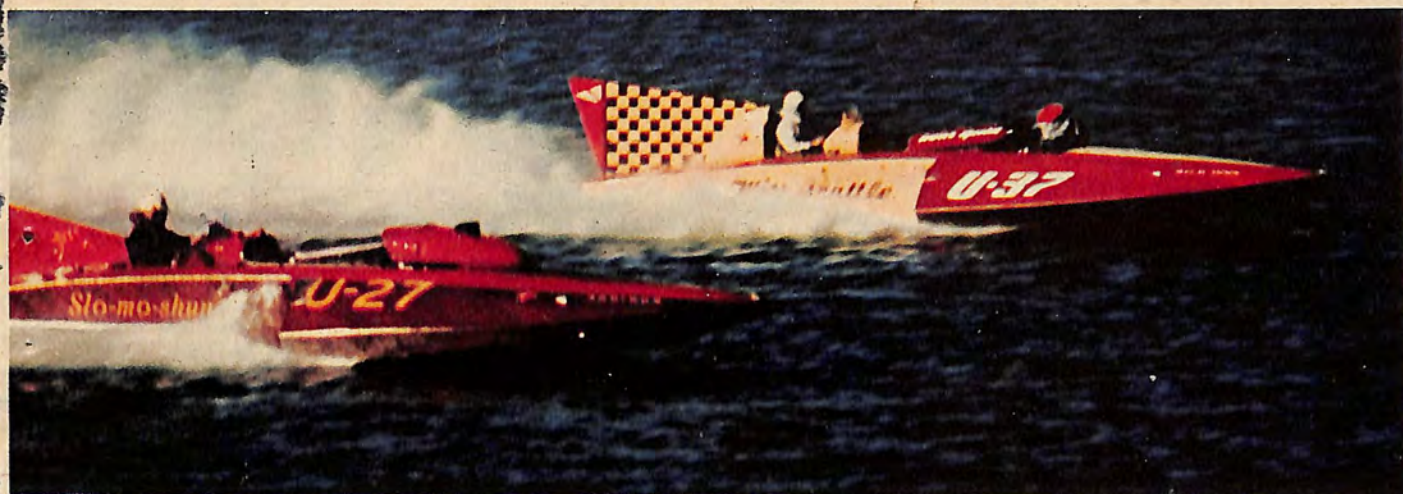
In earlier experiments of his own, Jones had tried adding "bustles," or out-riggers, to provide stability on the turns. In *Slo-Mo III*, he brought the bustles in and incorporated them as part of the hull. But there was too much air under the boat and she had a tendency to pull over backward.

Jones and Sayres scrapped *Slo-Mo III* and went to Detroit in 1948 to watch the Gold Cup. After the race, Jones, Sayres and Anchor Jensen, a Seattle boat builder, went to their room in the Hotel Statler and began talking about the race. *Miss Great Lakes* had won the cup at an average speed of 57.452 mph. "Hell, we can beat that," Sayres said. The threesome sat up all night talking, drawing, and laying out the basic design for *Slo-Mo IV*. They completed her in October, 1949. She was a relatively light boat for those days, 4,400 pounds, compared to the 6,000 to 9,000 pounds for the current competition.

In appearance, *Slo-Mo IV* looked like an Indian arrowhead, cut off an inch from the tip. She was flat and triangular. A 1,500-horsepower Allison engine was moved forward in her hull, and at high speeds she rode on only two tiny sponsons and her propeller.

In one dramatic morning, the whole sport of hydroplaning reached its turning point. On June 26, 1950, Stan Sayres put on a crash helmet and called for the clockers. Lashing a white, 30-foot high spray of "roostertail" behind, *Slo-Mo IV* bellowed down Lake Washington at a straightaway speed (→ TO PAGE 75)

Color by Reggie Hibshman



The hydroplanes now travel at such alarming speeds over the water that to hit a hidden underwater object, or even the wake of another boat, can mean disaster. Yet many, lured by the excitement, have sunk their savings in them.



Some of the boats, like *Such Crust IV*, are driven by twin airplane engines which can deliver 2,000 horsepower each.



In the last few years the time for a winning heat has jumped from 80 mph to almost 110 mph.



Breakdowns and wrecks are frequent. An unlucky boat, above, is fished out of lake during race.



Guy Lombardo, the famous band leader, drove his own boat in many races, only recently retired.

BOB FRIEND



"He's a girl's first crush,
her first date, her first kiss.
This is the fellow who
used to carry your books
home from school."

BASEBALL'S TEN HANDSOMEST MEN

ED MATHEWS



"The pretty boy of the
whole group . . . he has the
look of a spoiled cherub.
To me, Eddie is the
Tyrone Power of baseball."

"If I were an artist
with a brush, this is a man
I'd like to paint. There
is great depth in
his face . . ."

*It had to happen—television has made ballplayers
into matinee idols. And like all the other girls,
Gussie, the sportscaster, picks her favorite pin-ups*

By GUSSIE MORAN

JIM PIERSALL



IT used to be when a ballplayer heard the cry
"Play ball!" his only concern was to go out
and win the game any way he could. His
performance on the playing field was observed
only by the spectators in the grandstands and
preserved for future reference in the box scores
and record books. But ever since television in-
vaded the ball parks in the late Forties, he has
come under the scrutiny of an entirely different
rating system. The probing eye of the television
camera—and consequently of the fan sitting at
home—brings him a little closer into focus, es-
pecially where it counts most, to the women in
the audience. Now they can study his profile and
search for any dimples he may have and wonder
how he does on a dance floor. Let's face it. Ball-
players, as a group, have become typed like
actors, and they are aware of this new dimension
as much as the female fans, like myself, are.
We girls, I'm afraid, rate our favorite players as

GUSSIE MORAN & JERRY COLEMAN

"Jerry is the only ballplayer I know who looks like
a fashion plate even while he's making an error." ➡

Color by Ozzie Sweet



GINO CIMOLI



"He's good-looking enough to be called pretty—with his long lashes, swarthy complexion and brown hair. But he's all man."

GUS BELL



"You know when he's 40 he's going to look as well as he does at 28. He's the boy you want to invite to the junior prom."

BOBBY AVILA



"Rudolph Valentino. High-cheeked, dark-eyed and with dusty skin, he makes you think of moonlit nights south of the border."

much on their sex appeal as we do on their batting averages and pitching records.

Today, when an indifferent Ted Williams strides arrogantly up to the plate from the on-deck circle, there are large hordes of female admirers in the park and at home watching over their TV sets. "To know him is to like him," his teammates say. There are those who say differently. But there is no question about the impact he has on the giggling girls and languid ladies. Each, in her own fashion, swoons when he walks by, his 195-pound, six-foot-four-inch build sparking masculinity. Ted may never have read *How To Win Friends and Influence People*, but one might assume, from the reaction of the girls, that he is thoroughly acquainted with *The Memoirs of Casanova*.

Nor is Emily Post one of his favorite authors. On more than one occasion he has been linked with the spitter—and he isn't even a pitcher. But girls like dominant men, and they sigh as he takes his long-legged, confident stance in the batter's box.

The ballplayer of today is more than a professional athlete. He's an actor, too, and with much more than an actor's audience. Television exposes him, his face and his habits to millions of viewers. Who knows how many people, over the course of a full season, watch a fellow like Jackie Jensen or Hank Aaron or Johnny Antonelli on television? It is inevitable that at least a chunk of the ham in a ballplayer comes popping through the big tube along with the base hits. After all, what an audience! Who could resist? Actors, in their wildest dreams, can't imagine such constant exposure of their talents.

Whether they like it or not—and there is no substantial evidence that they dislike it—ballplayers have become matinee idols in knickers. Duke Snider and Willie Mays and Billy Martin affect female fans the way Van Johnson and Elvis Presley and Harry Belafonte do. Mickey Mantle matches Mickey Rooney—and, if you are so inclined, Mickey Mouse—in popularity. The baseball boys have become pin-ups.

In the immodest opinion of one female baseball fan, here are ten players who could make Errol Flynn or Gregory Peck look like minor-leaguers (I could, very easily, make this a list of 20, or even 30): Bob Friend, Bobby Avila, Jerry Coleman, Vinegar Bend Mizell, Jim Piersall, Eddie Mathews, Robin Roberts, Gino Cimoli, Ray Boone and Gus Bell. They're my favorite pin-up boys.

"When you meet Bob Friend," Bobby Bragan says of his strong Pittsburgh righthander, "you'll meet a typical Pirate!" He might have also told me that I'd be meeting one of the nicest fellows in the world—because I did. Bob Friend is like the boy next door. He's a girl's first crush, her first date, her first kiss. This is the fellow who used to carry your books home from school, the boy you wanted to marry.

Modest and unassuming—these are two of Bob's attributes. His shyness takes you by surprise. You would certainly expect a highly-regarded major-league pitcher like Bob to be somewhat aloof. Not Mr. Friend, who won 17 ball games for the seventh-place Pirates last year. He is honest and straightforward, a square-shooter, a direct talker. The only curve he throws is the one with the baseball.

Friend is 26 years old, a strapping six-foot, 190-pounder with the look of an athlete. A graduate of Purdue University, where he majored in economics,

he still looks like a collegian. He has a strong, determined chin and small, laughing blue eyes which light up when you ask him whether or not he's married. An eligible bachelor's eyes light up even more when he answers, "No." This pleasant young man is not really a stranger to me, for I discovered while he visited our radio station, WMGM in New York (incidentally, the Dodger station), that we have mutual friends. Several years ago, when Ralph Kiner hit the 200th home run of his career, he and his wife, the former tennis star, Nancy Chaffee, celebrated the occasion. Beverly Baker Fleitz (*nee* Beverly Baker), a tennis star, too, who was a house guest of the Kiners, went along as the blind date of Kiner's buddy, Bob Friend. So we all helped Ralph enjoy his big moment.

Enchiladas, tamales and red-hot peppers. That's the Rudolph Valentino of baseball, Bobby Avila. High-cheeked, dark-eyed and with dusty skin, he makes you think of moonlit nights south of the border. He's not overly tall with his five-foot, ten-inch frame, but what damsel doesn't hear castanets when he goes to bat?

He must have heard castanets, too, in 1954, when he led the American League in batting with a mark of .341. The Cleveland infielder is steeped with color both in the field and at the plate. But whether he hits .500 or .125, his average is never low with the *senoritas*. He's no latin from Manhattan, but he is from Vera Cruz. He has warm lips—his complexion is like Navajo copper glistening in the sun—his eyes either are dark placid pools or flaming sparks from a volcano. But, Beto (as he's called) is not an eligible baseball bachelor; he has been happily married since 1952.

Then, there's fastidious Jerry Coleman, or "Gentleman Jim," as he's known by his teammates. He is the epitome of neatness at all times. He's the only ballplayer I know who looks like a fashion plate even while making an error. His shirt sleeves seem to hang better. His baseball pants fold neatly—and a little higher—over his always tight-fitting stockings. His baseball cap is a fitting crown for his fresh, clean features. He has extremely dark eyebrows, an aquiline nose and broad mouth which, when he smiles, as he often does, shows ivory teeth more perfect than a piano keyboard. A native of San Jose, Calif., Coleman is the lithe, slender type. He is six feet tall and weighs only 165 pounds, which perhaps explains why he wears his clothes so well.

Although, like Boston's controversial Ted Williams, Jerry was called into the service twice and his baseball suffered as a result, he never has been heard to complain. Coleman, a fighter pilot in the Pacific during World War II and later in Korea in 1952, accepted, as did millions of patriotic Americans, this duty without griping. Jerry was an outstanding player in the World Series in 1949 and 1950, distinguishing himself both in the field and at the plate. Even when he's away from Yankee Stadium, walking down the street, Jerry is a standout. Brown eyes that sparkle and dark brown curly hair make women's eyes roll like ball bearings.

When baseball and Jerry part company, he won't be lonely. His good looks and bubbling personality are perfectly matched for radio or television.

Li'l Abner—oops, I mean Vinegar Bend Mizell—is on my list, too. Not a pretty boy, he certainly is considered tops in the hominy-grits belt. This is the corn-fed, backwoods species—all man, which some women find irresistible.

(—→ TO PAGE 64)

VINEGAR BEND MIZELL



"This is the corn-fed, backwoods species—all man, which some women find irresistible. Each girl watching wishes she were his Daisy Mae."

RAY BOONE

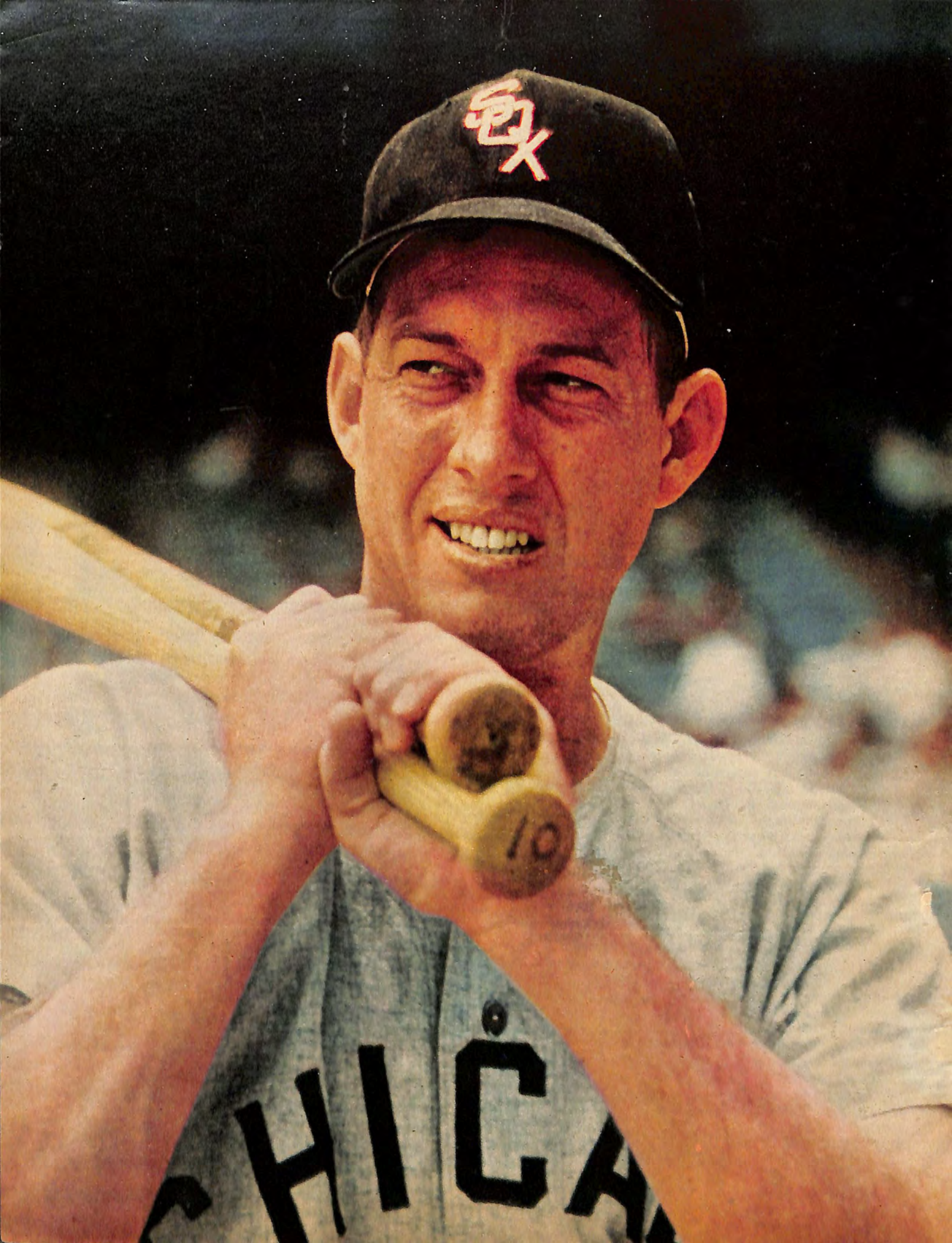


"He reminds you of somebody's big brother, but no girl in her right mind ever would want to feel platonic about him."

ROBIN ROBERTS



"He's a staunch, solid American type. A born leader, he looks as though he's fit for a position in government. Also an ideal husband and father."





The White Sox' Indispensable Man

Nellie Fox hollers, Minnie Minoso streaks for second, Billy Pierce strikes them out—but it's Sherman Lollar who sparks the ball club

By Dave Condon

HERE'S the scene: The Yankee Stadium crowd howls as Babe Ruth, who has hit 59 home runs, steps up for a try at a record breaking No. 60. Ruth does hit No. 60, off Washington pitcher Tom Zachary. And who is the catcher at this memorable moment? In real life, though you probably do not remember, the man behind the plate that magnificent September afternoon in 1927 was Herold (Muddy) Ruel. When the scene was relived in the movie of the Bambino's life, two decades later, the catcher was a downy-cheeked Yankee rookie named John Sherman Lollar. Few movie-goers, of course, noticed Lollar. Millions of them just took him for granted—and that is the story of Lollar's life in a nutshell.

Lollar is the original anonymous man in the iron mask. Everybody takes him for granted. While he plods along with his catching chores, White Sox fans work themselves into a frenzy over the spectacular play of that likeable little Latin, Luis Aparicio; over Nellie Fox, the Mighty Mite; over Jim Rivera, a real chew-tobacco player; and over Marvelous Minnie Minoso. These fans admire Lollar too, but, as one newspaper genius reported last season, they regard him as a player with "no more color than a man who has just seen a ghost."

Admittedly, Lollar has little holler. And although

he hit .293, smashed 11 home runs and batted in 75 runs last season, there is no stomping of feet when he strides out to take up his stance in the batter's box. Baltimore's Paul Richards, the former White Sox skipper, once painted this picture of Sherman: "He just walks from the dugout to the plate and from the plate to the dugout and looks kind of lazy."

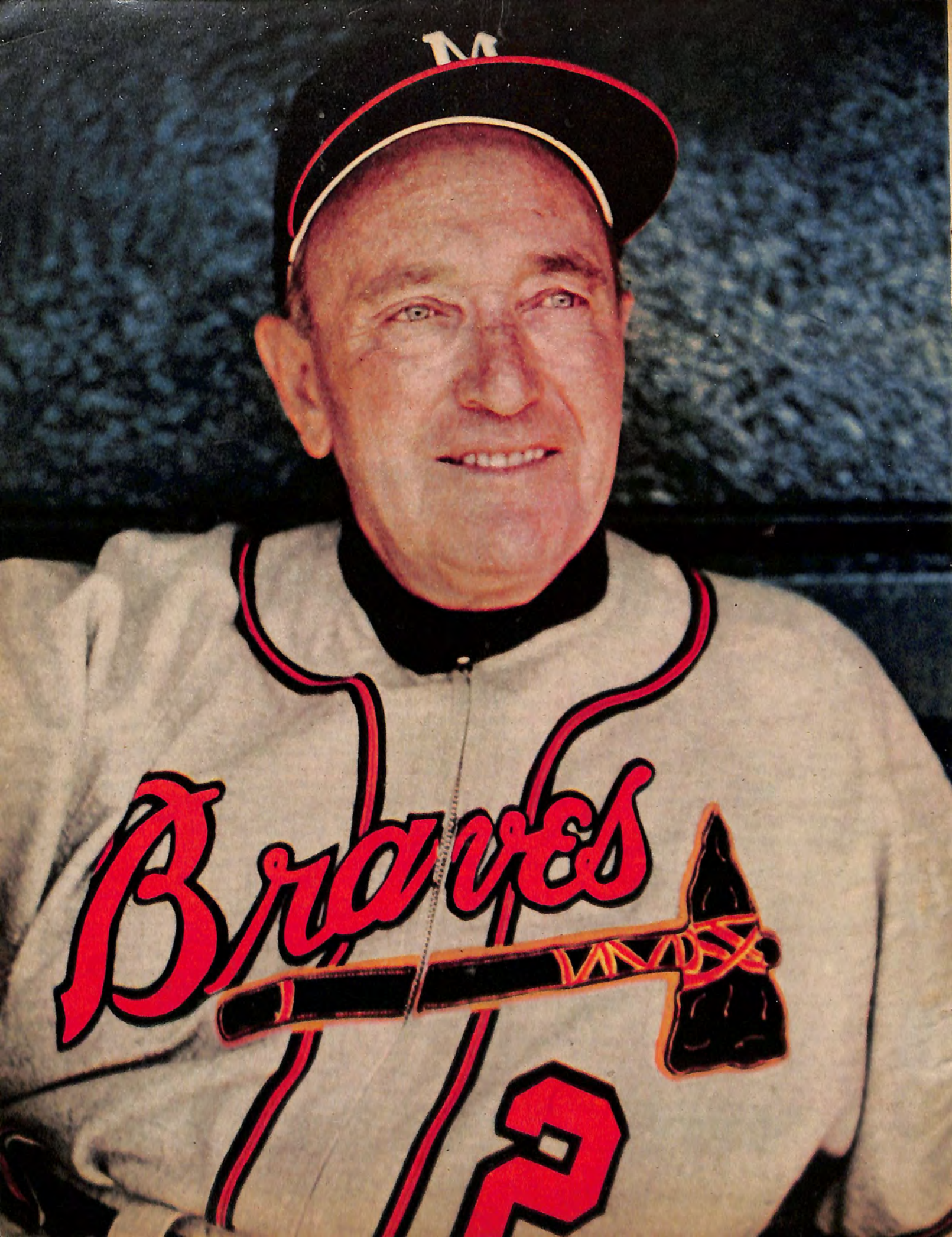
But, holler guy or not, Sherman Lollar is the leader of the White Sox, on the field and off. He keeps the Go-Go White Sox going; he is their indispensable man. They could get along at least for a while without almost anybody else, but without Lollar, they would be in bad trouble.

"The splurge by the 1957 White Sox was largely due to Sherman Lollar," says Rogers Hornsby, who seldom enthuses about today's major-leaguers. "This year Lollar has been a take-charge guy, more than ever before. He's a wonderful defensive catcher, a timely hitter, he calls pitches like a genius, and this season he has developed into a real club director."

Kansas City manager Lou Boudreau likewise has taken note of Sherman's sudden coming into his own. "I had both Sherman Lollar and Jim Hegan as rookies at Cleveland," Boudreau remembers. "I had to choose one. I took Hegan and I made the right choice at the time. Lollar lacked aggressiveness. (→ TO PAGE 91)

Lollar himself is quick to disclaim any comparison of him with Yogi Berra, but White Sox supporters say he's a close second.

Color by George Heyer



Fred Haney's problem is that his ball club can't forget what happened last year. He has to live with it, and so would you . . .

IF YOU MANAGED THE BRAVES

By IRV GOODMAN



YOU'RE on the road, and you're losing more than you're winning. You get up early and have breakfast with John Quinn, general manager of the club, and you sit a long while over coffee, knowing the reporters are waiting for you. They're always waiting, in the hotel lobby, on the telephone, at the park—especially when you're losing more than you're winning. And the questions are always the same. The polite ones and the meek ones want to know, "What are you going to do about relief pitching?" "Don't you think it's time you made a change in left field?" "Is Crandall ever going to reach his potential?" The tougher reporters, the ones with more boldness or just plain loud-mouthed gall, get right to it. "Are the Braves going to blow it again?"

And you have to find an answer.

Fred Haney gives three reasons why the Milwaukee Braves lost the pennant last year.

(1) Failure to hit at second base, left field, catcher and third base.

(2) A weakness in fundamentals—bad bunting, bad base-running, too frequent throwing to the wrong base.

(3) A batting slump in September.

As he has considered these reasons during the season—or as a sharply critical press has persisted in pointing them out to him—Haney has had to face the prospect that these three reasons for last year's failure still exist. Let's take them one at a time:

(1) Three of the positions, each in its own fashion, have demonstrated a continued inability to hit. Third-baseman Eddie Mathews, who must supply the distance hitting behind Hank Aaron's assorted spray of base hits, keeps taking a long time to get started. He worked harder this

spring than he ever had before, and still he was unable to muster a good start to the season. Last year, he was hitting .220 at the All-Star game break, and went at almost a .350 clip after that. The program of running, conditioning and extra swinging this spring was designed to get him to post-All-Star game shape in April. But it didn't work, and while Mathews was finding his home-run timing, games were lost.

Second-baseman Danny O'Connell, who unexpectedly started well, fell apart after a month—so badly, the Braves thought, that they had to rush-call for an inexperienced, non-hitting farmhand named Bob Malkmus to jump in and play the position. Then they traded for Red Schoendienst and the problem appeared to be solved. But not before the press began to ask the question, Was Haney managing scared? Left field, within a month, had had Bobby Thomson, Wes Covington, Andy

Color by Jerry Dantzie



Pafko and Chuck Tanner try to hold the job, with Thomson winning it by as clear a case of default as when Sharkey dented Schmeling's cup—and then being traded. Catcher Del Crandall continued in his persistence in being a hitter of vast potential who went hot and cold. Time runs out faster and faster on his potential. He is 27 years old.

(2) The team was still weak in fundamentals. The bunting was worse than ever, so bad that often Haney had men swinging away who should have been laying one down to move a runner along. The base-running was quiet and unaggressive. Too often runners failed to take the extra base. There was very little hit-and-run success. The team was last in the league in base-stealing. Nor could anyone connected with the Braves remember the last time a Milwaukee player had stolen home. Definitely not since the Braves came to Milwaukee. The one time a Brave tried it was Bobby Thomson's dash last year. He had gone on his own, was tagged out and was fined \$100 by Haney for his trouble. "There was no excuse for it," Haney explained. "I had called in a pinch-hitter with Bobby on third and two out. Did he think I had the pinch-hitter there for him to steal?"

(3) There is never any insurance against a team batting slump. Why couldn't there be one this September? There had been a mighty one in May.

So manager Haney finds no solace in his own analysis. And he finds much worse in the reasoning of others. Against the arguments given by reporters, fans, opponents and even Milwaukee players for the Braves' failure last year, the manager can shake his head violently and protest, but he can't debate too effectively.

These are some of the charges he has to live with:

The team chokes under pressure. The '56 pennant was up for grabs, the Braves were the team most eligible to grab it, and they didn't. It is never easy to defend against the charge of choke-up—or the politer term, doubting yourself. Those who point the finger can't prove anything conclusive—but, then, they really don't have to. The burden of the circumstantial evidence of failure is there, staring you in the face. Ask Don Newcombe.

Sheer stupidity. One Milwaukee writer insists this is not a smart team. They make bonehead plays.

Not hungry enough. Another

Sign-flashing Fred plays the game by the book. His bunt mania, critics say, cost the Braves the pennant last year.

Milwaukee writer says the Braves are spoiled soft by the over-indulgent and everlasting welcome given them by the city of Milwaukee.

The team isn't serious enough. Pitcher Warren Spahn, who is an off-the-field joker himself, said this. (But that wasn't what he meant.)

The team is too serious. This is first-baseman Joe Adcock's opinion.

Fred Haney has been in baseball a long time—40 years, as he likes to point out—and he had his first manager's job in 1935. He had been happy managing in the minors when the St. Louis Browns called him up in 1939. He raised them to sixth place in 1940, and the next year he was out of a job. Again, working happily in the minors, he was called by his good friend Branch Rickey to take over the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1953, while they were still caught up and confused in their five-year plan. He worked with this young, untutored ball club, and when they began to come out of the woods, Rickey fired him. Now he is with a pennant-contender, a team that was favored, before the start of the race, to win it. Depending on what your personal prejudice happens to be on the subject, with such a background Fred Haney (a) is well-armed for the pressures of a pennant race by his background in the school of hard knocks, or (b) isn't used to the pressures of a pennant race. Before you pick your side in this argument, remember where and what Casey Stengel had been before he came to the Yankees and became a genius. And remember what happened to resident-genius Joe McCarthy after he left the Yankees.

Fred Haney may be managing "scared." Very likely his job is on the line this season. His strategy may be self-defeating, nervous, by-the-book, hogwash. (All of these are recurring charges.) But Fred Haney is a reasonable man. He understands, although he doesn't accept, the charges made against his team. And, after what he considers harsh appraisal of the situation, he thinks his team is going to win the pennant.

"This is not 1956," he says. "There's a difference. We're more determined, we're working harder. A team can't go through what these fellows went through last year without learning. That Sunday night after we lost the pennant in St. Louis and the season was over and we arrived at the Milwaukee airport and found 20,000 people waiting there to greet us—a team can't see something like that and not be moved, can it?"

Fan enthusiasm, however, is a two-edged sword. For their part, the fans may stick with you, they may root relentlessly, they may

come out in ever-increasing record-shattering numbers. But the Milwaukee front office fears that it may be killing off the goose who lays the golden eggs. How long can the honeymoon last? Milwaukee owner Lou Perini wonders. Coming out to remove Warren Spahn from a ball game in June, almost one year to the day from the time he took over from Charley Grimm, Haney was booed for the first time by the home folks. Omens like that tend to frighten Perini. Although he has turned over the title of president of the firm to one Joe Cairnes, Perini remains boss of the operation, the man who pays the bills. Some Milwaukee people suspect that president Cairnes thinks he can be general manager of the club, a more meaningful position, so it just might be that John Quinn, along with Haney, is caught in the squeeze.

It visibly annoyed Milwaukee newspapermen—if that means anything—that the Braves refused to trade. During the winter, and then again when the Braves turned sour in May, Quinn went through the usual conversations with several clubs around the league. The Giants, particularly, wanted to deal. For some reason, the Giants were interested in getting Bobby Thomson back, perhaps to have him on hand for future old-timers' days. The New Yorkers came close to dealing Red Schoendienst and Don Mueller to the Braves for Thomson, Danny O'Connell, Ray Crone and another pitcher before the season. When the trade was finally made, in June (O'Connell, Ray Crone and Thomson for Schoendienst), it solved Milwaukee's toughest problem, second base. Schoendienst alone, the Milwaukee writers insist, can mean the pennant for the Braves—just as Billy Herman meant one for Brooklyn in 1941. O'Connell was a poor leadoff man. He made the moves, trying to hit to the wrong field, bunting, waiting out pitches, reaching for the outside pitches. But things just don't go for him. He is slow in the field, with limited range, and gave no help to slow-moving Joe Adcock at first base. And, worst of all, O'Connell is one of those players who, when he stops hitting, stops fielding. During the first slump that hit the team, in May, after its good start, Danny threw away some ground balls and was the immediate cause of at least two losses. He began storming around, kicking dirt after striking out, throwing his glove after making an error, getting mad at anything that was handy. And, inevitably, turning careless. It was to teach him a lesson—and not for the first time—that shortstop Johnny Logan scared him silly in one game. With two out, an easy

fly ball was hit to Bill Bruton in center field. Before the ball was caught, O'Connell began heading for the dugout. Just as he passed Logan, Johnny made a sudden lunge toward second base—as if he were covering the bag for a throw from Bruton, who had dropped the ball. (No, Louis, he didn't really drop it.) O'Connell spun around, not knowing where to go or what to do. There was no laughter in the Braves' dugout after this bit of play-acting.

Thomson had been another matter. Around the league, people say that he has had it. He gets no jump on the ball in the field any more, they say, and he has lost much of his straightaway speed. At the plate, he has been frighteningly close to useless for long stretches. His batting average has been so far down at times that in one game he went one-for-six and increased his batting average two points. Every time it seemed that even Haney, remarkably patient with this one ballplayer, would be forced to take him out of the lineup, Bobby came up with a key hit like his grand-slam homer to beat the Dodgers in mid-June, and that kept him in there for another week or so.

Haney's persistence in using Thomson had been something of a mystery to many people, particularly the writers. Even though the Braves face few lefthanded pitchers, the newspapermen point out, Haney kept the righthanded-hitting Thomson in that lineup. Apparently self-conscious about Haney's persistence, however, the Braves took official recognition of Thomson's particular skills. One afternoon, when he was hitting about .150, Thomson cut off a hit to left field with a one-handed grab of the bouncing ball. It was a good play, the sort of thing Willie Mays does about three times a game. Yet the Braves felt the compulsion to issue an official communique commending Thomson on the play. It was like giving an infantryman a Silver Star for carrying his rifle to the front lines.

When no trades developed over the winter—although there was much talk in the press about O'Connell, Thomson and Ray Crone going—Quinn said, "We have the team to win. I was ready to trade, but they all wanted too much."

When, during the season, Haney was asked how he handles men like O'Connell and Thomson after their names have been in trade talks so frequently, he denied that the club had tried to make any trades. Newspapermen made it all up, he said.

The most logical conclusion people could arrive at was that the Braves were afraid to trade. Scars of the Antonelli-for-Thomson deal before the 1954 season still remain. One

local newspaperman, who keeps track of such things with admirable zeal, points out with some vigor that the Braves haven't made a really good trade since they came to Milwaukee. (But it is also worth pointing out that they haven't made any bad ones, either—except for letting go of Antonelli. They just haven't been making many trades.)

This rap, which was first directed at Quinn and Grimm and now is jabbed at Quinn and Haney, gains credence when you discuss the subject with either of the two quiet, non-communicative gentlemen. It seems, whenever they are asked about trades made and not made, that in answering, they are seeking only to get you off their backs. Little effort is evident that they want to explain their position. When the trade talk came up last season—the same two players, O'Connell and Thomson, were in the middle of it—Quinn said that O'Connell wasn't really a second-baseman and that you couldn't blame him. Who could you blame? Nobody, Quinn explained, because he will be a pretty

good second-baseman yet. When reporters wanted to know how come the Braves hadn't gone after Tony Kubek, a Milwaukee product, Quinn explained that there was no room on the roster of a pennant-contending team to carry a bonus baby who would have to sit on the bench. (Two points here: The Braves have long proclaimed their desire to sign up a local hero for the fans' sake, who deserve same; and Haney, as his first major act when he took over as manager, dropped bonus boy John Edelman and called up pitcher Bob Trowbridge. He didn't want any deadwood on his club, he said.) Yet this spring, after the team had gone sour in May, the Braves took on two bonus beauties, one Robert Taylor, a catcher, who cost them \$110,000 and meant that an able-bodied member of the team had to be sent away; and John DeMerit, an outfielder, who left the squad with exactly four working outfielders. Then, when the big trade was made, the best answer that Milwaukee critics could find for it was that the Braves were more nervous about

winning a pennant than they were about making a trade. And yet no one could deny that getting Schoendienst meant the Braves had to be favored to win the pennant.

This is maybe 35 years ago and you're a young fellow playing in the majors. You quickly acquire a reputation as a guy who will take chances. You're tough, too. You're playing with the Tigers and it's your first time in New York. You slice one that just makes it to the stands. You yell to Babe Ruth after the inning, "How do you like that, you big bum?" The next inning, the Babe blasts one, and as he turns third base, where you're playing, he says, "How we stand now, kid?"

Those who blame Haney in part for last year's defeat—and they do make up a small crowd—insist he bunted the Braves into second place. It was his only tactical change from Grimm's pattern. "This is a free-swinging club," Haney explains. "I wouldn't have changed the pattern of their play if they had been hitting. But there is nothing worse than free swingers *not swinging*." (Haney has a fondness for the epigrammatic, particularly where it can take the place of a direct answer.) This season the club is bunting less for one reason—the players are bunting worse. The only player on the roster who is rated a good bunter, Johnny Logan, seems to have caught the affliction, too. Bruton, who is the fastest man on the team, is not an effective bunter. That's why he has been moved out of the leadoff spot so often by Haney. (Under Grimm, Bruton did get a chance to use his speed once in a while, stealing on his own. Haney holds him in check.)

Haney takes council with few men, although he has a fondness for meetings. He holds meetings with his coaches twice a day, at the ball park before the game and up in his room after the game. At these sessions, they go over things that happened during the game, theories, how the game was pitched that day, how both clubs reacted. "But I have a complete understanding with my coaches," Haney says. "They never go to a player before talking to me. If it's a pitcher who has a problem, and we may discuss it at our coaches' meeting, Charlie Root or I will talk to him. If it's an infielder, it's Connie Ryan or me. If it's a catcher, it's Johnny Riddle or me. I don't want one guy telling a player



One of the raps against Haney was his constant use of Bobby Thomson, left, even with his weak batting average.

one thing, and me telling him another."

Before every game, he has a meeting with the pitcher for that day and Del Crandall. "This is important to me," Haney says. "I don't want pitchers to be discussing among themselves how to work to batters. What works for one pitcher doesn't for another. So I harp on this. No comparing notes. At our pitcher meetings, I don't even tell the pitcher what to throw. I want him to tell me and Crandall what he figures he will be using on certain batters that day, so I'll know how to play my fielders."

The only man whose advice Haney seeks out is Ty Cobb, in Fred's opinion "the greatest manager and greatest teacher in the game." They have been close friends since the days when Fred played for Ty at Detroit. Cobb watches the Braves games when he can, on television or when he is in a National League town, and sends Haney letters on what he has seen. Fred doesn't talk much about the letters; he doesn't even like the idea that people know about them, and he refuses to show them to anyone. But he believes in them, as a student does in the notes of his old professor who first set him on the right road.

It was of purest coincidence—and no intentional eavesdropping, so help me—that I learned even a bit of what Cobb writes to Haney. I had come to Fred's hotel room, by appointment, and found that he was talking with John Quinn. I excused myself and went into the bathroom, and while washing my hands, I heard Haney, through the transom: "Ty says that Thomson is holding his elbow too high again. I'd better speak to him about it."

Quinn mumbled something, and then Haney said, "He mentioned that Mathews has to shorten his stance." Quinn mumbled again. I walked back into the room, and the conversation was dropped.

When the Braves started well this season, going three games ahead of the rest of the league after only ten games had been played, it was the working out of a plan Haney had devised in spring training. The way the schedule broke for the first month of the season, he announced in the spring that four pitchers could carry the club into the middle of May. And they did. But at some cost.

Haney wanted to get as fast a start as possible on the race, so he used only Spahn and Burdette, and Red Murff in relief. There were enough open days—and this is what he had been counting on—to come back with Spahn and Burdette and bypass others on the staff. It worked because the veteran lefthander and

the moist righthander were hot. "I worked my men in spring training with that in mind. I worked the others, too—in batting practice, running them in the outfield. And I explained my intentions to them. You've got to be honest to gain confidence."

Bob Buhl, who won 19 games for him last year and is considered by Haney to be one of his three best pitchers, worked only once in the first three weeks. The Braves played Cincinnati six times over that stretch, and Buhl didn't start once. Ernie Johnson saw no work until the fifteenth game of the season, and then he came in and beat the Dodgers with a seven-inning relief job. Dave Jolly didn't get into a game until the season was a month old. Old Red Murff was the only member of the relief crew who worked, and he worked steadily during that early going.

But then when Spahn, after five good games, came up with five bad ones in a row, and Burdette developed shoulder trouble, Haney had to put his entire staff to work and he found he was in trouble. It took Buhl a couple of starts to put his pitching equipment together. Murff, who had done good work for a month, went sour in three or four relief jobs, and was sent out. Bob Trowbridge, who had been shipped down after a couple of innings of work, was brought up again. Gene Conley followed a good game with a bad one. Taylor Phillips, the club's best rookie last season, was wild when Haney tried to use him. Rookie Juan Pizarro, only 19 years old, pitched good ball but suffered from a general lack of hitting support. Ernie Johnson, who became the leader of the relief squad, can't work regularly. "He can do a good job for me," Haney said, "but he needs rest like a starter."

Haney is nervous again, the writers began to say. He won't go with a long man and a short man in relief, some of them argued. He insists on going with whoever is No. 1 in the bullpen at the time, and he'll bring him in early. In a wild game against the Giants at the Polo Grounds, after the Braves had dropped down to third place, Haney brought in Johnson in the second inning and kept him working until the eighth. Now Johnson's in drydock for three or four days, the writers argued, and Dave Jolly's still fresh and unused.

If this sounds as though the press is second-guessing the Milwaukee manager, that's right. They claim he plays the game too much by rote, by the book and by Ty Cobb's letters. If Joe Adcock gets a hit late in the game, with the Braves ahead—even by one run—a ludicrous burlesque

is usually enacted in the press box. Before Haney makes a move, someone will broadcast, "Now running for Adcock, Felix Mantilla." And before the inning ends, "Now playing first base for the Braves, Frank Torre." Haney claims that he brings in Torre not as a defensive measure—"Joe does okay with the glove"—but to give Adcock a rest.

Actually, despite the misgivings they have about Fred, the Milwaukee press, compared to newspapers in other major-league towns, is respectfully gentle to Haney and the Braves. They aren't over the honeymoon yet. So it must be that Haney's caution with them is due less to their sharp commentaries than it is to his own managerial complexions.

He was slouched in the bus taking the team back to its hotel after a losing effort in a night game. His coaches were sitting with him, all silent and all smoking cigars, when a newspaperman from an afternoon paper sat down next to the manager. Working for an afternoon paper, he was looking to get a feature story that would give his readers something more than a rundown of the box score. What, he wanted to know, about Dave Jolly? How come Haney didn't bring him in during the late innings of the game? Haney's answer was reasonable enough—he chose to use another pitcher.

"Well," the reporter wanted to know, "is there any reason you're not using him? He must feel that he's buried down in the bullpen."

Haney gave him some answer about knowing what Jolly can do—the key phrase was "Jolly's no stranger to me, after all"—and that, when he thought the time was right, he would bring him into a game.

Not particularly satisfied with the interview but well aware that it was now at an end, the reporter walked back to the rear of the bus where he bantered pleasantly with some of the players. Haney watched him walk back, then turned to Charlie Root and, talking out of the side of his mouth, he said, "Did you hear what he tried to get me to say? I'm burying Jolly in the bullpen. How do you like that?" And he and Root exchanged knowing glances.

One of the most popular second guesses in baseball—and one of the oldest—is criticizing the Braves for not using lefthanded Warren Spahn against the Dodgers. Even baseball executives have expounded on the subject. The argument against the Braves runs something like this: How can a pennant contender expect to win when their best pitcher doesn't face the one team they always have to beat?

It has become something of a tradition with the Braves that Spahn works the day before or the day

after a Brooklyn series. Sometimes this means he must work with one day less of rest, and sometimes it means he works with two extra days of rest. Neither is a particularly good idea.

But, Haney says, this is percentage baseball. Why pitch a fellow against the Dodgers who has a conspicuously losing record against them (Spahn's record with Brooklyn, for 11 years, is 13-24) when there are plenty of other pitchers on the staff who do better against them? He works Buhl against the Dodgers, and Buhl was 8-1 with them in 1956. He works Burdette against them, and Burdette has always given them trouble. And he works Conley against them, because he believes the big Dodger hitters have trouble with his long-striding delivery and sharp curve balls. But, over the years, only Buhl has a winning record against them. Before 1957, Buhl was 11-6, though he had never completed a game in Ebbets Field. Nor does Haney's percentage baseball theory remain consistent. Conley was 0-5 against the Phillies yet Haney still starts him against them and doesn't seem to feel they have a jinx over him.

"If a lefty had a screwball or a knuckler," Haney argues, "and could get the Dodgers to hit the ball on the ground, I'd use him. In Ebbets Field, you won't get hurt with low breaking stuff. But Spahn isn't that kind of pitcher. They can hit his fast ball and his curve up in the air."

It was springtime in Bradenton and you had to set things straight. This was, remember, your first spring as manager of the club. The other time you inherited another man's team and another man's habits. You wanted it your way now, but you had to work things carefully. No being pushy. But you had to be boss. It had to be a good speech. "You may hate my guts before we're finished down here," you said, "but you'll love me in the fall when you pick up those World Series checks." That was your speech, and it could do a college football coach proud.

Fred Haney drove the Braves, who were unaccustomed to being driven, all through spring training. Until the exhibition season started, he had them out from 10:30 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. Last year, they often had been out on the field for less than two hours. He ran them in the rain, had them practicing slides until the strawberries puffed and burned. They drilled in leading off base, making rundowns, working cutoffs. Day after day, pitchers took drills holding runners on base. And

everybody ran. If, in an intra-squad game, one man made an error, Haney would blow his whistle and everybody would run two laps.

Aside from hammering home the fundamentals, Haney's main concern was to get to know his men, and to have them get to know him. "I felt I had to learn about them this spring," he said. "To get to know their hobbies, their habits, their reactions to situations, how they would behave under certain circumstances. I didn't have a spring with them last year, and in training is where you learn most of this, where you establish a balance. When I took over last June, this club already had a balance. You can't upset an existing balance. It's no good. It can disrupt morale. And the one thing a manager doesn't want to do is disrupt morale."

Haney separated his spring training program into three stages. During the first, when the players were working out the kinks, taking exercises, playing intra-squad games, he made a point not to watch them. "Some of these fellows already had winter ball, some others had kept in shape over the winter, and the rest were starting cold. Naturally, during the first few weeks, the fellows who are in shape are going to look like better ballplayers. So I've always made it a habit to avoid forming opinions until we've pretty much shaken down. I let them work, and I don't watch their play. You know, a couple of years ago, when I was with Pittsburgh, Jimmy Cannon of the New York Post came down to interview me one day. I wasn't watching the club, for the reasons I've already given, and we sat way off on a bench and talked. Then when he wrote his column, he said I couldn't stand to watch my team. I want you to understand why I don't watch, so you won't make the same mistake."

One of the rules Haney set in spring training—not actually a rule, more of an unwritten understanding between the manager and his players—was that there would be no talk in 1957 about what happened in 1956. It is one of those impossible rules that stands no chance of working and can, possibly, magnify the subject you're trying to repel. Both the Milwaukee players and Haney think about Brooklyn. They think about Cincinnati. Haney's pretense that they don't is a game—the sort of game managers think they are expected to play.

Haney was asked one day who he thought the Braves had to beat to win the pennant. It is the sort of question that has been asked thousands of times of hundreds of managers—from pennant-winners to wishful thinkers—and managers

have found a million ways of answering it. Haney discovered another way. His milky blue eyes unblinking, he looked at his questioner and answered, "The team we are playing today." That happened to be the New York Giants.

"Now, isn't that kind of silly?" the reporter said.

"No," Haney answered pleasantly. "We have only one thing on our mind. To win the pennant. To do that, you got to beat who you play. I don't want to talk about any one club. We have to beat seven clubs. That's what I keep telling my players. I don't want to talk about any team except the one I'm playing today. That's the one I have to beat."

Just how ineffectual is such a notion? Well, when I started on this story, I picked up the Braves when they were playing the Dodgers in Ebbets Field. After the game—Milwaukee lost—I traveled back to their hotel with some of the players. And all they talked about was what chance they had of taking the pennant from Brooklyn.

"How do we look?" a veteran pitcher asked me. "I mean, really."

I told them I thought they were in a good race, and that they hadn't shown any more than the Dodgers or the Redlegs.

"But what are we doing?" another pitcher asked. "Aren't we doing more than last year?"

I said I didn't think so.

"Is Brooklyn?" he wanted to know.

I said I thought they were, because of their young pitchers.

"But what about Campy?" he said. "He doesn't look like he can do it."

"You forget," I answered. "They did it last year without Campy."

This silenced them; they became reflective. And they were leading the league at the time.

Haney himself couldn't abide by his ruling. Following this same loss to the Dodgers, he told equipment man Joe Taylor to keep the door of the clubhouse closed to the press for a couple of minutes to give the players an opportunity to cool off. Then Haney went in to take a shower, and Taylor got busy packing away the gear. It was 20 minutes before anyone remembered to open the door and let the newspapermen in. Did Haney just forget? (That was his story when he apologized to the press later.) A poll of the newspapermen went strongly against him. The consensus was that he wanted to avoid having his players discuss a tough loss to the Dodgers without having a chance to cool out.

Making the moves on the field is the easiest part of the manager's job, Haney claims. Gaining the confidence of your players, having them believe in you and in what you are



It's not Ed Mathews' fielding that worries Haney. The third-baseman, with Hank Aaron and Joe Adcock, must hit, Fred says.

trying to do—that's two-thirds of the job (he is fond of equations, too).

But how does a manager get his message to his team? He doesn't try to reach all 25 men on the roster; he doesn't have to, Haney contends. "If you can pass your ideas along to the leaders on a club, they'll move it along to the rest for you. I've got five leaders. They do it for me."

Haney's five leaders, as he ticks them off, are:

Warren Spahn, an intelligent, reasonable, reflective man. A winning pitcher, who has displayed considerable courage. All the Milwaukee pitchers respect him and listen to him. If he were to champion a Haney cause, the flock would buy it.

Del Crandall, a student of the game of baseball, good at analysis, evaluation of on-the-field developments and sound tactical judgments. Pitchers see him at the daily meetings with the manager, have confidence in him, trust his ability to call a ball game.

Johnny Logan, plays good position defense, knows the batters in the league, can tell infielders where to

play. If they listen to him in this, they will listen to him in other things.

Andy Pafko, a good man on the bench, talks to the fellows sitting in the dugout, keeps their minds on the ball game, has the experience young players respect. Always in shape, always ready to go, Andy still can deliver for four or five days straight in the lineup, and this gains respect for him, too. Nor does it hurt that native-son Pafko is the most popular man on the roster with the Milwaukee fans.

Joe Adcock, plays hard, does some thinking at the plate, has been sold short by the rest of baseball. You have to know him to appreciate him. If Haney had nine Adcocks, he says, he would have no troubles as a manager. No one on the club is more serious about winning. This becomes infectious. So does his "getting on" other members of the team, because he does himself whatever he expects another to do.

This leadership-by-echelons is not as pat a system as Haney likes to think it is. It has its problems, mostly very real ones. For one thing, the team may accept his player-

leaders without accepting their messages from Garcia. In the clubhouse before a game, Haney likes to walk around, talking softly to players, his hand kindly on their shoulder. It is his tour of the troops—and, like the famous Bill Mauldin cartoon, it may be, behind the mask, the colonel wondering if there is a sunset, as pretty as the one he is watching, available for the troops.

One little scene should suffice to suggest the conditions that might exist in the barracks. On one of his tours, Haney got to a pitcher who hadn't been given any work in a while—one of the fellows to whom he had explained his reasons for rotating the staff the way he did. Haney leaned over and talked to him for a while. All the time, the pitcher sat facing his locker, nodding yes or no to what Haney was saying, looking as if he were a willing and content member of the firm. But after Haney walked away, the pitcher, still facing his locker, his head lowered slightly, said, "Horse hockey."

The infielder sitting next to him smiled.

Then, his leaders aren't full-fledged members of what has come



Soft-spoken Haney has been tough with his team, thinks they're ready to take pennant.

to be known as the Reese-Dark-Temple orbit. No member of the Milwaukee team can, with calculated anger and violence, do to the club what Jackie Robinson did to the Dodgers. Nor is there anyone who can, with calculated gentleness, accomplish the same end. A leader on a ball club, whatever his methods, can stir players to aggressive action. He can tell his teammates what to do, and they will do it. Maybe it is inevitable that a manager becomes a natural enemy to his players. And maybe, in the heat of a pennant race, this is a good thing. But ballplayers who take charge, as the phrase goes, are in actuality liaison men between the team and the manager. They may stir the competitive spirit, but they also lead it in the right direction—not against the manager or themselves, but against the team they are going to play that day.

One Milwaukee writer expressed it best when he said, "The Braves don't have born leaders. They try to manufacture them. It won't work. And I have a suspicion that the Braves know it."

The two full-time working leaders of the Braves, both with quasi-officio portfolios, are Logan and Crandall. Logan, who burns to win, can go along for a while, keeping things together in the field, delivering the right quotes to the press after a losing game, things like: "We're playing them one at a time" or "If they're old pros, then we're young pros, so who's got the edge?" But when he stops hitting, he gets upset, he starts fights, he disturbs

that "balance" (Haney's word) on the club. Like O'Connell, when he isn't hitting, he isn't fielding. (At least, that is a consensus impression.) And when his game comes apart, he takes it out with his little fights that get nowhere and anger no one on his club. "If this team loses three or four," one player told me, "he gets upset and begins to doubt that the team can do it. He often says the opposite, but the impression he gives is that he thinks the team *won't* be tougher tomorrow."

Crandall, while a pleasant young man, lacks the fire. Professional baseball players don't necessarily follow the lead of intelligence. Otherwise, Moe Berg might be the commissioner of baseball. The Braves may respect Del's catching ability, but they don't fight for him. He is probably too serious-minded for the task.

There has been a long-time rumor going around that there are two cliques on the Braves, the Crandalls and the Logans, splitting the camp wide open and making possible what Russ Lynch, a Milwaukee writer, said could be a re-take of the 1948 rebellion of the Boston Braves. Especially, Lynch said, if the Braves go badly and become discouraged. Whatever cliques there may be, however, probably exist off the field. There was no evidence of anything worse than the usual rough masculine ribbing when the team was together, either in the clubhouse or in the dugout.

The older members of the team don't bother with any major cliques.

Spahn and Burdette, self-sufficient gentlemen in any town, go off by themselves frequently, and don't bother too much with the lobby-sitting or movie-going crowd. Spahn, sure of what he has to do on the field, does not pass the message along as if he were some top sergeant. He gives the impression that he expects all members of a major-league team to be adults who can take care of themselves. It is doubtful whether Adcock's sincerity, a real enough ingredient, comes across to his teammates as profusely as Haney likes to think. Joe takes care of himself. Pafko is too quiet and self-effacing to be the cheerleader Haney claims he is.

The Braves take their losses not so much gracefully—is there any such thing, really?—as softly. They take their victories the same way. After a win, the mood isn't exciting; after a loss, it isn't heavy. On a bus outside Connie Mack Stadium after a defeat, those Braves who showered and dressed quickly waited quietly for the rest of the team. Some were talking about the stock market (the single most popular subject of conversation among the Braves). A few were discussing Sandy Koufax of the Dodgers and his fast ball, comparing it—favorably—with Herb Score's. Haney, sitting just behind the driver's seat, was sullen and stiff-faced. Did it transmit?

A man selling newspapers stepped into the bus. "Morning papers, anyone? Morning papers?" There were muffled "Naws" and "Don't bother" from the rear. (Players always sit in the rear of the bus; managers, coaches and working press sit in the front, which must be some sort of a social commentary.) The news-seller took a few steps further into the bus. "Papers?" A ballplayer, walking in behind him, brushed past him, and as he did he said, "Come on, knock it off, fellow. Give us a break. How 'bout getting off?"

The paper man, embarrassed, waited until he was just stepping out of the bus and then said, "Boy, some bunch of sore heads." It wasn't loud but it was clear.

One of the players in the back asked, "What'd he say?" And the fellow who had asked the newsboy to leave answered, "Ah, he said we were a bunch of censored heads." Nobody laughed. Nobody got mad.

The next morning, Haney and his coaches made an excursion to the Garden State race track. At about noon, Gene Conley was sunning himself on the steps of the hotel when a sportswriter came along. Conley, scheduled to start for Milwaukee that evening, said, "Guess I'll take it nice and easy."

"Aren't you eating?" the sports-

writer asked. Ballplayers like to eat. "Just had breakfast. Don't think I'll have dinner. Just some candy bars before the game. I'll eat after the game. Always feel sluggish when I eat a meal a few hours before. I'm going up now to take a nap for a few hours anyway."

Just then Johnny Logan came down the hotel steps.

"You got some money?" he asked Conley. "We're going to the track."

"Naw," Gene said, and Logan walked down the street.

Then Conley turned to the sportswriter and said, "Hey, think I'll go too. You don't get tired at the races, do you?" He grinned and took off down the street after Logan. That night he was knocked out in the fourth inning and the Braves lost.

It's almost two a.m. and a Milwaukee player comes into the hotel lobby of a road city. Sitting there are two newspapermen, and, guiltily, the player says, "Haney didn't set any curfew after tonight's game, but I better get upstairs anyway before someone starts checking on me." He didn't mean you because you're a manager who knows his players. You don't have to bed-check them. Trouble is, the rest of the world thinks it has to.

More than anything, the playboy charges directed at the Braves by Jackie Robinson and others last year have made this club self-conscious. It clings, like a forest of cobwebs, to everything else about their professional lives.

"We're no different from any other major-league team," one Brave veteran said, "except that everybody is watching us. We're on the spot—and it's an unnatural feeling, let me tell you."

In every town in the league, including home-town Milwaukee, Haney receives phone calls in the middle of the night, from cranks or practical jokers, reporting that so-and-so of the Braves was just seen in a saloon, blind drunk. The persistence of these calls has a disquieting effect on the players, if not on Haney himself.

A reflective fellow like Warren Spahn, when I started asking him questions about the playboy charges and how they were affecting the team, said in a reasonable voice, "It doesn't do anyone any good for you fellows to be writing about it. It can't help. It can only hurt." (Which, considering the position he is in, is probably valid. Spahn has a reputation around the league for sobriety that is probably unmatched.)

But, whether it can be ignored or not, its after-effects on the Braves cannot. Unfortunately, it may have an effect on the outcome of the

National League pennant race.

The first day at spring training camp, Haney called a meeting, in which he told a story, now famous throughout the National League, about the one philanderer in eight who got caught. Then he said, "I'll mention some things about last year, and at the end of this meeting that will be the last time the subject will be brought up on this club." He then set a \$500 price on playboys and late night-clubbing. "We are not going to lose a ball game because a guy was out late. And no money back." Then he asked the players to make their own curfew and discipline rules.

("Those so-called player rules," one player told me. "You know how those things are done. Sure, we made the rules—but they were his way. Don't make it sound as if we had any choice. We didn't. It just sounds good this way.")

Ever since Robinson made his unfortunate off-the-cuff remarks last winter, the Braves have been belting him for it. (So has most of the rest of the baseball fraternity.) It is the sort of charge that could be made against any team in the league, because, by the law of averages if nothing else, there are one or two "night boys" on every club. Singling out the Braves, particularly when his information was second-hand, was unfair and unkind.

"Heck," Haney says, "I know who'll take a drink and I know who'll look at a girl. And who won't? If I didn't know, I'd be a censored censored. You live with these guys 24 hours a day, you got to know them pretty good. If they're not hurting you with their beer or two, okay. If they are hurting you, out they come. And they don't stay with the club for very long."

Haney means what he says. Although he has shown his players that he can be tough about a ball game, he does not push them about their off-the-field activities. Today, when a player makes a bonehead play, Fred will bawl him out right in the dugout. And if he doesn't hustle on a play, Fred will sit him down quickly. After the game, though, he ignores their comings and goings—almost deliberately, one has to assume. One thing he clearly does not want to do is rake up last year's "carousing" coals.

You got all this but you got a ball club, too. "Aaron, Mathews, Adcock," you tell a writer, "these fellows make me or break me. They have to hit, and keep hitting, for us to win."

We were on the train from New York to Philadelphia, a pleasant two-hour trip in parlor cars. As soon

as we boarded the train, most of the players called for playing cards and settled into their endless games of gin, pinochle and hearts. At Penn Station, there had been a rush to the newsstand for magazines—I counted one *See*, one *Confidential*, one *Saga*, one *Field and Stream*, one *True*, one *Whisper* and three *SPORT*—(honest)—but there wasn't much reading done on such a short trip. Haney, the only one in the company who had a drawing room, took a nap.

Dick Cole, talking to one of the coaches, was saying, "I went to see some cerulean minks in New York. Promised my wife a mink stole if I ever made five-year-man. But I don't know. Might not make it."

"How much you got?"

"Four years and 140 days."

(At four years and 157 days, 15 days shy of his five years, Dick Cole was shipped down. Three weeks later he was called up again.)

I looked around at the Milwaukee Braves. They've got their troubles, I thought to myself, but this is a pretty good ball club. The pitching staff is sound, if not as strong as they thought it was before the season. The team earned-run average last year was 3.11, they gave up the fewest runs and the fewest homers. Aaron, Haney had said, would be one of the great hitters of all time in a few years. At 22, he is getting more confidence all the time. "He led with .328 last year," Haney had said, "but he has the ability to hit .368. He can throw and he can field, and he is as fast as he has to be."

A reporter once told Haney that Mathews and Aaron had the power to match Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra. And Haney had answered, "I don't give a care how many homers Mathews hits, just so he hits. And you better work Adcock in there somewhere. He can stroke the ball, too. His leg injury has hurt us."

So it comes down to these three. The pitching is there. The defense is sufficient and will get no better. Nothing can be done about the limited speed of the ball club. But these three, hitting, cover all ills.

We pulled into Pennsylvania Station in Philadelphia, and I walked with Haney to the waiting buses. (There are always buses waiting for major-league clubs.) "Well, do you think you have what you need to take it?" I asked him.

The manager of the Milwaukee Braves nodded his head. He did.

Maybe you remember it? One of your players said it. "We won't throw away any games, but we won't steal any, either." That's your problem, and you live with it.



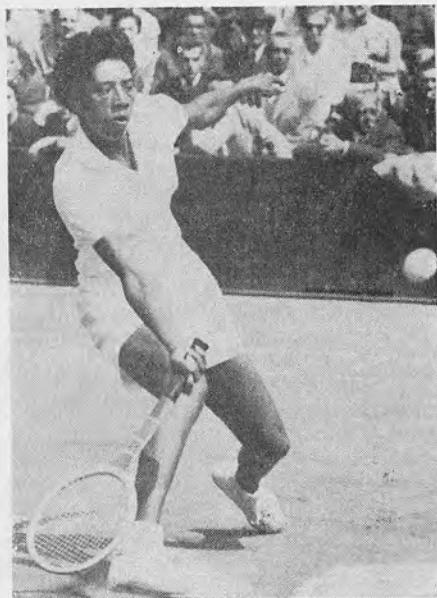
GUEST CONDUCTOR:
BOB WILL



A former singer and narrator for "The Lone Ranger," and "Green Hornet" shows, Bob now does sports news and interviews on WWDC, Washington, D. C.

the sport quiz

FOR ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 83



1 After five years in the minors, Red Sox second-baseman Gene Mauch is back in the majors. With which major-league club did he first break in?

2 In their first fight, Floyd Patterson beat Hurricane Jackson (A) in a seventh-round KO, (B) in a ten-round decision, (C) in a 12-round decision.

3 Name the winners of the following 1957 golf tournaments:
(A) The Masters
(B) The Ladies PGA
(C) The U.S. Open

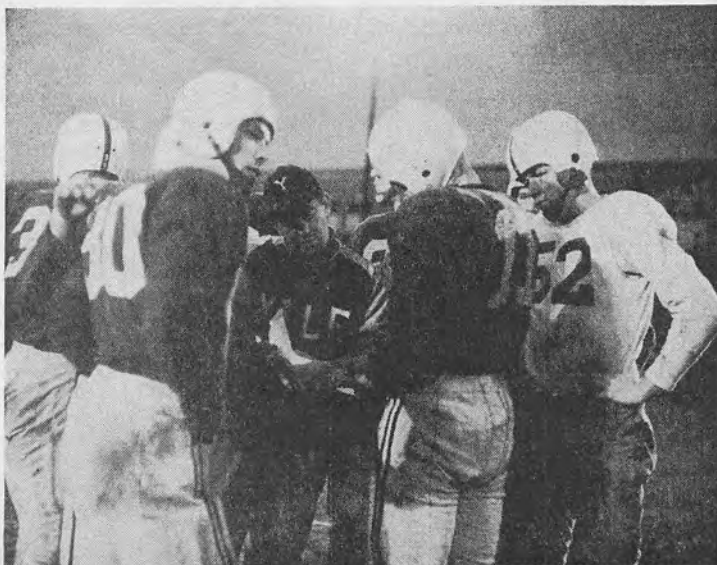
4 After a brilliant foreign and American campaign in '56, Althea Gibson, left, reached the finals of the women's singles at Forest Hills before losing to—?

5 Match jockey with the best description of his riding style:
C. McCreary... "The Slasher"
J. Longden... Garrison finish
T. Atkinson... Front-runner

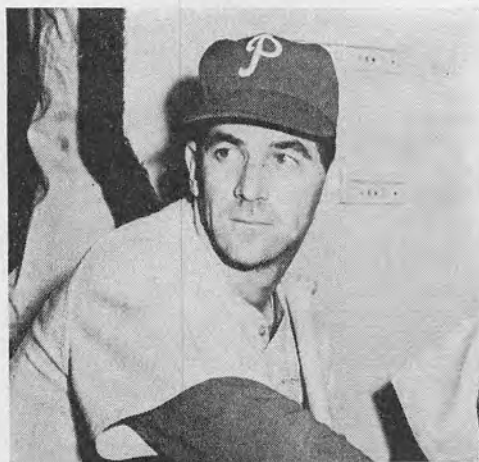
6 Tell what major colleges are located in the following towns:
Palo Alto
Ann Arbor
Coral Gables

7 With what sports do you identify these athletes:
Mike Green
George Breen
Tom Keane

8 The Cleveland Indians have won the AL pennant three times (1920, 1948, 1954) under three different managers. Do you know who they were?

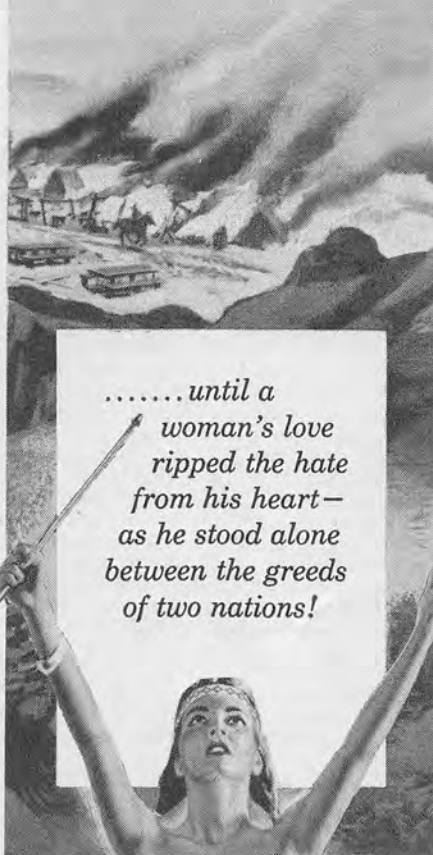


9 Which of these conferences do not have bans on spring football? (A) Ivy, (B) Southwest, (C) Big Ten.



10 His comeback is one of the reasons for the Phils' surprising showing this season. Name him.

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as he stood alone
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Baseball's Ten Handsomest Men

(Continued from page 49)

He never looks relaxed unless he has a "chaw" of Brown Mule Tobacco in one jaw. To some this may seem repulsive, but on Vinegar Bend it looks good. A rugged type with a thick neck, square jaw and a perpetual quizzical expression, he flips female hearts with his masculinity. This big lefthander with the rural charm pitches for the St. Louis Cardinals. As for vital statistics, he towers six feet, three inches and weighs 205 pounds, bats righthanded and throws left. His mother calls him Wilmer, and he was married in 1952, to Nancy McAlpine, a home-town girl.

When you see him in a baseball uniform, he appears out of his element. You almost expect him to stride to the mound wearing a pair of blue jeans with one gallus strapped over his shoulder, munching an apple instead of fingering a baseball. Many a girl watching from the stands wishes she were his Daisy Mae.

Sensitive is the word for Jim Pier-sall, the highly-keyed young man who makes fantastic catches in center field for the Boston Red Sox. Here is a baseball gazelle. Every move he makes seems to be charged with electricity. He's Mr. High-Tension, constantly on the move and impatient. Famous in his own right for baseball, he has distinguished himself in other fields. He has written a book which was subsequently dramatized on television and in the movies.

Jim is a circumspect New Englander who wears Boston on his lapels although he's from Waterbury, Conn. He could well be a Harvard man in appearance despite the fact that he never progressed further than Leavenworth High School. If I were an artist with a brush, this is a man I'd like to paint. There is great depth in his face with an etching of character which shows that he has fought and won a great emotional battle. And if not an artist, a poet capturing the grace of the outfielder who has been called "one of the fielding geniuses of the generation." There is an urgency in everything he does, no matter how trivial. I recall once at Yankee Stadium when he went to his outfield position without his sunglasses. He dashed back to his dugout,

retrieved his specs and dashed back to center field as if trying to set a new Olympic record for the distance.

The pretty boy of the whole group is apple-cheeked Eddie Mathews. For all of his six-foot, one-inch, 192-pound body, he has the look of a spoiled cherub. To me Eddie Mathews is the Tyrone Power of baseball. Brown eyes, brown hair, big white teeth, petulant lips, small ears, nice nose and good neck—he'd look handsome in one of those magazine shirt collar ads.

He's not all beauty, either—he's also brute. For before he was 25 (he's now 26) he hit more home runs than any other man in baseball did up to that age, including the one and only Babe Ruth. At one time, Mathews and not Mickey Mantle was thought to be the likely slugger to break the Babe's record mark of 60 homers for one season. He hasn't done it yet, but with those beautiful muscles, he can make a girl believe anything.

Talented and taciturn—that's Robin Roberts. Not that he suffers from any Garbo complex or eccentricities. He just wants to play the game, earn a living and live his very normal life. He can't be faulted for that. More than once this blue-eyed Philadelphia Phillies pitcher has been asked to write a book, have a book ghosted or merely put his name to one. "No," was always his answer, no matter how attractive the offer. This is understandable when you consider that he has never sought publicity, although he certainly has had his share of it. He's retiring, but only off the mound. While working, he's one of the most feared righthanders in the major leagues.

Robin is a church-goer, deeply religious and lives the quiet life. He has been happily married to his wife, Mary Ann, since 1949, the year after he joined the Phils. There's something unfathomable about Roberts (about his ability, too). He's the staunch, solid American type. A born leader, he looks as though he's fit for a position in government. He's also an ideal husband and father.

Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida made their mark on our culture, and now it is the male's turn to do likewise—one Gino Cimoli. He's a blue-

eyed Latin, lanky and not unlike Gary Cooper. His appeal is similar to that of Julius La Rosa; he's adored by the teenagers. One might picture him as an opera singer in *La Traviata*. He's good-looking enough to be called pretty—with his long lashes and swarthy complexion and brown hair. But he's all man—the Dodgers' answer to Ted Williams.

In 1956, Gino sat on the bench through most of the season, unhappily, and for want of something better to do, became the most expert gin player on the roster. This year he traded his cards in for base hits and home runs. He's been the surprise of the year, as far as the Dodgers are concerned. A loose-jointed 190-pounder who, at bat, unwinds like a giant spring, Gino uncurls just as well while he's out hunting and fishing.

Dark and silent Ray Boone of the Detroit Tigers has the strongly masculine type of good looks that impress even other men. He reminds you of somebody's big brother, someone you'd like to confide in, but no girl in her right mind ever would want to feel platonic about Ray. He has nice, even teeth that give him a radiant smile, and dark brown hair which highlights his tanned and masculine features.

He is easy to talk to, and an ideal date with Ray would be to go for a long drive; going to a movie with him would simply be a waste of precious time. And he's an individualist, who is content to be off by himself, fishing at some woodland lake. But one look in his hazel eyes and you feel you've known Ray all of your life. Once again, though, I'm dreaming out loud. As with most of my other baseball Adonises, this is strictly star-gazing; Ray already has a wife, Patricia, to whom he's been married since 1946.

Boyish good looks personify Gus Bell, the round-faced outfielder for the Cincinnati Redlegs. You know when he's 40 he's going to look as well as he does at 28.

He moves with the ease of an acrobat but with the boldness of a pirate (small p). He actually was a Pittsburgh Pirate before he had a misunderstanding with Branch Rickey and found himself traded to the Reds. There, at Cincinnati, he became the first outfielder for that club in three-quarters of a century to drive in 100 runs in one season. Bell typifies the dash and daring of the new Redlegs, the hard-driving, hard-fighting young men whose red sleeves and blazing stockings are worn as a badge of courage.

Gus hails from the land of blue grass, strong bourbon and beautiful ladies—namely Louisville, site of the Kentucky Derby. Is it any wonder he's a winner? Bell brings different visions to the female fans who watch him from their television screens. He's not the hero on a white stallion nor is he the rough-hewn westerner slaying the villain with his shooting irons. He's the pleasant, good-looking, perennial sophomore. He's the boy you want to invite to the junior prom.

So this is the list—ten, count them—of the ten most handsome, appealing and just plain good-looking men in our national pastime.

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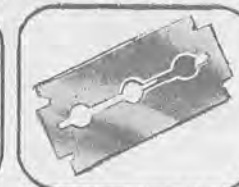
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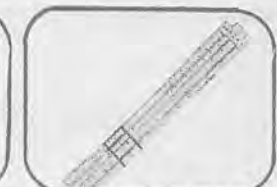
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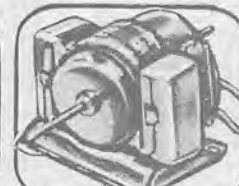
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Varmint Shooting Is On The Rise

(Continued from page 41)



has become so respected that there is a national crow shooting contest in Vandalia, O., every year.

But you don't have to travel to Ohio to hunt crows or join a posh fox-hunting club to chase the red rascal. One of the virtues of the varmint is that you can find him at the end of any bus stop, as close as the nearest woods line, whether it is two miles or 20 from the nearest town. Just recently, I saw 15 woodchucks munching on the meticulously manicured grass that rims the Merritt Parkway in Connecticut, one of the most heavily traveled highways in the country. Don't, however, let this seemingly placid reaction to the press of civilization lull you into thinking that shooting any of the varmints is duck soup. They are alert, sagacious creatures. The predators keep alive by feeding on smaller animals, and their watchword is wariness; the grass-eaters, like the woodchuck, have built-in radar in their sharpened instinct to survive, and it is almost mandatory to hunt them from a distance with a telescopic sight.

Each animal and bird is hunted differently. The most important factors are patience and caution, skill, stealth, and using the right weapon. Don't try to knock down a flying crow with a rifle, and don't go after the hole-darting woodchuck or streak-fast red fox with a light .22 rifle. Sure, the .22 will bag them if you score in the right place (it will kill a lion if the hit is in a vulnerable spot), but unless the woodchuck is killed instantly, he will drag back into his hole and you won't know whether you connected or not.

Woodchucks, being gluttons, are fond of locating their homes as close as possible to their dinner tables, the lush green meadows, or large vegetable gardens. They dig long holes with front and back entrances. When the 'chuck ventures forth, he usually makes sure that he can get back to his own hole, at either entrance, or slip into an abandoned one if things get hot. The woodchuck, sometimes called the groundhog, is a mermot, an eater of sweet grasses and vegetables, so his flesh is good to eat. Many shooters cut the kernels out from under the legs of these chunky little animals, marinate them in wine overnight and roast them, preferring them to venison; some rifle shooters hunt them for mink ranchers who feed their flesh to the little fur bearers. But the majority of woodchuck hunters bang away just for the sport of it. In the East, where 'chucks are under shooting pressure,

it's best to take two trips for them, one a scouting and permission trip, on which you spot their dens and feeding centers and get the consent of the landowner to shoot on his property.

Woodchucks come out of their underground homes just after dawn and just before dusk. There may be a few around during the day, but the majority eat their fill of clover or alfalfa in the morning, snooze all day, then come out for another bite before they hit the sack for the night. Before they chow up, they sit on their haunches and give the countryside a good scanning; if they sense danger, they give a shrill whistle that sends every 'chuck within hearing into his den. In some of the less civilized areas you can get within a few hundred feet of them and pop away with the regular .22 rifle, but where they have been exposed to snipers, you seldom can get as close as a hundred yards. It's best to locate the dens and the feeding area, then sit quietly and wait until you spot your 'chuck. Don't move around, and don't shoot too quickly. Sometimes, if the 'chuck is moving close to the ground, it pays to try a sharp whistle. This will jerk him up on his haunches and give you a chance to put your scope on him, center the crosshairs and squeeze off a shot. A scope is a must in woodchuck hunting (a six-power is about right), and you should use one of the varmint rifles we will describe later, or at least go powered with a gun with the wallop of the .22 Hornet. Also, make sure your rifle is correctly zeroed in for at least 100 yards; 150 would be better. And practice on a target before you go out.

Stone fences, meadows and old orchards are all possible woodchuck grounds. You will discover that many a time you will have to get on your belly and crawl to a place where you can raise up and fire at the 'chuck. If you walk to it, he will see you and spook. The woodchuck is worth the effort; he's a canny creature who makes a wily opponent. Practice, coolness and the right gun makes a good woodchuck hunter—one of the few sports left that civilization can't clobber.

In the West, jackrabbits, long-eared, long-legged, agile creatures, and the clever coyotes and prairie dogs (something like the eastern woodchuck, only smaller and faster) give varmint shooting variety. Fox and bobcat are popular in the East, and crows are all over the place. As there are only two species of hawks and owls, the goshawk and the great

horned owl, that really do any damage, it is unwise to shoot these birds unless you are an expert at identification. Largely, hawks and owls are beneficial, eating mice and rats and helping nature keep her balance. Personally, we don't consider any bird other than the crow and the magpie true varmints, and as we're writing from the East where magpies are rarely seen, we'll concentrate on the crow, for he is everywhere.

The American poet Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "If men wore black feathers, few of them would be clever enough to be crows." He had something there; they are birds with brains, probably the smartest of any of the varmints that you may hunt. There are millions of them and you will be doing society a favor if you concentrate on knocking down your share. If you're a duck hunter, you can accomplish a double mission by bagging one of the black ones. They eat the eggs of wild ducks, so you will be helping wildfowl, and they fly so fast and so trickily that you will be sharpening your shooting eye for the few days of duck shooting that you are allowed every year.

We use a 20-gauge Browning over-and-under with 7½ shot, a crow call, a stuffed owl, and a blind. A portable blind is best because you will shoot the crows out of one spot quite quickly. Get one-inch-mesh chicken wire, about six feet wide and ten to 15 feet long. Spread glue on the wire, both sides, then stick chicken feathers over the wire and spray-paint the whole business green or brown to match the foliage. Then we usually get branches of pines or cedars and stick them in the ground around the wire which we have set up in a semi-circle. The crow call, and the phonograph record of crow calls which you should play and then try to imitate, and the stuffed owl are all available at most sporting goods stores, for crow shooting has become popular. Practice at calling is needed, of course, but in a short time you can become quite good at making the distress calls that bring the black birds in. If you plant your blind near a feed lot, such as a pasture where pigs are being fed ear-corn, a place where crows habitually come to feed, then you probably won't need the call.

Bring plenty of shells, keep your head down and wait for them to come in. After you have shot a few, hang them in nearby trees as decoys. Crows will wing readily in when they've seen them.

Most farmers will happily point out crow flyways and feeding areas. And once you have shot the destructive birds, you will keep coming back. They're smart, an eternal challenge, but you can be smarter. Plan carefully; make a good blind; keep hidden; learn to call well; and select with some shrewdness the spot where you are going to shoot, and you will make contact.

Fox hunters go after the reds and the grays with packs of hounds, sit and wait until the dogs bring the fox around in a big circle, then pick the animal off with a varmint rifle; others move stealthily through the woodlands and count on running into a snoozing fox and banging him in flight with a 12-gauge shotgun; still others use the fox calls that are now on the market, hide near the edge of a heavy woods and wait for the cautious critter to emerge, then sock

him with a rifle bullet. The favorite fare of foxes is the field mouse. The fox call imitates the squeal of a mouse and is almost surefire on a hungry reynard. Foxes are nocturnal hunters, choosing the dawn and dusk hours when men are asleep and mice aren't. We use the calling method, always making certain that we are calling upwind from the direction the fox might come. They can smell like an elephant and hear movement for a mile. Seldom will the cunning devil approach over the open expanse of a meadow if you are located with your caller near the woods. All of his senses are keen, and he moves without sound. You must be silent, sit absolutely still. Often he will move in on you, ghostlike, so suddenly that he will be within 30 yards of you before you know he is there. Just remember that you are supposed to be a mouse, be quiet as one and hide as well as you can, and you will pick off many a wildlife brain-truster. They're wily, they're swift, and they're a smaller target than you think. But if you want a sport that has all the excitement of stalking a tiger, sit and pretend you're a mouse, and wait for the fox to move in on you. Even with a powerful varmint rifle in your hands, sparks will hit your spine when he breaks out of the woods, head high, beady eyes glistening, tail flagging.

The arms companies, realizing that varmint hunting in America has become a sport with the power to pull the interest of hundreds of thousands, and the virtue of being enjoyed during any month, have concentrated on producing rifles to match the sport. Winchester, perhaps taking a tip from the "wildcat" shooters who originate and handload their own cartridges, has put the .243 on the market. We've used it and it packs a wallop that will vanquish any varmint from a bobcat to the tenacious woodchuck. The .243 is an offshoot of the Winchester .308, the new NATO cartridge, necked down to a .24-inch caliber with an 80 grain bullet tamped in.

It wasn't a simple matter to develop the bullet: Winchester says it took five years. If it took 50, it would be worth it. It's a rifle that can be used on deer and antelope with the 100-grain bullet that moves along at 3,070 feet per second, or as a top varmint gun in the 80-grain slug that speeds at 3,500 feet per second. Until Winchester came up with the .243 (which Savage Arms also makes in their famous Model 99 lever action), the .220 Swift was the top performer in the varmint class. It's true that the Swift sends its 48-grain bullet at 4,110 feet per second, but at 300 yards the velocity falters to 2,440, losing 1,670 feet per second. The .243 never drops under 1,100 feet per second. We fired the .243 at 300 yards in about a 20-mile cross-wind and the drift was 20.1 inches; a man firing the Swift beside us had a drift of 31.5 inches.

The Remington .244 is almost exactly the gun that the .243 is, but the bullets used are a 75-grain and a 90-grain, with the former picking up 3,500 feet per second and the 90 grain 3,200. We haven't shot the Remington yet, but it promises, ballistically, to be neck-and-neck with the Winchester as a varmintier.

The Winchester .243 can be had in the Model 70 bolt action or in the sparkling new Model 88, lever action. The Remington comes in the Model

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Often, with experience and constant practice, you can get close enough, 100 yards and under, to clip a woodchuck or flatten a fox, with an ordinary .22 rifle. There certainly is nothing ordinary about the Browning Arms Company's comparatively new .22 automatic rifle, a self-loading, self-ejecting beauty that will wham out 12 .22 long rifle cartridges as fast as you can pull the trigger. Of a tubular type with loading port in the stock, its 19½-inch barrel is made of a special light steel, with a round, tapered, crowned muzzle. Its sighting is a metal blade front and new disc leaf rear sight, instantly adjustable to 50-75-100-125-yard settings. All grades of this handsome rifle, the only .22 Browning makes, come with beautiful French walnut stocks and superior engraving. But, most important, it weighs only four pounds 12 ounces, and you can carry it all day without realizing that you're lugging a rifle

that will wham out at varmints so accurately and powerfully that it would be cheating not to list it here as one of the best.

Savage Arms Company has a varmint, the Model 340, chambered for the .30-30 caliber cartridge for lustier game and the famous .222 Remington cartridge and the .22 Hornet for smaller game. With exact head space, crisp bolt action, clean trigger pull, the rifle is drilled and tapped for popular receiver sights and telescopic sights. It is light and beautifully balanced; You can lug it all day without shoulder complaint.

Mossberg jumped into the varmint race with their Model 146B, their most powerful .22 rifle, with receivers grooved for their four-power scope.

Marlin has a honey of a rifle, the Model 322, which is chambered for the .222 caliber cartridge, is bolt action, with their now well-known "micro-grooving," claimed to improve shooting accuracy, and is built around the

famous Sako miniature Mauser receiver, with a high comb for scope sight use. Neat and deadly. Although Marlin's model 322 has been well accepted by varmint hunters throughout the country, the Marlin design and research engineers feel a lighter, more streamlined gun is desired. They are working now on a lighter weight bolt action .222 varmint rifle with a Sako Mauser type action with a lightweight barrel measuring about 22 inches in length—the total weight of the gun to be approximately six to six and one half pounds. This new model will be designated as the Marlin Varmint King and should be available early this fall.

What all of these leading manufacturers of arms are proving by putting designers to the drawing boards and plans through assembly, is that the group of sportsmen who are concentrating on varmint shooting is growing in stature and importance.

— ■ —

Secret Ratings of the N. L. Players

(Continued from page 31)

he gets an inside pitch to pull much more often than before. Defensively he is without an equal. He has good range and great reflexes. He is especially good on fielding bunts; he pounces on them so fast that he often gets the force at second or third. His strong arm enables him to make the first-second-first double play more often than most other righthanded-fielding first-basemen. He is an accomplished base-runner.

2—Stan Musial of the Cardinals: Because of his age and his defensive shortcomings at first, Stan must be rated below Hodges. As a hitter, he still is among the greatest of our time; he will hit any pitch and has exceptional power to all fields. Because he has spent most of his career as an outfielder, he is not the accomplished first-baseman that Hodges is, but he has learned to handle the position better than many others who have played there regularly. His arm is weak.

3—Ted Kluszewski of the Reds: A healthy Klu would have to be rated tops, but back miseries have hampered him for the last couple of years. His value, of course, is strictly as a hitter. He has tremendous power and is especially tough to pitch to because, unlike most sluggers, he seldom strikes out. He is a consistent hitter, too, and is not subject to the fearful slumps that plague some other batters; he may have a couple of bad days, but then he'll bounce right back to knock your brains out. He is slow of foot and has little range around first base. Although his fielding average is always among the league-leaders, it is deceiving. He stops balls hit right at him, but does not even try for the balls that Hodges, among others, generally comes up with. His replacement, George Crowe, is a dangerous hitter, too; he not only pulls the ball with power, but will hit that outside pitch a long way to left-center.

4—Joe Adcock of the Braves: When Adcock is hot, he's as tough as any hitter in the league. However, his value to the club is somewhat impaired because of the terrible slumps that strike him from time to time. Because he is such a "streak" hitter,

he has to be taken out of the lineup occasionally. His height (6-4) helps him on thrown balls, but overall he is an inadequate fielder. His replacement, Frank Torre, is a fine defensive first-baseman, but does not have Adcock's power.

5—Ed Bouchee of the Phils: This young player gets fifth place in the ratings because of his power and his potential. Many clubs in the big leagues would like to have him on their roster. Lefthanded all the way, he can hit the ball into the seats and he will not hurt the Phils around first base, either.

6—Dee Fondy of the Pirates: An under-rated ballplayer. Dee, always exceptionally fast, hasn't slowed down at age 32 and he can do a lot of things with his bat. He is a good bunter and, at the same time, a frequent long-ball threat. He has good height (6-3) but his weak arm makes it tough for him on double plays.

7—Until young Bill White, their future hope at the position, comes out of the service, the Giants can count on good first-base protection from Whitey Lockman, who has played fine ball since returning to the Polo Grounds from St. Louis. Whitey is agile defensively and as a hitter has done better than expected. Gail Harris, the perennial spring phenom, hits a long ball but not often enough and is no ball of fire around the bag.

8—Dale Long of the Cubs: You don't become a good hitter at the age of 30, as it appeared Long had last year when he went on his celebrated home-run spree. Even in the minor leagues he seldom hit consistently. He has always been a streak hitter. If you bear down on him the first time up and get him out, it seems to ruin him for the rest of the day and you will probably have an easy time with him after that. He has never been a good defensive first-baseman, either.

SECOND BASE

1—Red Schoendienst of the Braves: Despite his age (34) Red is still the class of the league here. He is a consistent .300 hitter who doesn't hit many homers, but is always on base and can keep a rally going by execut-

ing the hit-and-run. It's tough to get a pitch past him because he uses a "cheater's" bat—one with a thick handle—and so always gets a good piece of the ball even when it's well in on him. Defensively, he has the surest hands in the business and is an intelligent player who can quietly take charge when the situation demands it. If he has any weakness, it is that he sometimes gets over to second base a little late in a "force" situation. His trade in June to the Braves could mean a pennant for Milwaukee this year.

2—Johnny Temple of the Reds: While you would have to pick Schoendienst for this year, your second-baseman for the long run would have to be Johnny Temple. He is an aggressive player who has improved his hitting. He is always up there battling the pitcher and he punches a lot of hits through and over the infield. Every manager would like to have a team crammed with players that have Temple's desire.

3—Jim Gilliam of the Dodgers: Like Schoendienst a switch hitter, Gilliam must be rated up here on his offensive ability. He gets a lot of base hits and has one of the league's sharpest batting eyes and so is always among the leaders in drawing bases on balls. He is an ideal leadoff man and a threat to steal whenever he gets to first base. He is still weak on the double play and does not have the aggressiveness that marks Temple. Gilliam's replacement, Charley Neal, is a better defensive second-baseman, especially on the double play where he is one of the best, but he does not have Junior's exceptional ability for getting on base.

4—Bill Mazaroski of the Pirates: This youngster could become a terrific ballplayer. He has the fastest pair of hands in the league and so is a marvel at making the double play. He has the scrappiness a good second-baseman needs. He may have been rushed to the majors before he was ready, so there is still some question about his hitting.

5—Don Blasingame of the Cardinals: Don, who does not have the natural ability of some of the league's other infielders, made himself a good player through sheer determination. He can run, he has a good arm, and he makes all the plays required of a second-baseman. His hitting may

keep him from becoming a standout player.

6—Granny Hamner of the Phils: Hamner, whose physical condition has been unsound for the past couple of years, gives the Phils one of the best infields in the league when he is in there. He is especially good on the double play, probably because he cheats on that play more than any other second-baseman in the league; he seldom actually touches the bag before making his throw to first, just gives it the "phantom" tag. It is strange, however, that Hamner is a better shortstop than he is a second-baseman; he plays that position with more dash.

7—Daryl Spencer of the Giants: Spencer is a fine defensive player with a remarkable arm and good hands. He is only a fair runner. While he hits with occasional power, he must prove himself at the plate.

8—Bobby Morgan of the Cubs: The Cubs' situation at second has not been good since Gene Baker, a good player, was traded to the Pirates. Morgan, who has a good batting eye and some power, is a dead ballplayer, with little of the speed and reflexes to play winning ball.

THIRD BASE

1—Ed Mathews of the Braves: One of the authentic sluggers of our day, Mathews rates the call here. In addition to his power, he has a good arm and is faster on the bases than he is generally given credit for being. This speed makes him tough to double up on ground balls. He is only fair defensively; his hands are not too sure and he is often uncertain going after a grounder. Despite his running speed, he doesn't cover much ground at third.

2—Ken Boyer of the Cardinals: Although Ken has been used a lot in the outfield this year, he is still considered a third-baseman. Because of his tremendous potential, he is highly rated here; any club in the league would give up plenty to get him away from the Cards. He has a fine arm and good power. While he has occasionally been criticized for his lack of drive, this casual style of play may help him in the long run, letting him play his best under pressure.

3—Ernie Banks of the Cubs: One of the few real players the Cubs have, Banks can fill in either at third or short. Because he has little range at shortstop, third base is his best position. He has a quick, powerful swing which propels a ball out of the park as fast as anybody's in the league. His homer total has fallen off after his great sophomore year (44 in 1955) because the pitchers are keeping the ball away from him and he seems to be standing back from the plate more than he used to. His arm is only fair.

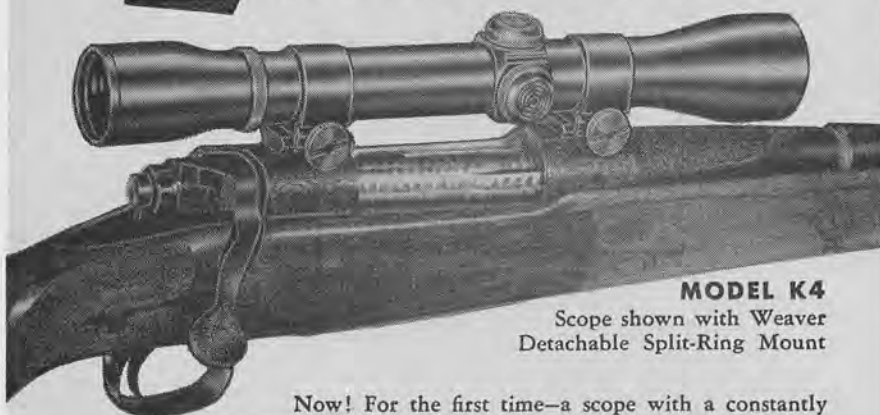
4—Willie Jones of the Phils: Jones is a great defensive player, perhaps the best in the league at his position and he hits the ball with power. With all his potential, he has never developed as the Phils thought he would.

5—Don Hoak of the Reds: With his new batting stance, Hoak has emerged as a valuable addition to the Reds' attack and, if he can keep it up, should be placed higher in the ratings. He's more relaxed up there now and doesn't fight himself. Besides being a scrappy player, he is excellent on defense, with sure hands and a powerful arm. He is a fine baserunner. If he can hit .275, he will be

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THE DAY OLD SATCH MADE THE MAJORS

I will never forget my first reaction. I had walked into the sports department of the *Cleveland News* very early that July morning in 1948 to make up the sports pages for the first edition. On the spindle was a note from our baseball writer, Ed McAuley. It read: "Indians have signed Satchel Paige. Sent story up last night."

"Oh, no!" I groaned in a voice loud enough to be heard across the city room. "Veeck has gone too far this time. Fireworks, yes. Nylon stockings for women, okay. But signing Satchel Paige . . . that's the end."

I was not alone in this opinion, it turned out. *The Sporting News* blasted Bill Veeck, the Indians' president, for "going too far in his quest for publicity." In an editorial, it said, "To bring in a pitching 'rookie' of Paige's age casts a reflection on the entire scheme of operation in the major leagues. To sign a hurler of Paige's age is to demean the standards of baseball . . . Further complicating the situation is the suspicion that if Satchel were white, he would not have drawn a second look from Veeck."

Bill Veeck's rebuttal—"I signed Satchel to save the pennant for the Indians"—drew horse-laughs, mine included. It was true, however, that the Indians did have a bullpen problem. Not long before, Veeck had paid a reported \$100,000 to the St. Louis Browns for an ordinary pitcher named Sam Zoldak. But Paige? Not that old man.

Veeck himself must have had his doubts. It was later learned that Paige had offered his services to Veeck the previous season and had been turned down. This time, it was Abe Saperstein, the Harlem Globetrotters' boss who doubled as an Indians' scout, who insisted Paige could win in the majors. Veeck promised his friend Saperstein, "I'll think about it." He finally called Paige on the phone and asked him if he thought he could pitch major-league ball. Paige's reply was "I'll come to Cleveland and show you. I'm the best pitcher in baseball." Veeck told him to come ahead.

So Leroy (Satchel) Paige, who had been born years too soon, who had kicked around the Negro leagues, the semi-pros, in Mexico, in South America—striking out hitters everywhere—finally was signed to a major-league contract. To commemorate the event, Satchel shaved off his mustache.



Manager Lou Boudreau chose a relatively inconspicuous spot for Satchel's debut: the night of July 9, in Cleveland against the St. Louis Browns. Bob Lemon had started the game but gave up four runs in the first two innings and left for a pinch-hitter in the fourth.

At the top of the fifth, Satchel Paige shuffled slowly from the bullpen to the mound. "Why hurry into trouble?" he explained later. He was well aware that "the folks studied every step." He didn't mind that, he said, "'cause fans been eyeing me all my life. But I could feel these folks askin' themselves, 'Can that old man really pitch?' I wasn't exactly nervous, but I never quite 'perienced a feeling like that before. 'Course I never had pitched in the majors before."

The stands continued to buzz as the tall, skinny, loose-jointed pitcher took his inimitable windup. Bill Veeck, seated in the press box, rubbed his hands together nervously; he was obviously tense. The first St. Louis hitter was Vern Stephens. He singled sharply to left. "Maybe I did make a mistake," Veeck muttered to himself. "C'mon Leroy," he yelled.

The hit settled Paige. "This may be the majors," he told himself, "but it's the same home plate, and home plate don't move." He retired the next three men in order—Gerry Priddy, Whitey Platt and Al Zarilla. He followed with a scoreless sixth and then was replaced for a pinch-hitter.

We skeptics were only partially convinced, but by the time the season was over, he had made believers out of all of us as he broke attendance records everywhere with his fantastically successful starts as well as his excellent relief work. His pitching played an important role in winning the '48 pennant for the Indians.

At the conclusion of the '49 season, he was given his outright release by Hank Greenberg, the new Tribe general manager. It wasn't that Hank thought Satchel no longer could pitch. Boudreau simply decided he had had enough of Paige, the non-conformist who missed trains, reported to the park late, and often didn't even know the name of the team he was pitching against.

But if he had been a conformist, he wouldn't have been Satchel Paige, one of the greatest pitchers the game has ever known.

—Hal Lebovitz

a terrific asset.

6—Don Zimmer and Randy Jackson of the Dodgers: Zimmer gets the nod here on his all-around ability. While he still must prove that he can hit consistently, he is an aggressive little guy who can win ball games in a variety of ways. He, like Jackson, hits a long ball and is especially dangerous at Ebbets Field. Don has a fine arm, is outstanding defensively and is a good base-runner. Jackson's only asset is his power. He does not have Zimmer's aggressiveness, his defensive ability or his speed. Unless he is hitting for distance, he is a drag on the ball club. When Reese is playing here, the infield is steadier.

7—Gene Freese of the Pirates: Pittsburgh's jumbled lineup makes it uncertain who will be playing where on a given day. Freese has just ordinary skills, but is a steady player. Both Frank Thomas and Gene Baker supply more power when they are stationed there.

8—Danny O'Connell of the Giants: Back at his normal position after being at second base for the Braves, O'Connell is less erratic in the field. But his hitting has been weak; he is not a good leadoff man.

SHORTSTOP

1—Roy McMillan of the Reds: This great defensive player is all by himself now. He has tremendous range; going left, right and everywhere to turn base hits into double plays. He plays each ball well and gets the hop he wants. Should the ball bounce crazily, he has the quick hands and reflexes to recover and make the play. He is an improved hitter, no longer the "out" man he once was. He is probably the only man in the Reds' lineup who will wait you out for a base on balls.

2—Pee Wee Reese of the Dodgers and Alvin Dark of the Cardinals: These two veterans still rate high because of their experience and know-how. While Reese has slowed up going to his left, he can, strangely enough, go better to his right and make the throw to get his man. He has the intelligence and leadership to hold the infield together. He is a smart hitter who can execute the hit-and-run, and he remains one of the league's better base-runners. The Dodgers also have a fine young shortstop in Charley Neal who can put Reese on third base indefinitely. Dark, while he has always been a clumsy fielder, still has his speed and seldom hits into a double play. He is very tough to pitch to because he always gets a piece of the ball.

4—Johnny Logan of the Braves: He must still be rated below Reese and Dark because he hasn't lived up to his potential. He has the equipment, including some power at the plate, and on occasion looks like one of the best shortstops in the game.

5—Chico Fernandez of the Phils: Here is a shortstop with all the ability, but who will probably never be as good as he could be. He lacks the desire to be a winning player and seems to play only for himself. He will boot the ball at the wrong time. He is flashy but erratic.

6—Dick Groat of the Pirates: He is a step too slow to be a good shortstop. He has even less range than a veteran like Reese. He does have good hands and makes the play when he can reach the ball. He has no power at the plate, but generally

manages to get a piece of the ball and can get the runner home from third base by poking a ball over the infield or hitting a fly ball.

7—Andre Rodgers of the Giants: Getting another shot at shortstop after Schoendienst was traded to the Braves, Rodgers looks like he has the makings of a fine player. But he still has lots to learn. He will probably master the fielding technique much before he begins getting his share of hits. But he takes a good swing, can hit with impressive power.

8—Jack Littrell of the Cubs: Littrell, while good defensively, has yet to prove himself at the plate. He does a better job at the position than either Banks or Morgan, but does not have their power. The same can be said for Casey Wise when he is playing there.

CATCHING

1—Ed Bailey and Smoky Burgess of the Reds: This potent Cincinnati duo is the best of a sub-par lot of catchers. They both have a lot more power at the plate than the average catcher and, with one of them on the bench, Birdie Tebbetts has a dangerous pinch-hitter ready, as well. Bailey, now that he has learned to cut down his swing, still hits home runs, and hits a lot more consistently. He has developed into a fine receiver. Burgess does not have the arm nor the catching ability of Bailey, but he is also a dangerous lefthanded batter.

2—Roy Campanella of the Dodgers: While Campy, for years the outstanding catcher in the league, is now slowing up, he remains a fine handler of pitchers and a dangerous hitter. Injuries have slowed him down.

3—Del Crandall of the Braves: Though he has never developed as it once seemed he would, he is an excellent receiver and his arm, which had troubled him, has come back strong. He is a shrewd signal caller, an important duty for a catcher, and he has some power at the plate, but he lacks hitting consistency.

4—Stan Lopata of the Phils: Lopata is a dangerous hitter who can slug the ball as far as anybody, though he doesn't do it as consistently as the Phillies might like. He has developed into a pretty good receiver.

5—Hal Smith of the Cardinals: A young catcher who is improving fast and perhaps rates a higher position here on his bright future. He is a good-looking hitter and a fine receiver.

6—Hank Foiles of the Pirates: Foiles, though he has had limited big-league experience, is a very good receiver. His arm is strong and he has the aggressiveness a team wants in its catcher. There is still some question about his hitting.

7—Ray Katt of the Giants: Katt has improved at bat and behind the plate, but he will never get much better. Still, he is an improvement over the weak-hitting Wes Westrum at bat, though he does not equal Wes as a catcher.

8—Cal Neeman of the Cubs: Neeman is not really ready as a big-league catcher. He is not a good receiver, he throws awkwardly and has plenty of trouble hitting the curve ball.

LEFT FIELD

1—Frank Robinson of the Reds: Robinson, one of the finest young



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hitters to come into the league in a long while, easily rates on top here. He has a wonderful pair of wrists and can not only pull the ball out of any park in the league, but packs power to right and right-center, too. He has a weak throwing arm and is only a mediocre outfielder, but his good running speed makes up for a lot of shortcomings here.

2—Frank Thomas of the Pirates: Though he often plays first and third base (and even second), it is as an outfielder that he has spent most of his career and where he seems most at home. He is a good player, who can hit, run and throw with power. He is a first-rate player on anybody's club.

3—Del Ennis of the Cardinals: Once one of the league's best players, Ennis seems near the end of his career and is only rated third on his

power. He never has been a good defensive outfielder and he is now slower than ever. He can still break up a ball game, however, with his bat.

4—Rip Repulski of the Phils: While he often looks like a fine hitter, he has the habit of falling off badly in the closing stages of the season. He is just a fair defensive outfielder and takes an extra step when he throws.

5—Gino Cimoli of the Dodgers: One of the bright surprises of the 1957 season, Cimoli may rate much higher by the end of the year. Added weight and desire have made him a steady hitter with occasional power. He is a good outfielder and may have the best throwing arm in the league aside from Willie Mays'.

6—Bobby Thomson of the Giants: Thomson, never a very good defen-

sive outfielder, seems to have lost his speed since his leg fracture in 1953. He has only a fair arm and he gets a poor jump on the ball in the outfield. He does not seem to be the dangerous hitter he was the first time with the Giants, either.

7—Wes Covington of the Braves: A strong hitter who always had some defensive flaws, Covington worked hard this spring to improve his fielding. Called back to the Braves after the Thomson trade with the Giants, he looked adequate in the field, and his big bat was a distinct help.

8—Bob Speake or Frank Ernaga of the Cubs: Speake, Ernaga or whoever else is in there for the Cubs must rank last. In left field, as at most other positions, the Cubs must look for additional help.

CENTER FIELD

1—Willie Mays of the Giants: He is baseball's outstanding all-around player; he can do it all. He is an amazing outfielder, perhaps the best base-runner in the league since Jackie Robinson's retirement and a great clutch hitter with terrific power. His arm is the best. Like Robinson in his prime, he can beat you in a dozen different ways.

2—Duke Snider of the Dodgers: The Duke, too, has all the equipment, but is not as dependable as Willie. He is tough when the chips are down, as he has proved with his brilliant World Series record. With a little more aggressiveness, he would give Mays more of a run for the top rating.

3—Gus Bell of the Reds: One of the best players in the league, Bell is often overshadowed by Mays and Snider. He is a good hitter with lots of power, a fine outfielder with exceptional range and a good arm. He can upset the enemy defenses with his ability to lay down a bunt and beat it out.

4—Bill Virdon of the Pirates: He rates the spot over Ashburn because he has a better arm and more sock at the plate. A good-looking young hitter who should help the Pirates for a long while.

5—Richie Ashburn of the Phils: Richie is a consistent hitter but he lacks power and doesn't often put his great speed to the best advantage. He has a weak throwing arm, but he can go and get them in the outfield.

6—Bill Bruton of the Braves: Bru-

ton is a poor hitter, but once he gets on base, he can upset the opposition with his great speed. Like Ashburn, he can go a long way for a fly ball, and he has a better arm than Richie. He should use his speed by bunting more often.

7—Jim Bolger of the Cubs: Bolger is a good-looking flychaser who runs well and has a strong arm. Hitting is his problem at the moment.

8—Bobby Gene Smith of the Cardinals: He may have been brought up too soon to plug the gap in the outfield left by Frank Lane's trades. Ken Boyer has had to move out there on occasion to help out. Smith may have trouble for a time.

RIGHT FIELD

1—Henry Aaron of the Braves: Aaron is supplanting Stan Musial as the most consistent hitter in the league. He has great wrists and power to all fields. He has average running speed and is just a fair outfielder, but he should improve there with more experience. At 23, he has a brilliant future.

2—Wally Moon of the Cardinals: Moon is a fiercely competitive boy who has made himself into a better player than anyone originally had a right to expect. He is a good hitter and a fast runner, but just a mediocre outfielder. His arm is poor. Because he is a real team player, he will be a great asset to the Cardinals.

3—Bob Clemente of the Pirates: He must be rated highly on his potential. Just 23 years old this month (August), he could become a standout. He has a fine arm, plenty of running speed and power to left and right-center fields. He still swings at too many bad pitches, and will raise his average when he learns to wait for his pitch.

4—Carl Furillo of the Dodgers: Because of his age (35), this rugged competitor is placed fourth among the rightfielders. He is one of the toughest hitters in the league when he's hot and he stays hot a good deal of the time. His arm is great and he knows how to play every right-field wall in the league. His lack of speed has always kept him from greatness.

5—Wally Post of the Reds: Post has tremendous power and a powerful arm, but he strikes out too much. Although he's only 28, he does not seem as fast as when he first came up, and he hits into a lot of DP's.

6—Walt Moryn of the Cubs: Moryn is a pretty good outfielder with average running speed. His power can break up a ball game, but he will never be a consistent hitter.

7—Don Mueller of the Giants: Mueller, who is still a consistent hitter, is rated below Moryn because he seems to have stopped improving, while Moryn may get a little better. Mueller is not a very good outfielder and his arm is just fair.

8—Bob Bowman of the Phillies: Bowman, righthanded all the way, could become a good player. He has a fine arm and some batting power (he was once a pitcher), but is still an erratic fielder.

PITCHING

1—The Dodgers: Brooklyn seems to have the best balanced staff in the league. It has a blend of experience (Don Newcombe and Sal Maglie) and hard-throwing youngsters (Johnny Podres, Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax) among its starters and powerful relief pitching headed by Clem Labine and Don Bessent. Roger Craig, Carl Erskine and Ed Roebuck give depth to the staff.

2—The Braves: The Braves have a strong group of starters, but are not deep in relief. Warren Spahn, while a fine pitcher, cannot be rated tops because he doesn't beat (and is almost never even used against) the Dodgers, the club the Braves must beat. Bob Buhl beats the Dodgers, but often has trouble with the weaker clubs. Lew Burdette is always tough; even if he doesn't throw the spitter (as he claims), he has the hitters thinking about it. Gene Conley has not come along as they hoped he would. Juan Pizarro could have a great future ahead of him. Ernie Johnson and Red Murff can be tough in relief.

3—The Phillies: They have come up with a well-balanced staff, with youngsters Don Cardwell and Jack Sanford joining the veterans Robin Roberts, Curt Simmons and Harvey Haddix. While Roberts may not be as fast as he was a couple of years ago, his great control and know-how make him one of the toughest. When Jack Meyer is right, he is one of the league's best in relief.

4—The Pirates: This is a good young staff, headed by Bob Friend, Ronnie Kline and Vernon Law. Friend has as much stuff as anybody in the league. Kline and Law have knuckleballs to go with their other equipment, and that makes them tough. Elroy Face is a pretty good relief pitcher who gets his stuff, which includes a slider, a curve and a sneaky fast ball, over the plate. Luis Arroyo is fast, but has no curve or change-up.

5—The Giants: Any staff which has Johnny Antonelli must be rated up there somewhere. When he's right, he is in a class with Friend, Newcombe, Roberts and Spahn. Ruben Gomez is hitting spots better now and keeping the ball down. He is fast enough and has a screwball and a fair curve. Al Worthington has a good slider, but is not consistently fast. Marv Grissom can still be tough for one inning, while Jim Davis has a good knuckler (which he will throw even on a three-and-nothing count) but nothing else. Ray Crone gives them another satisfactory starter.

6—The Cardinals: Lindy McDaniel

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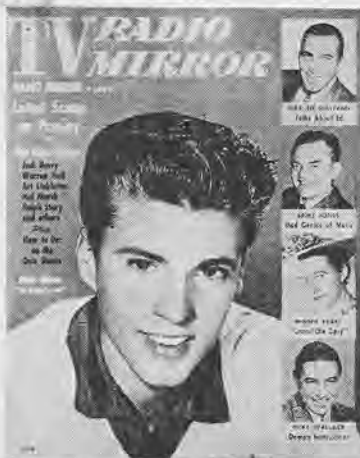
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is the best of the Cards' thin staff. He is fast enough and has excellent control. He mixes up his fast ball and curves and keeps them in the right spots. Larry Jackson, Herm Wehmeier, Vinegar Bend Mizell and Sam Jones all throw hard but lack consistency. Jones is his own worst enemy; he has no change of pace, and no real will to win even if he did have all the equipment.

7—The Cubs: Chicago's staff is rated above the Reds' because of its potential. It has some fine young pitchers, including Moe Drabowski, Don Kaiser and Dick Drott, but each still has a lot to learn. Bob Rush has a great fast ball which is hard to hit at night, but as the Cubs play no night ball at home it doesn't do him much good. He just pumps in the fast ball; he has no slow stuff. In relief, Jim Brosnan is not too fast and has only a mediocre curve.

8—The Reds: This is a very ordinary staff. While it is always pointed out that it is backed by the game's most powerful attack, it is forgotten that its pitchers are often pulled out of trouble by its brilliant defense, too. Brooks Lawrence, Don Gross, Hal Jeffcoat and Joe Nuxhall comprise an undistinguished starting staff which is somewhat redeemed by relievers Tom Acker and Buster Freeman.

THE BENCH

1—The Reds: Cincinnati, with a pitching staff rated the worst in the league, comes up with the finest bench. The Reds are deep everywhere except in pitching. When Big Klu is sidelined, they have a powerful hitter like George Crowe to step in

and take his place. Alex Grammas would be a regular infielder on most other clubs in the league. As mentioned above, their catching staff is the best, with a solid hitter like Burgess backing up Bailey. In the outfield they have one of the best pinch-hitters in baseball in Bob Thurman, while Jerry Lynch has also delivered some timely blows. No wonder opposing pitchers shudder when they go into Cincinnati, knowing that even if they do shackle that murderous starting lineup, there are some heavily-muscled gents waiting to come off the bench and knock their brains out.

2—The Dodgers: Brooklyn's farm system usually provides a flock of eager young men to staff the Dodger bench. While the pinch-hitting brigade does not equal that of the Reds, the Brooks have the manpower to plug a gap in an emergency. They are particularly strong because men like Don Zimmer and Charley Neal can play anywhere in the infield. Rube Walker is a capable second-string receiver, while in the outfield Sandy Amoros gives the Dodgers a strong fourth man. Elmer Valo and Bob Kennedy are veterans who know how to handle themselves in the clutch. Don Newcombe, though, may be the Dodgers' best pinch-hitter.

3—The Phillies: After the Reds and Dodgers, there is not a really good bench in the league. The Phils perhaps have the best of the rest. Marv Blaylock is a capable stand-in for Bouchee, while Ted Kazanski is one of the league's better young infielders. Harry Anderson gives the Phils four good outfielders.

4—The Giants: Some good young

infielders like Andre Rodgers and Ossie Virgil enable the Giants to have good protection there; the one who is not playing regularly is free to move in at a moment's notice to fill any emergency. Dusty Rhodes remains a tough pinch-hitter, while Wes Westrum is one of baseball's best receivers. Whitey Lockman can play either first base or left field.

5—The Pirates: Perhaps because Bobby Bragan shuffles the Pirates' lineup so often, the team has some capable men who can fill in when called on. Bob Skinner is a dangerous pinch-hitter while Gene Baker or Gene Freese, when they're not playing regularly, supply the Pirates with handy utility men.

6—The Braves: Lack of suitable replacements could cost the Braves the pennant. They have further weakened their bench this year with the addition of two bonus players, thereby depriving themselves of a couple of experienced men for the stretch run. Only Andy Pafko can be considered a strong pinch-hitter.

7—The Cardinals: What was once a strong St. Louis bench, particularly in the outfield, has been traded away by Frank Lane. Eddie Kasko did come off the bench earlier this year, however, to fill in for Boyer at third while Ken moved to center field.

8—The Cubs: Once again the Cubs trail all the rest. There's not much else to say.

So there they are, the ratings of the National League players and the eight teams. As we said before, these have been compiled by a National League team, and not by the editors of SPORT.

— ■ —

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Statistics Tell The Story

YOU HAVE TO WIN ON THE ROAD

By ALLAN ROTH

THE ability to win consistently on the road is a must for all teams with pennant ambitions. A study of the won-and-lost records of the big-league teams at home and on the road for the past ten seasons reveals that 14 of the 20 pennant winners in this period led their league in road play, with five ranking second best and only one club, the 1954 Giants, ranking as low as third. The pennant-winning teams did not fare nearly so well in the at-home standings; only 11 of the 20 ranked first. Seven others finished second, one third and the 1952 flag-winning Dodgers could finish no better than fourth in the National League in home games. The road-game factor was especially prominent in the American League, where the 1950 Yankees were the only pennant-winners in the past ten years who did not lead the league in road wins. The Yankees, however, had balance that season, finishing second best to Boston in home-game results and second to Detroit in road games as they won the flag by a three-game margin over the Tigers.

Among the teams that won pennants in recent years because of superior play on the road were the 1952 Dodgers and the 1953 Yankees. In 1952 the Dodgers won 45 at home and lost 33, while their chief rivals, the Giants, won 50 and lost only 27. The Dodgers, therefore, won the pennant on the road where they had a 51-24 record, compared to the Giants' far inferior 42-35 mark. Brooklyn won the pennant by $4\frac{1}{2}$ games that year. In 1953 the Yankees were 50-27 at home, three games behind Cleveland's 53-24 pace, but made up for it with a 49-25 road record while Cleveland played barely over .500 ball away from home, winning 39 and losing 38. The Yanks won by $8\frac{1}{2}$ games.

It is seldom that a club can win more games on the road than at home. Overall figures for both leagues during the past ten seasons show that the home clubs have played .537 ball. The all-time road mark was set by the 1906 Cubs who won 60 and lost only 15. The American League record was set by the 1939 Yankees with 54 victories against 20 defeats.

YEAR	PENNANT-WINNERS	AT HOME			AWAY			SECOND-PLACE TEAMS	AT HOME			AWAY			Margin in Games for Pennant-winners vs. Second-place Teams	
		WON	LOST	RANK	WON	LOST	RANK		WON	LOST	RANK	WON	LOST	RANK	At Home	Away
American																
1947	New York	55	22	1	42	35	1T	Detroit	46	31	3	39	38	3T	+9	+3
1948	Cleveland	48	30	3	49	28	1	Boston	55	23	1	41	36	4	-7	+8
1949	New York	54	23	2	43	34	1	Boston	61	16	1	35	42	4	-7	+8
1950	New York	53	24	2	45	32	2	Detroit	50	30	4	45	29	1	+4½	-1½
1951	New York	56	22	1	42	34	1	Cleveland	53	24	2	40	37	3	+2½	+2½
1952	New York	49	28	2T	46	31	1	Cleveland	49	28	2T	44	33	2	Even	+2
1953	New York	50	27	2	49	25	1	Cleveland	53	24	1	39	38	4	-3	+11½
1954	Cleveland	59	18	1	52	25	1	New York	54	23	2	49	28	2T	+5	+3
1955	New York	52	25	1	44	33	1T	Cleveland	49	28	2T	44	33	1T	+3	Even
1956	New York	49	28	1	48	29	1	Cleveland	46	31	2T	42	35	3	+3	+6
National																
1947	Brooklyn	52	25	1	42	35	2	St. Louis	46	31	3	43	34	1	+6	-1
1948	Boston	45	31	2	46	31	2	St. Louis	44	33	3	41	36	3T	+1½	+5
1949	Brooklyn	48	29	2	49	28	1	St. Louis	51	26	1	45	32	2	-3	+4
1950	Philadelphia	48	29	2	43	34	1	Brooklyn	48	30	3	41	35	2	+½	+1½
1951	New York	50	28	1	48	31	1T	Brooklyn	49	29	2	48	31	1T	+1	Even
1952	Brooklyn	45	33	4	51	24	1	New York	50	27	1	42	35	2	-5½	+10
1953	Brooklyn	60*	17	1	45	32	2	Milwaukee	45	31	4	47	31	1	+14½	-1½
1954	New York	53	23	1	44	34	3	Brooklyn	45	32	2	47	30	1	+8½	-3½
1955	Brooklyn	56	21	1	42	34	1	Milwaukee	46	31	2T	39	38	2	+10	+3½
1956	Brooklyn	52	25	1	41	36	2	Milwaukee	47	29	3	45	33	1	+4½	-3½

T-Tied

* League Record (Tied)

Anything Goes in the Gold Cup

(Continued from page 44)

of 160.323 mph. Sayres shattered the old mark of 141.7, set by Sir Malcom Campell's *Bluebird*, a record that had gone unchallenged since 1938.

This was the beginning of a loud, dramatic, two-city rivalry between Detroit and Seattle for Gold Cup supremacy. Less than a month after his record speed run, Sayres took *Slo-Mo IV* to Detroit. With Ted Jones driving, she spread the field, lapped one of Detroit's star contenders, set a new heat record (80.892 mph) and took the race itself in record time—78.216. A short time later, *Slo-Mo IV* won the Harmsworth Trophy.

Would Sayres defend the Gold Cup? He would—in Seattle. At that time, Seattle was beginning an ambitious summer "Seafair" program, a sort of water-conscious Mardi Gras, designed to lure the tourist trade. So in 1951 the Gold Cup race became the focal point, the keystone attraction, of the whole Seafair program. Any threat by eastern boats to take the Gold Cup back to the Detroit River became a matter of civic nervousness and economic concern to the city of Seattle.

Slo-Mo IV, soon to be christened "The Old Lady" by adoring Northwest racing fans, proved a stern Queen Victoria of the Gold Cup. She set the style for an era; she ruled her subjects with a maternal despotism, beating them back, whipping them into line. With her sister ship, *Slo-Mo-V*, built in 1951, Stan Sayres successfully defeated the Detroit

challengers for four straight years.

A grateful Seattle named Sayres its "Man of the Year" in sports. It carried on fund drives, which averaged perhaps \$30,000 a year, to help him improve and maintain his two boats. The annual Gold Cup race on Lake Washington, lacking only a local tradition, dwarfed such ancient spectacles as the Indianapolis "500" and the Kentucky Derby in sheer size and beauty.

Now, it is pointing out a rather obvious thing to say that Jones is not a hard name to spell. Used properly, it fits easily into a headline. But after 1951, the name Jones began to be read less and less in Seattle newspapers. *Slo-Mo IV* and *Slo-Mo V* were being driven by Lou Fageol and Joe Taggart, and Jones, the architect of modern hydroplane racing was just another guy named Jones. For reasons mainly personal, partly financial, he had broken with Sayres; he had become the Gold Cup's forgotten man.

"Sayres saw to that," he said bitterly.

During the years 1951 through 1954, Ted Jones made his quiet contribution to hydroplane racing. He helped improve and redesign such Detroit boats as Jack Schafer's *Such Crust III* and *V*, and Joe Schoenith's *Gale IV* and *Gale V*. All of them followed the *Slo-Mo* pattern. He designed a new boat for J. Philip Murphy, a California contractor, a boat aptly called *Breathless*. Guy Lombardo's *Tempo VII*, Henry J. Kaiser's *Scooter*

Too, Edgar Kaiser's *Hawaii Kai III*, and several more—all of them bore the distinctive stamp of Ted Jones.

Then, abruptly, Jones came back. In 1954, he met a lanky, drawling southerner named Kirn Armistead, who suggested they form a partnership and build a boat of their own. "I got tired of listening," Jones said, "and he said he had a rich aunt."

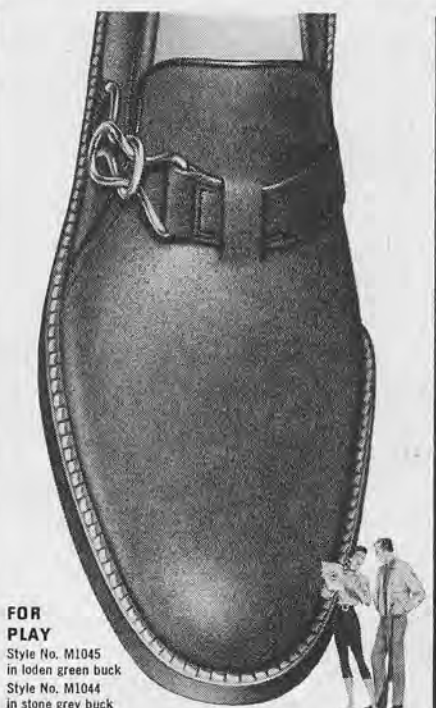
Jones went back to Detroit and the boatyard of an old friend, Les Staudacher, where he designed and built his new boat, the *Rebel Suh*. And almost immediately he met Willard Rhodes, a chunky, likeable chain-store grocery operator, who had contracted Gold Cup fever. So Jones designed still another new hydroplane for Rhodes called *Miss Thriftway*.

As Lou Fageol piloted *Slo-Mo V* to victory on Lake Washington in 1954, one of the thousand yachts anchored on the three-mile log boom was the *Blue Peter*, owned by Horace W. McCurdy, prominent Seattle contractor. McCurdy's enchanted guests, thrilled by the beauty of the scene, the great crowds, the bellowing speed and high-lashing roostertails, included one William Waggoner, of a famous old Texas oil and cattle family. A few months later, McCurdy got a long-distance call from Waggoner's winter home in Phoenix. "I've been bit," he announced. "How do I get one of those boats?"

McCurdy laughed. "I'll tell you, on one condition," he said. "If you ever win the Gold Cup, you've got to keep the race on Lake Washington." Waggoner agreed. "All right," McCurdy said, "there's only one man can design you a boat. Get in touch with



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Ted Jones when you're ready."

In a matter of weeks, Jones was sitting across a desk from 200 million dollars, represented by that rarity among the American species—a shy Texan.

"We talked for a few minutes," Jones said, "and all of a sudden I was staring at a \$10,000 check. The conversation turned social after that."

Eventually, Waggoner bought *Rebel Suh* from Jones and Armistead and rechristened her *Maverick*. His new boat, the *Shanty I*, was Waggoner's pet nickname for his pretty wife. Meanwhile, Bill Boeing, Jr., son of the Seattle airplane company founder, had got into hydroplane racing with *Miss Wahoo*, another Jones-designed hull. Only recently, during the sad revelations of the Dave Beck hearings, it was suggested facetiously that Jones might design another, newer hydroplane for the Teamsters Union. It would be christened *Miss Appropriation*.

Anything goes in the Gold Cup—and it goes very fast. Speeds of 170 miles an hour are frequent, speeds of 150 are common, and the three-lap qualifying time alone for this year's race on Lake Washington was raised from 85 mph to 95 in order to weed out the jalopies and narrow the field to a safe number. In the interests of safety, the field for any single heat is limited to six boats.

Arguments rage over a somewhat academic point—whether or not a

flying hydroplane actually is airborne. Pictures have been taken, purporting to show the clearance between boat and water, "proving" that the hydros actually fly.

In 1955 there occurred a tragic episode which proves that a modern hydroplane has, at least, reached the stage of becoming airborne. Lou Fageol, wealthy Kent, O., industrialist, who twice won the Gold Cup as a driver, was piloting *Slo-Mo V* in her qualifying run. Coming south to north, on the west side of the course, Fageol had the Rolls-Royce-powered craft up to 170 mph when abruptly her rudder was sheered off by a submerged object. *Slo-Mo V* nosed up, her flat bottom took air, and she literally took off some 60 feet in the air, turned completely over and landed in the water right-side-up.

Fageol's racing career was ended. Thrown clear in mid-air, he landed in the water with killing force and was fortunate to escape with a punctured lung, internal injuries and a severely damaged back. Sayres later sold the *Slo-Mo V* hull to a small group of enthusiasts called "Rooster-tails, Inc." who rebuilt her and now race her under the name of *Miss Seattle*.

These heavyweight speedsters, constructed with steel and glue and screws and plywood, frequently show the durability of an average soap bubble. They weigh anywhere from 2,800 pounds to 3,000 pounds and

average about 30 feet in length. They cost about \$25,000 to \$40,000 to build, not counting the engines, which run anywhere from \$3,500 to \$16,000—depending on kind and supply and who is selling.

Most of the boats use the V-12 Allison G-6 airplane engine, and some of them, like Jack Schafer's *Such Crust III* and Joe Schoenith's *Gale VI*, are powered by twin engines. It's the opinion of Fageol, an expert on motors, that the Rolls Royce airplane engine is a superior power plant, once mechanics learn to adapt it to marine racing.

The Rolls engine generates about 1,650 horsepower at normal takeoff speed; the Allison about 1,400. Under boat-racing conditions—that is to say, souped-up conditions—the Rolls can deliver about 2,500 horsepower to the Allison's 2,000. The drawbacks to a Rolls engine are its higher cost, lack of knowledge among racing camps of how to install it, and the fact that only a certain series of the Rolls can be adapted—these being in short supply.

Speeds have increased alarmingly since *Slo-Mo IV* made her smashing debut by winning the Gold Cup at Detroit with an average speed of 80.1 mph. In last year's Seafair Trophy Race, the winner, Waggoner's *Shanty I*, toured successive heats at 104.6, 102.7 and, finally, at the unheard-of speed of 109.9 mph. To attain such averages, a boat must hit well over 150 miles an hour on the straight-away, go into a turn at about 130 and come out of it around the 100 mark, with tremendous acceleration.

It should be clear to anyone by now that these boats do not run on mercurochrome and asparagus juice. In fact, the various camps have taken to mixing high-test airplane gasoline with nitro methane, pitric acid, alcohol and nitro propane in their intense efforts to obtain maximum speeds and acceleration. The net effect is to overload the engines and put a tremendous strain on bearings, gear boxes, shafts, propellers and motor blocks.

"Most of them don't even know what they've concocted," Fageol says. "Let some of that volatile fuel get loose in a boat and you have the danger of a horrible fire or explosion."

Ted Jones agrees. "I don't think any of us know enough about fuels to start playing chemist. You take *Tempo VII* in 1955. They were using a hot fuel mixture when that thing caught fire. Danny Foster was one lucky driver. The reports said his gas tank came off.

"Came off?" Jones laughed. "That gas cap blew off! Danny is lucky he didn't wind up in pieces on the Lake Washington Bridge."

As a sporting spectacle, the Gold Cup has certain drawbacks and peculiarities. There is the terrible engine attrition, which frequently knocks out the most colorful contenders right at the start; not to mention the ever-present danger that souped-up fuels can, at any time, create some distraught relatives. Another drawback, which puzzles even veteran spectators, is the Gold Cup point system. It is entirely possible—and it happened in 1955, to the anguish of Seattle citizens—for a boat to win a race without ever winning a heat. This is the result of a fairly complex system of "bonus points" that need not be set to music here. But *Gale V*, a Detroit boat, won the '55 cup by



"How's that shot dear?"

finishing no better than second twice and third once in the three 30-mile heats. So some 300,000 to 400,000 spectators went home under the impression that a Seattle boat, *Miss Thriftway*, which won two heats, including the last one, was the victor.

The 1955 race, by the way, was conceived in trouble and raced with bitterness. Mel Crook, a respected APBA referee, banned something called the "flying start"—employed effectively by Lou Fageol in *Slo-Mo V*. Stan Sayres and Seattle Yacht Club members put tremendous pressure on Crook to rescind the ban. Crook finally resigned, to be replaced by a local referee, who promptly okayed the "flying start." The start in question was one in which Fageol, rather than jockeying for position with the other boats, would hide behind the Lake Washington Bridge and come shooting out at the critical time like a runaway torpedo. The other drivers argued that the "flying start" was dangerous and discriminatory. Furthermore, they threatened to boycott the race unless the ban on the "flying start" was re-imposed. The argument became somewhat academic when Fageol flipped over during the qualifying runs and wrecked both himself and his boat. Meanwhile, however, Stan Sayres, an angry man when provoked, dramatically announced that he was through with the sport.

But it was the Detroit crowd, ending four years of frustration and defeat, which really sizzled Seattle's sides. They won the race by some cool-headed teamwork and clever figuring on the part of George Simon, owner-driver of *Miss United States*, and Jack Schafer. Going into the final heat, *Slo-Mo IV* and *Miss Thriftway*, both Seattle boats, were tied with 625 points apiece. Simon figured that Schafer's *Such Crust III*, if it could block off one of the Seattle boats, might win the race for *Gale V* on bonus points—400 of these being awarded for the fastest average time for the full 90-mile race.

Luck was with Detroit. *Slo-Mo IV* caught fire and went dead in the water. *Miss Thriftway*, meanwhile, made a terrific final run—won the heat, in fact. But not before Detroit's canny Walter Kade, driving Schafer's *Such Crust*, turned in some of the best Michigan blocking since Forrest Evashevski was a youth. Blocking *Miss Thriftway* for part of the heat, Kade slowed driver Bill Muncey's average time down just enough. Enough so that *Gale V*, which hadn't won a heat, but had performed ably, won 400 bonus points for the fastest total time of the race. She shaded *Thriftway* by a few points, and Detroit—using Seattle's term—"stole" the Gold Cup back.

Almost before the last cry of local anguish died away, Seattle officials announced a new "Seafair Trophy Race" for the following summer, 1956. This one, run along Gold Cup lines, offered a classy new Seafair Trophy, plus \$25,000 in prize money to be divided among the first three boats. Waggoner's *Shanty I* breezed home in front. But the real crusade last year was in Detroit—to get the Gold Cup back. This is exactly what Bill Rhodes' *Miss Thriftway* did, but only after one of the most fantastic, mouth-souring beefs in the history of American sports.

Miss Thriftway, the apparent victor once more, was disqualified for allegedly striking a buoy on one of the

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turns. *Miss Pepsi*, a Detroit boat, was declared the winner. Protest followed protest and accusations ran wild. Distressed officials of the American Powerboat Association called a halt to study the situation. Witnesses were heard and movies were studied. After weeks of deliberation, the APBA finally declared *Miss Thriftway* the legal winner and the Gold Cup was returned to Seattle.

Meanwhile, final announcement was held up pending a lawsuit by Horace Dodge, who contested the whole race as illegal, on the grounds that his boat had been bumped out of the race by boats which were allowed to qualify under a special time extension.

Piled on top of all this was the tragic end of *Slo-Mo IV*. During the qualifying runs, a Detroit patrol boat ran across the course as Joe Taggart was barreling through at a speed of more than 150 miles an hour. The wake left by the patrol boat flipped *Slo-Mo* over and splintered her hull beyond repair. Taggart, like Fageol, had driven his last race. Joe went to the hospital with multiple fractures of ribs, arms and legs.

The news reacted on Seattle like a major disaster. Thousands of men, women and children called newspapers, radio and television stations to ask if the news about *Slo-Mo* was true; many broke down and wept. Few thought to ask about Taggart. One got the impression, having witnessed this mass mourning for a boat, that people wanted Bill Waggoner to buy Detroit and turn it into an owl sanctuary.

Slo-Mo IV was trucked back to Seattle where she "lay in state" for

four days in a downtown parking lot. An estimated 30,000 people stood patiently, sometimes in a driving rain, to file past her roped-off resting place. Sayres refused to go to look at it. In an almost eerie atmosphere of coincidence, Sayres, who loved his powerful, swift red-and-mahogany boat with a violent passion, died quietly in his sleep while the boat was still on display.

This final curious fact, this fact that a boat can somehow take on live, personal and human characteristics to great masses of people, and to the man who owns it, is what has made the Gold Cup great. It explains, perhaps, in small measure, why 150,000 people spend long days on the beaches of Lake Washington, merely to watch *Gale VI*, *Miss Thriftway* or *Such Crust III* cough and belch smoke and run past for a trial spin; why a man like Edgar Kaiser, quitting the sport, turned his *Hawaii Kai* over to the old pit crew of *Slo-Mo IV*, or why boat-worshipping small children speak knowingly of quill shafts and superchargers and sponsons and gear boxes.

It is a strange and fascinating sport, where even the start is a climax. The great pie-faced starting clock, entirely yellow with one minute to go, is steadily eclipsed by black, turning clockwise, second by second, until the face is all black as the starting gun booms. At this precise moment they come—great, deadly monsters flat against the blue water, hurling their wide white curtains of spray behind them, sounding their deep-throated cacophony of angry power plants, sounding their brazen defiance against the standing records of time.

Joe Di Maggio's Life Today

(Continued from page 29)

television shows to live ones. When he ventured into the field in 1952, doing shows before and after the Yankees' home games, he also did a weekly filmed baseball show for a network. Joe liked the filmed show because, as he explained to me, "You can edit out the mistakes." Ever the perfectionist, he had a fear of making a fluff on his live show and insisted that Jackie Farrell, who helped produce the program, write everything out for him on prompt cards.

Joe is reasonably happy doing nothing—or at least as happy as he can be separated from young Joe, 15, who is in school in California. The Clipper speaks to his son two or three times a week by long-distance telephone and is looking forward to the fall when the boy is transferring to Lawrenceville, an eastern prep school.

Young Joe is the one topic on which the Clipper is willing, even eager, to expand. DiMaggio could be any one of hundreds of thousands of proud fathers as he shows you photographs of the boy. He is inordinately pleased with his son's achievements in sports, which is unusual because professional athletes usually look with a coldly critical eye on the athletic talents of their offspring. Knowing from their own bitter experience how much competence it takes to make the top, they are careful to keep their natural enthusiasm over their kids in check.

Along those lines, I recall a conversation I had with Rogers Hornsby some years ago. His son, now doing well in the oil business, was at the time an aspiring ballplayer in the Texas League. One evening he excitedly phoned the Rajah in Chicago to tell him he had hit three home runs in a week. "Three homers in a week," Hornsby snorted. "Don't waste tolls on that. I used to hit three in an afternoon!"

DiMaggio is making no mistakes about his son. "I don't know just how good a ballplayer he's going to be," the Clipper said hoarsely. "After all, he won't be 16 until October. I've had people tell me that, for his age, he's a good football player and a surprisingly good basketball prospect. He's a big kid for his age, which means he's mostly had to play with older boys."

Young Joe has alternated between catching and playing center field, and his father was understandably happy recently when the boy told him he was back in "the old spot." "The old spot," of course, is center field, where Big Joe held forth for the Yankees, Uncle Dom for the Red Sox and Uncle Vince for a number of National League clubs, including a long stretch with the Pittsburgh Pirates.

It could be, of all things, that Joe, Jr., might be a top-flight golfer. After all, Ty Cobb's son was a tennis star at Yale. "He's very interested in golf," DiMag explained, "and I gave him a set of clubs. He told me he shot an 83 recently, which is better than his old man ever did."

Joe himself never has taken up golf seriously. He started to play in the winter of 1951-52, after he quit the Yankees. "I used to shoot in what my brother Tom called the 'low hundreds' in those days, and I'm not too much better today," he said. "It's a game you've got to keep after. I can see an

improvement in my game if I play two or three days in a row, but I'm lucky if I get to play once a month."

That DiMaggio is content with his present routine there is no doubt. "I haven't had an ulcer pain in over a year," he said, knocking wood as he made the statement, "and I guess that means I'm satisfied."

For all his phlegmatic outer appearance, Joe always was, and still is, a highly nervous, restless individual. "I've got to keep on the move," he said. "Whenever I was on the bench—which wasn't too often, I'll admit—I would be more tired at the end of the game than if I was playing. I'd walk from one end of the bench to the other, like a tiger in a cage. I'd even take trips to the clubhouse between innings, just to have something to do. I guess that's the reason I don't go to the ball games very often, although I plan to get out later in the year. It isn't that I've lost



interest in baseball—far from it. It's just that I can't look at a game I'm not in.

"Take this, for instance," Joe went on, indicating the television set which occupies the most prominent spot in the living room of his apartment. "When I'm home and there's a ball game on, day or night, I've got the set on. But I can't sit still. I'll move from a chair to the settee, walk into the bedroom, get a glass of water—anything to keep moving."

DiMaggio has no set routine to his days. He likes to eat out and he prefers to make it late—nine or ten in the evening—and to change his eating places often. Joe eats out about five times a week, but rarely in the same place two nights in a row. This habit led to a recent rumor that he and one of his close friends, Toots Shor, had had a falling out, simply because he hadn't been in Toots' place for a couple of weeks.

"I had dinner there last night, as a matter of fact," Joe said when the question was brought up. "Toots and Baby (Mrs. Shor) and some friends were together. I'm used to rumors by now. There are an awful lot of press

agents in this town and all of them seem to have an awful lot of clients. As an unmarried man, I'm fair game for all of them. I've read in different columns where I was giving a rush to some girl whom I not only didn't know but had never even seen!"

One thing which keeps DiMaggio fairly busy, and something which he prefers to keep quiet, is his interest in charities. He makes frequent appearances for Boys Town and for Cerebral Palsy, to name two, but hates publicity about it.

The years he spent playing ball have left one mark on Joe—he still loves to travel. "I guess maybe I'm a tourist at heart," he said. "I don't know if I ever enjoyed anything as much as the trip I took to Europe last year. I looked at a lot of paintings and buildings in Italy, about which I'll admit I knew nothing, but which I could appreciate just the same. I'd like to go back again, and maybe to Spain, too, which I missed the last time."

Joe does considerable traveling here in the States, too. "I bounce around to Washington, Chicago, the Coast," he said. "I've got a lot of friends around the country from my baseball days and it's fun to look them up again."

Joe McCarthy, DiMag's manager for most of his years with the Yankees, may not realize it, but he recently achieved a distinction far greater than his February election and July induction into Baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. Joe wrote him a letter! And this from a guy who never writes, never even bothers to return phone calls. It was a signal mark of the esteem and affection the Clipper has for his old boss. DiMaggio rummaged around a drawer in his bureau—his filing system looks like something set up in the middle of a hurricane—until he found McCarthy's acknowledgement of his congratulatory note. It was a profoundly sentimental letter, in which Marse Joe stressed the fact that it was DiMag, and those who had played with him, who had put McCarthy in the Hall of Fame. "After all my years in the minors," Joe wrote, "it was you and the Yankee organization which won me this recognition."

McCarthy went on to say that he had kept up with DiMaggio through notes about him in the papers, adding, "although I've never found the thing I keep hoping to see, that you've returned to baseball. However, you made your own decision, just as Babe (Mrs. McCarthy) and I made ours, and you know your own mind best."

Although DiMaggio's paramount interest continues to be baseball, he has no desire to return to the game as a field manager. Or in any other capacity, either. Joe has some views on baseball and isn't hesitant to express them, so long as he is certain they won't be construed as criticism of any individual. For instance, Joe thinks the Giants' Willie Mays is one of the best ballplayers he has ever seen. "He's always doing something, always on the move," DiMaggio said. "I was watching him during some recent Giant-Dodger games. At bat, on the bases, in the field—he's always moving. I think he's great."

DiMaggio also found time to discuss the current spitball controversy. "I batted against some spitballers when I was on the Coast," he said. "Frank Shellenback, Clarence Mitchell and Jack Quinn, to name a few. I never had much trouble hitting them, but

there was a reason for that—they were old and I was young. Their fast ball had almost disappeared and they couldn't get me out. I knew that and I just waited for the spitter.

"Funny thing about the spitter," he said. "I read somewhere where Joe Page was supposed to be able to sneak in a spitter when he was pitching for the Yankees because he could spit through his teeth. I know those rumors were going around when he pitched for us, but I don't think Page ever threw a spitball. You know Joe used to pop off a lot but he roomed with me and he told me he never threw a spitter in his life. He just liked to talk about it, stir things up and maybe get the batters looking for something they were never going to see anyhow."

DiMaggio had some interesting observations on the way the game is played today, with none of the looking back-over-the-shoulder attitude of so many ex-ballplayers. "You hear a lot about night baseball," he said, "but no matter whether you or I or the guy next door dislikes it, it's here to stay. And the lights are improving all the time. I remember some of the lights I played under with the Seals. They'd give you the horrors. Up in Portland, especially. But I understand they've got a new ball park up there now. I was young then and my sight was good (Joe still doesn't wear glasses) and I never complained. I was just glad to be playing ball. With night games, though, I don't think you'll ever see any 20-year players in the majors again. It isn't the lights up here, as much as it is the strain of playing under the lights in the minors."

"The chief complaint the players have against night games isn't the lights, anyway, it's the change in their living habits with night games followed by day games and vice versa. I don't think it would be too bad if there were five night games a week and day games on Saturday and Sunday. We played that sort of a schedule in the Pacific Coast League and it seemed to work out all right. In some major-league cities—like Philadelphia, St. Louis and Milwaukee—it's almost come to that now."

DiMaggio's modesty always has been confused with taciturnity. He never was an easy player to interview, even for those who traveled with him and knew him well. He may have taken his cue from his manager, McCarthy, who was cautious to the *n*th degree in interviews. Both Joes found out early in their careers that a casual, off-the-cuff opinion looked entirely different when it was blown up into headlines.

By any standard Joe was one of the great baseball figures of the last two decades, along with Ted Williams, Stan Musial and Bobby Feller, but he wears his fame lightly. He mentioned that he was developing into quite a walker and I asked him if many people stopped him on the streets during his hikes around the city.

"Quite a few," he said with what amounted to enthusiasm. "You'd be surprised how many people remember me, considering how long I've been out of the game."

There seemed little point in mentioning to Joe that he was something out of the ordinary and that, although it has been six years since he played, in six times six years neither the name nor the face of Joe DiMaggio will be forgotten by baseball fans.

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For many years now, Joe has been intensely interested in clothes. This isn't unusual in ballplayers, although it is a trend which developed only in the last couple of decades—after the depression of the early thirties, for some strange reason. Until then, a ballplayer who wore a hat instead of a peaked cap thought he was Beau Brummel, but now the average ballplayer pays as much attention to his attire as the advertising agency executives along Madison Avenue do. For instance, the morning Joe, in December 1951, went over to the Yankee office to announce that he was quitting baseball, I had a cup of coffee with him in his hotel room. One of his best friends, George Solotaire, was busy on the phone, collecting all the loose ends, including plane reservations, while the Clipper himself stood in front of a full-length mirror carefully adjusting his suspenders so his trousers would break precisely at his instep. The incongruity of the scene struck me. Here was the best ballplayer of his time preparing to quit the game and the only thing that seemed to matter to him was his appearance. I kidded Joe to the effect that he had come a long way from his boyhood days on the old Horse Lot in San Francisco and he grinned some sore of agreement that maybe he had, at that.

DiMaggio's preoccupation with his appearance, I later realized, was in keeping with the man himself. Joe always was a stickler for form, on and off the field. His uniform never was sloppy and he made all the plays, in the field, at bat and on the bases according to form. With the Clipper it wasn't merely a question of doing the

right thing—it was equally important to look right while you were doing it.

Today Joe, who will be 43 next November, looks right as he walks around Manhattan. He has the neat, carefully tailored look of a successful executive. His once jet-black hair, now noticeably tinged with gray, adds distinction to his appearance.

The prospect of major-league franchises being shifted to California interests him as a native son, of course, but Joe isn't wildly excited about it. He feels it is something which will come eventually but he is well aware of all the obstacles that will have to be hurdled before such transfers become facts. Appreciating the changes television and the automobile have brought to baseball, DiMaggio has no doubt that the game itself will be able to keep up with the changing times.

On such matters, Joe is difficult to interview. He has a natural reticence—maybe diffidence is a better word—against telling other people how to run their business. It stems, perhaps, from the embarrassment he has suffered from having other people telling him how he should run his own life.

Summing up, Joe DiMaggio in his retirement impresses you most as a man who knows that he should be doing something but who isn't going to rush into anything just for the sake of doing it. This is the cautious man emerging from the twice-burnt boy. You feel that he will pick and choose because fortune has placed him in a position where he can afford to pick and choose.

All in all, it isn't such a bad spot to be in.

Bailey's The Best

(Continued from page 19)

as a regular catcher for the Reds. Although Bailey first put on a Cincinnati uniform back in 1948, after he had been graduated from high school, last year marked the first season he ever caught 100 games for the club.

It took some time for Ed to get a real chance with the Reds but when it came he made the best of it. He batted an even .300 in 118 games last year, drove in 75 runs and belted 28 homers, a new club record for Cincinnati catchers. Bailey made cousins of Brooklyn's pitchers, slamming nine of his homers off them and compiling a .353 average at their expense. In addition to all that, he proved the most consistent pinch-hitter in the majors with eight hits in 13 tries for a gaudy .615.

"That wasn't too bad a showing," Bailey says with understandable pride, "but I shed a lot of sweat before I made it."

Part of that sweat was on a trip back to the minors in 1955 after he had spent the entire 1954 season with Cincy and was just beginning to feel comfortable in big-league trappings. But Ed did a lot more sweating before he was able to conquer the one bad habit that had been holding him back. That habit was swinging too hard at every pitch. "Everyone I ever played for kept telling me I was swinging too hard," the well-built catcher says. "I listened to what they told me but I couldn't absorb it. Maybe I was just plain hardheaded."

Tebbetts finally decided to act one day in April of 1955 as the Cincinnati club was coming north from spring training. The Reds were in High Point, N. C., for an exhibition game with Washington when Birdie made a drastic change in Bailey's batting style, just as he did with third baseman Don Hoak this past spring. "I

used to hold the bat up on my shoulder," Ed says, "but Birdie made me lower it to a point slightly above my belt. Then he told me to bring the bat straight back. Right off, I got rid of a hitch I used to have and I found I could handle the bat better. The last thing Birdie told me was that he wanted me to swing easy. I had tried to cut down on my swing for years but with this new batting style it came much easier. First time I tried it was against Washington that same day. Chuck Stobbs was pitching and I hit a homer, swinging only half as hard as I used to."

Needless to add, Bailey is a confirmed disciple of the easy-does-it school now. He even laughs at the futile way he used to knock himself out trying for the long ball in the old days. "Ballplayers have to grow up, just like people," he says. "It took me a while but with Birdie's help I finally got it into my head that swinging easy was the best thing for me."

"You know, you go around to all the fellows on our ball club and they'll tell you what a great guy Tebbetts is. Every word they're telling you is true. He did everything in the world for me, I mean everything. Aw, I get a little smart once in a while and say something to him I shouldn't, but I'd break my neck for him. I consider him like a father. I feel perfectly free to go to him for any advice I need, whether it deals with something on the field or off the field. During a ball game, Birdie leaves his catchers more or less on their own. Occasionally, when we get in trouble we ask him for help but otherwise we call all the signals. Any time I get into a rut with the bat, I go to him and ask what's wrong. Generally he'll tell me the same thing: I'm swinging too hard again."

Always on the lookout to improve his hitters, Tebbetts called outfielder

Jerry Lynch and bonus-player Bobby Henrich together one day last spring in Sarasota, Fla., where the Reds were scheduled for an exhibition game with his old club, the Red Sox. As an afterthought, Birdie invited Bailey to join the group and then, without telling any of the three where he was taking them, he simply said, "C'mon with me."

Tebbetts led his three players into the Boston clubhouse and introduced them to Ted Williams. Birdie told Ted he'd like him to give them a few batting tips.

"What the hell are you doing in here?" Williams said good-naturedly, looking right at Bailey. "You had a pretty good year yourself."

"Well, I guess I just followed the crowd," Ed replied, "but I'm glad I came along."

Lynch, Henrich and Bailey listened closely to The Master during that informal clubhouse seminar. Bailey claims he still profits from some of Ted's tips. "What stood out in my mind about him was that he was such a positive thinker," Ed declares. "He doesn't think there's anyone in the world he can't hit. I wouldn't be at all surprised that he's right. Talking to us that day, he emphasized the importance of getting a good ball to hit. He said if we didn't get a good pitch to hit at on the first two strikes, we shouldn't go fishing after the next pitch. He told us to get a bat we could handle. Most important of all, though, he kept drumming home the idea that a good hitter has to know the strike zone."

Bailey makes little effort to conceal his admiration when he talks about Williams the hitter. "I remember him coming up to the plate in the All-Star game at Washington last year," says Ed. "Tough to see the ball today, eh kid," he said to me. I hardly knew how to answer him. I felt like asking him for his autograph."

The square name of Cincinnati's new young catching star is Lonas Edgar Bailey, Jr., but everyone calls him just plain Ed. He was born and raised in Strawberry Plains, Tenn., not much more than a fungo drive from Knoxville, where he now lives. "Strawberry is a real big city," Ed reports. "It's got a thousand people in it."

There is still a bit of the small-town boy in Bailey although he knows his way around the big cities and no one is ever going to out-slick him. Few big-leaguers are more friendly, pleasant or down-to-earth than the six-foot, two-inch, 205-pound Bailey. He mixes a dry sense of humor with an inoffensive trace of cockiness at times, but he is easy to like.

When you talk to him about how everyone is calling him the best catcher in the National League, for example, he automatically will call attention to the virtues of the other receivers in the circuit.

There's Campanella . . . "He's been the best so long that I still think of him that way," Bailey says.

Then there's Del Crandall of the Braves . . . "You'll never see a low ball get away from him."

And Stan Lopata of the Phils . . . "He hits the ball a mile and handles the pitching staff real good."

And Hal Smith of the Cards . . . "A guy who can throw the ball as good as anyone I've ever seen."

And, of course, his own Cincinnati teammate, Smoky Burgess . . . "For



my money, one of the best hitters in baseball, and remember, too, he was on the All-Star team the year before I was."

Several experts have pointed out that Bailey is not a great deal unlike Birdie Tebbetts when he broke in as a big-league catcher. He's quick with a quip like Birdie was, he's all business when he squats down behind the plate and he has the confidence and respect of the entire Cincinnati pitching staff. The one big difference between Bailey and Birdie when he was catching is that Ed is, so far, much the better hitter.

Since he is a lefthanded batter with a tendency to pull, opposing outfielders generally shift to the right for him. Ed continually battles to keep those outfielders honest. One night before a recent game with Brooklyn, Bailey got into a conversation about it with Duke Snider and Pee Wee Reese. "If you keep playing me to pull," he warned Snider, "I'm gonna see the number on your back one of these times."

The Duke merely laughed. Sure enough, though, Ed smashed a long double to left-center that night and Snider had to tear over from right-center to retrieve the ball.

"See, I told you guys," Bailey said a little smugly to Reese at second base. "It doesn't surprise me too much." Pee Wee answered with unmistakable seriousness. "There's no reason why you shouldn't do that often. You're certainly a good enough hitter."

An off-the-cuff comment like that coming from a player like Reese gave Ed one of the biggest kicks he's had since coming to the Reds.

The first time Bailey ever saw Crosley Field in Cincinnati was when he came there to work out after winning his diploma at Rush Strong High School in Strawberry Plains. That was the summer of 1948 when Ed was a tender 17. He had been fooling around with a baseball since he was six. His father, Lonas, Sr., didn't appreciate it even though he had played semi-pro ball himself. The elder Bailey had a grocery and meat business in Strawberry Plains and he wanted Ed and another son, Jim (now pitching with Clovis of the class B Southwestern League) to take care of the deliveries to customers.

"My dad used to clout me and my brother Jim for playing ball," Ed says, laughing. "We used to bust the boards on the side of the barn and the house. Dad would get on us all right, but I'll say one thing for him. He always bought us the best baseball equipment. He's a rabid Cincinnati fan now. So is my mother. But I think the greatest fan I have is my older brother, Bill. He never misses making a trip with our club."

Two other staunch Bailey fans are his attractive, dark-haired wife, Betty Lou, and his two-and-a-half-year-old son, Jeffrey Edwin. "Sometimes when we're on the road, I call home," Ed says, "but Jeff won't talk to me when my wife tells him I'm on the phone. He's too busy watching some ball game on television. He thinks every player in the game is me. Calls 'em all Dad. Whenever he sees a player slide, he gets excited and yells, 'Dad runs and falls down.'"

Let's go back to 1948. Bailey worked out that summer with Cincinnati but decided to enter the University of Tennessee instead. He played both basketball and baseball as a freshman.

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Since the frosh nine had another catcher who couldn't play any other position, Ed was stationed at third base. He worked out with Cincinnati again in the summer of 1949 and quit school that fall. In November of that year, Cincinnati scout Paul Florence signed Ed for a \$12,000 bonus. Ed's mother cried at the signing because she had wanted him to stay in school.

Bailey trained with the Reds at Tampa, Fla., in the spring of 1950 by which time Luke Sewell, a former catcher himself, was managing the club. Luke worked patiently with young Ed, teaching him the various positions behind the plate. Veteran Walker Cooper, then with Cincinnati, also took Bailey in tow.

"Coop and I used to have a lot of fun," Ed says. "He showed me a lot of things about catching, like giving signs, slowing down a pitcher and all that. He'd ride me once in a while and I'd ride him back. I was a young punk of 18. What did I know? One day he says to me, 'Think you can run?' I told him I could beat him. He says he'll run me for ten bucks. It's okay with me. We let Sewell hold the money. We run all right, but I notice Coop taking it slow and easy and laughing all the time. I won the race easily but Luke gives Coop the money. I asked how come. Cooper can hardly stop laughing. Then he tells me he only said he'd run me for ten bucks, not beat me. It cost me ten bucks to act smart. Coop bought Cokes for the whole club."

Since a bonus player could be sent to the minors right off in those days, Ed was shipped to Ogden of the Pioneer League where he caught in 124 games and hit class C pitching for

a .313 average. There was basic training instead of spring training for Bailey the following March. He was drafted and sent to an Infantry Division at Fort Jackson, S. C., where he played baseball with such other pros as Roger Craig, Frank House, Vito Valentinetti, Joe Cunningham and Ted Tappe. Ed wasn't officially discharged from service until March 20, 1953, but he obtained a furlough two weeks before that and hustled down to Tampa to train with the Reds.

All he did was catch batting practice. Rogers Hornsby, who had succeeded Sewell as manager, hardly knew Bailey was around. Finally, the day before he was supposed to report back to the Army for his discharge, Ed was slated to catch batting practice again before an exhibition game with the Phillies at Clearwater. He balked. "I'm leaving," he told Hornsby bluntly. "I haven't played in a single game all spring. All I've done is catch batting practice. You don't even know what I can do."

Hornsby decided to find out right then and there. He instructed Bailey to catch against the Phillies that day and all Ed did was drive in six runs with two homers, two doubles and a single.

General manager Gabe Paul of the Reds told Bailey to be sure to hurry back to Tampa after he got his discharge. Ed, of course, listened to him. Under baseball rules, Cincinnati was obliged to keep Bailey at least 60 days following his discharge but Ed voluntarily waived that right and agreed to go to Tulsa of the Texas League. "I didn't think I was ready yet to play in the majors," he explains.

"I hit a few homers early in the



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JACK FLECK?

JACK Fleck's name won't be mentioned when the conversation gets around to the all-time greats of golf. He will be remembered—if he is at all—as a pretty good swinger who had one fantastic streak of luck. He came out of nowhere to win the National Open, and promptly went back to nowhere.

Fleck walked with the gods on a June day in San Francisco in 1955 when he upset Ben Hogan in a playoff, earned more money than he had ever had at any one time in his life, got invited to the White House and to any number of television shows, and received offers adding up to \$75,000. The Open itself netted him only \$6,000 (on a day when he didn't have in his pockets the three dollars to pay his locker fee). But with it came testimonials, endorsements, paid TV appearances, exhibitions, promotional jobs. Jack couldn't take them all. There just wasn't enough time to rake in all the gold.

Still, he did very well with the offers he could accept—well enough that he became a successful promotional agent for a company manufacturing collapsible golf carts, president of (and large investor in) a syndicate that last fall bought a suburban Detroit golf club, owner of his own home and a comfortable bank account. Exhibitions paid him well through the summer of 1955, and his hometown admirers gave him a Cadillac.

The Iowan had never won an important tournament before the '55 Open. He didn't win another in the next two years. His crown had lost much of its sheen by the time the 1956 Open rolled around at Rochester, N.Y. None of the experts ranked Jack among the likely contenders, and they were right. He failed to qualify when the field was cut to 50.

Yet, if Jack Fleck never places high in another tourney, that one Open championship has made his life secure. It's a life that, from grammar school days, has been dedicated to golf with a zeal he couldn't forget even on his wedding night. While his bride looked on, Jack got out a club for a practice swing—and broke the chandelier in their hotel room. "We were headed for the Los Angeles Open on our honeymoon," Mrs. Fleck recalls, "and Jack started worrying about his

swing." She also remembers a time, a few years later, when their three-room apartment was cluttered with golf magazines and she suggested throwing out a few. "No," he said. "I might be laid up sometime and what would I have to read?" Fleck wanted to name their son, now six, Snead Hogan. Mrs. Fleck objected. Finally he gave her a list of National Open winners and she compromised by selecting Craig Wood. So it's Craig Wood Fleck.

Mrs. Fleck estimates that it cost them eight dollars for every dollar Jack won in 1950, his first year on the winter tournament circuit. Before he won the Open, he had pocketed \$2,752.38 from 15 tournaments in 1955 to reinforce the modest salary he received as the pro at two Davenport, Iowa, municipal courses.

Fleck had to wait two years for his opportunity to become a pro at a private club. He returned to double duty in Davenport, his hometown, after the Open win until he and some of his pro friends in the Detroit area decided to go into business for themselves last fall. Doug Ford and Ted Kroll, prominent members of the tournament circuit, were among them. Fleck and his fellow golfers formed a syndicate and put up more than half the money toward the purchase of the Brooklands Golf Club, 20 miles north of Detroit. They changed the name to Rochester Golf and Country Club and they made Fleck president of the corporation and head of the professional division. Jack bought a comfortable home two miles from the course.

He makes only occasional trips to the tournament whirl, where he became familiar with heartbreak and near-poverty before the jackpot popped up that one memorable time. Fleck played, with mediocre results, only in the Los Angeles and Houston Opens last winter, then tied for 26th and won \$350 in the Masters. He added \$322 for finishing 19th in the Kansas City Open a few weeks later, then said he was on his way back to "spend the summer teaching at the home club."

Whether he's a good teacher or not—and his fellow pros obviously think he is good—Jack is happy. He was a one-shot champ, but it paid off.

—Bill Bryson

season at Tulsa and I became home-run crazy," he says. "I was swinging from my heels at every pitch. Before you knew it that average of mine began sinking like a dying quail." Ed finished the season with 21 homers ("I really hit 23 but they only gave me credit for 21—two got lost somewhere in the statistics"). Despite a .243 average and 104 strikeouts, Bailey was appraised as "one of the best-looking young catchers in organized baseball" by Tulsa manager Joe Schultz. Those are the words Schultz, a good judge of talent, used in his report to the Cincinnati front office.

While Ed would just as soon forget that season because of his batting average, he enjoys recalling it as the one during which he married Betty Lou. The two had known each other four years, ever since they had gone on a double date in Knoxville. Ed had decided on that first date that Betty Lou was the girl for him, even though he had been paired off with her friend.

Bailey played winter ball in Venezuela at the end of 1953 and batted .300 in 72 games for the Pastora club. When he joined Cincinnati in the spring of 1954, Tebbetts was beginning his first year there as manager. He liked Bailey's looks immediately but he frowned on the vicious, here-goes-everything cut that Ed took at the ball.

First Tebbetts tried having him choke the bat; then he had him stand closer to the plate. In any case, veteran Andy Seminick did most of the catching for the club that year while Bailey and Landrith caught only on occasion. Ed appeared in 73 games and had an average of .197. Of his 36 hits, nine were homers, three were triples and two were doubles. When he hit them, apparently, they traveled. Trouble was there was too long a time between travels.

Bailey got off to another miserable start in the spring of 1955. The Reds by this time were growing a little weary of waiting for him to arrive. Seminick was getting along in years and they needed a catcher they could rely on day in and day out. So, on April 30, 1955, they obtained Smoky Burgess, a .368 hitter the year before, from the Phillies along with Steve Ridzik and Stan Palys for Seminick, Jim Greengrass and Glen Gorbous.

When he heard of the trade, Bailey didn't exactly stand up and cheer. He knew the acquisition of Burgess meant he was being pushed further back. He was right. Gabe Paul called him into his private office on May 10 and told him that he was being optioned to San Diego of the Pacific Coast League.

"I wasn't happy about the news, to say the least," he admits now, "but looking back, I think it was the best thing that ever happened to me. Bob Elliott was managing San Diego. He left me alone and didn't bother me at all."

Ed, at least, got some fairly steady work on the Coast. Elliott used him in 108 games and Bailey responded with a respectable .282 average, 60 RBIs and 16 homers. By now, Ed was profiting handsomely from Birdie's advice. He had cut down on his swing and was now flipping the bat instead of upper-cutting with it.

Once again, Bailey played winter ball and this time he batted .332 for Valencia in Venezuela. He got his share of homers, ten in 54 games, and led the league with 49 runs-batted-in. "When the 1956 season started," Ed

recalls, "I wasn't sure I'd get a chance to catch with Cincinnati. After all, Smoky had had a fine season the year before (Burgess hit .306 in 115 games for the Reds). But I made up my mind to be patient and keep remembering Birdie's advice. Swing easy. I still follow that advice today."

Bailey got his chance soon and performed spectacularly. Even so, Burgess was too good a ballplayer to cool his heels on the bench. Inasmuch as he, too, is a lefthanded hitter, Tebbetts could not platoon him with Bailey. But Smoky saw action in 90 games anyway and hit 12 homers while batting .275. Birdie confidentially admits he'd like to have both Bailey and Burgess in the lineup, particularly in Brooklyn where the right-field screen presents such an inviting target. The problem is where would Tebbetts put the one who didn't catch. It could be Bailey at third base some day. Birdie knows he played the position in high school.

And while on the subject of the Bailey-Burgess combination, Ed would like to get one thing straight. "All the time a lot of people thought he and I were feuding over the catching job last year, we were rooming together. Smoky and I are as good friends as any two people I know. We're both for winning."

Apart from swinging too hard, Bailey had one other glaring weak-

the sport quiz

Answers from page 62

1 The Brooklyn Dodgers. 2 In a 12-round decision. 3 The Masters (Doug Ford); The Ladies PGA (Louise Suggs); The U.S. Open (Dick Mayer). 4 Shirley Fry. 5 McCreary-Garrison finish; Longden-Front-runner; Atkinson-"The Slasher." 6 Palo Alto (Stanford); Ann Arbor (Michigan); Coral Gables (Miami, Fla.). 7 Green (tennis); Breen (swimming); Keane (pro football). 8 Tris Speaker ('20); Lou Boudreau ('48); Al Lopez ('54). 9 The Southwest and Big Ten. 10 Granny Hamner.

ness when Tebbetts first spotted him in 1954. Ed had a habit of giving pop fouls over his head what the players call the lah-de-dah, meaning he simply didn't bother going after them. "The screens in the minors are so close to the plate that I got in the habit of assuming the fouls would hit the screen," Bailey explains.

Birdie took care of this with a series of small but aggravating fines. Now Bailey chases everything. It's easier on his pocketbook this way and it has made a better catcher of him.

Like the majority of Cincinnati players, Ed hopes he'll wear a Redleg uniform for his entire career. "The club, the fans, and everyone in Cincinnati have been wonderful to me," he says. "I'd like to be at least half as good to them for the next ten or 12 years. My biggest wish is to form a brother battery with my 21-year-old kid brother, Jim. He's a real good lefthanded pitcher and he's in the Cincinnati chain."

Until that happens, the Reds are satisfied with their half of the brother battery.

— ■ —

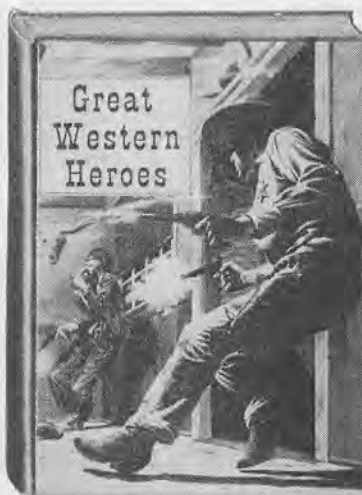
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Sugar Ray, The Miracle Man

(Continued from page 17)

Sugar Ray was slightly ahead of Turpin in the tenth round of that 1951 fight when a head-on collision opened up a deep gash above his left eye. With the blood gushing down his face, it was apparent that Ray had to stretch Turpin out or stand an excellent chance of having the fight stopped. Unhesitatingly, he fired every gun he had. He staggered Turpin with a right, sent him halfway down with another right, then finished the job with a wicked right uppercut. When Randy arose at the count of nine, "the old champ"—as the accounts of the day put it—belted him into the ropes. For a wild half-minute he bounced an uncountable number of punches off the Englishman's bobbing head before referee Ruby Goldstein moved in and stopped it.

Just before he got his first crack at a championship—after he had been the uncrowned welterweight champion for five full years—Ray pulled out a fight against tough Artie Levine. Far ahead going into the final round, Levine had only to be alive and breathing at the bell in order to win. He was counted out with 19 seconds of the fight remaining.

Ray has always had that kind of special determination and tenacity. He has always had the single-minded ability—and native intelligence—to accomplish whatever he put his mind to. As a kid in Harlem, playing along Seventh Avenue, he announced that he was going to own property along that street. He now owns a full block. In that block are his own businesses, a cafe, a lingerie shop run by his wife and a cleaning establishment.

And he is no mere front; he works at his businesses. As any promoter

will tell you, Sugar Ray approaches a business deal with much the same ferocity with which he approached Gene Fullmer, Randy Turpin or Artie Levine.

For a man who has been such a mighty figure in the sports world, who has provided the writers with as much copy and the fans with as many thrills, Ray Robinson has always been surprisingly unpopular. In some cases, the reasons are readily apparent. Ray has been, in effect, his own manager since he was 20 years old, a situation which does not endear him to the professional (or non-bleeding) manager. If other fighters ever get the idea that they can get along without managers—especially if they can fight like Ray Robinson can—then the members of the managers' guild will have to find a new dodge. Managers became his enemy on herd instinct. (No men so loathed by that herd can be wholly bad.)

Ray, as we have hinted, does not set out to get any the worst of a deal. His philosophy is expressed simply and directly: "If I'm due a dollar, why should I let them give me fifty cents?"

He does not accept 50 cents—or even 99 cents. In the second Turpin fight, he, as challenger, got 30 per cent of everything (and it was the largest non-heavyweight purse in history). Turpin, the champion, got 25 per cent. The deal Ray made with Gene Fullmer—without benefit of IBC meddling—caused Jim Norris plenty of headaches but Sugar Ray couldn't see why it wasn't perfectly equitable; he got almost everything and Fullmer got almost nothing.

During the negotiations for the second match with Bobo Olson, the IBC sent Joe Louis around to try to

soften Ray up, a move which could hardly be considered unreasonable since Louis is an IBC employee. But Sugar Ray blew his stack. "You should be on my side," he shouted, "not theirs! Do you want the same thing to happen to me that happened to you?" Neither Robinson nor Louis found himself at a total loss for words over the following few minutes, but Sugar Ray's attitude is that they were good enough friends so that they were entitled to have a good hot argument. Although the newspapers kept them sniping at each other for a while, Ray insists that the whole thing was blown up way out of proportion. Ray trained for the second Fullmer fight at the Joe Louis gym in Chicago, and Joe was there every day to help Ray plan his moves.

"I got a bad name with the IBC," Ray says, "because I wanted a share of the television money when I found out the rights were being sold. If a manager says I want this, this and this for my boy, everybody says he's doing a great job. If a fighter does it on his own behalf, everybody says he's a dirty word."

Ray's managerial picture has always been just a little out of focus. When he first turned professional he was managed by Kurt Horrmann of the R&H brewery family. Horrmann was in the game for kicks and he did not always break his back to get his boy the best possible deal. Ray finally bought him out for \$10,000 and turned the managerial title over to George Gainford. There is reason to believe that Gainford got the full managerial cut until Robinson embarked upon his European tour late in 1950. Although Gainford retained the title of manager on that trip, he was placed on straight salary. He has remained on salary since. Gainford still trains Sugar Ray but the manager of record—and even Ray smiles when he says it—is Harold "Killer" Johnson, an old friend from Chicago.

In the course of his comeback, Ray was supposed to have picked up a whole stable of managers, a situation the writers had a lot of fun with. "Boxing is big business," Ray says. "There's a lot more to it than just going into the ring. Most of it, as a matter of fact, takes place before you go into the ring. There was a lot of talk about all the managers I was supposed to have. They weren't managers, they were advisors. A boxing deal, like any other business deal, requires a lot of preliminary discussion."

During the early years, Mike Jacobs used to take Ray aside before negotiations got under way so that he could let him know how much he should hold out for. (Ray, who had not yet learned how to hold to his price, would usually end up with considerably less.) Fond though he seemed to be of Sugar Ray, however, Jacobs would never let him fight for the championship. The story has always been that Jacobs told Ray he was so much the best of the welterweights that he would kill the division. That would seem to be ridiculous on the face of it, though, since the men who dominate their divisions have always been the great draws. "Jacobs wanted me to sign an exclusive contract," Ray now says, "and although I liked Mike, I didn't want to be controlled by anybody. I wanted to be able to fight for anybody, anywhere."

Having learned his lessons in so



hard a school, Robinson is no easy mark for promoters to deal with. His terms are so stiff, the promoters say, that he ends up as the only guy in the hall who makes any money.

The promoters' real beef against Sugar Ray is that they can never be sure that he's going through with the fight. Sugar Ray's reputation for running out on contracts has achieved the status (if you will pardon the pun) of a running gag. Ray takes the position that such charges are ridiculous. "Why would I run out on a fight? For what purpose? Fighting is what I do for a living. Am I supposed to be afraid of somebody? I've fought everybody around, in and out of my division. Any time I ran out of a contract, I could have been suspended and sued."

Ray has been suspended at least once and he has had to negotiate himself out of suspensions at least twice. On the other hand, he has been accused of running out on fights at least 20 times. Once, when he was hauled up before the Boxing Commissioner under threat of being suspended if he didn't go through with a fight for which the promoter thought he had a firm oral agreement, Ray parked a lawyer in the hall. "Suspend me and keep me from earning a living in my profession," he said, "and I'll sue you." The hearing came to an abrupt end.

"What happens," he says, "is that promoters like to release publicity about a fight before the contract is actually signed. If there's nothing signed, there's no contract." Where he has got into trouble, it has almost always been where Gainford signed the contract, not Sugar Ray.

But, say the promoters, this is the way fights are made. Everything is done orally, and the actual signing is little more than a formality. "Dealing with Robinson," one promoter says, "is worse than dealing with U.S. Steel. First of all, you have to deal with his spokesmen. Gainford will come around to tell you what percentage he wants. Then another guy will come around with a figure on the television cut. Then a third guy will be around with the wording on the clause for the return match in case he loses. After all this has been done, you still haven't got anything because the whole deal has to be cleared again with Sugar Ray."

The fact of the matter, of course, is that Robinson will not go into a ring unless he is sure he is in the best possible condition. Immediately after he says he has never run out on a fight, he contradicts himself by saying, "If I felt, two minutes before the bell rang, that I wasn't ready, I wouldn't go on. This is no game, a man can get killed in the ring. People who yell about 'runout' would feel a lot different if it was one of their own loved ones in there."

To Robinson, the attitude that the show must go on is ridiculous. A fighter has only two or three shots a year. A loss can cost him a small fortune in future matches. To go on at anything less than your best, then, he feels, is juvenile and stupid.

Ray's reputation is now such that he would be accused of running out on a fight if he got hit by a truck and broke both legs. When Ray asked for a postponement on the first Fullmer fight, the writers, in full bray, agreed that Ray—always thoughtful—was trying to give Fullmer a little more



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time in which to get nervous. Harry Markson, executive director of the IBC, immediately rushed a doctor out to Robinson's home so that he could be examined in his native haunts. "I'm no doctor," Markson says. "But if you see a man with bloodshot, bleary eyes and a stuffed nose, it isn't hard to come to the conclusion that he has a very bad cold. He might have been better by the night of the fight, but he obviously would not have been in top condition. As it was, he had to take a very bad night—January 2—for the new date and he wasn't very happy about it. Most of this talk about Ray Robinson is exaggerated."

As you may have gathered, Ray is not much more popular with the sportswriters than he is with the managers or promoters. This is a cross he seems to bear with equanimity. He sees little necessity for going out of his way to grant interviews to writers who have knocked him, an attitude, in these days when public relations men rule the world, that is eminently revolutionary.

It is entirely possible to write a magazine article about him, but only after you have resigned yourself to the principle that an appointment is official only when he decides to keep it. If they ever start suspending fighters for running out on appointments, Sugar Ray will have had it.

Sugar Ray seems to upset boxing writers by 1) giving them stories which do not always turn out to be entirely true; 2) giving them true stories in French. The first is not considered a capital offense, especially where it is a particularly good story, but the second is unforgivable.

In all seriousness, Ray was quite upset by the open talk that he had deliberately lost to Fullmer in the first fight in order to set up a big purse for the return. It started among the hangers-on, the lunatics and the wise guys who are always trying to prove that they know the score, Mac... But before long even so good a fight reporter as Joe Williams was writing, "How on earth did he ever lose to such a poorly equipped opponent in the first place? One answer may be that Robinson has a green thumb whose powers are such as to make two rich purses grow where normally only one might be expected. This has led to a unique pattern in which he finds himself winning, losing and rewinning from the same man. Profitable, yes, but to an artist, a coincidence of this sort can be embarrassing as well as frustrating."

Other writers were saying that a man had to be crazy to bet on a Robinson fight. It became popular to say that the prospective Basilio-Robinson fight was hard to handicap since no one could tell how hard Ray would be trying "the first time."

They have been trying to make a Jimmy Carter out of Robinson, and it is a comparison that Ray does not deserve. He has held world championships five separate times (welterweight once and middleweight four times), but before Fullmer, he had played a home-and-home series with only one man, Randy Turpin. Nobody intimated that Ray had been setting up anything that time, because once a championship is left in a foreign country it stands a very good chance of never getting past the customs

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officers again. If Turpin had been just a little more hep, he would have ignored the return-bout clause in the original contract and gone out and made some money before he fought Robinson again, if he fought him again at all.

Robinson points out that if he had wanted to throw fights he could have been a millionaire long ago. "They don't seem to realize what a terrible accusation they're making," he says. "It's a very bad accusation. Well, it's calling me a thief. I say they forget their obligations to their readers to write only what they know is the truth and they forget their obligation to me as a human being. Especially because I'm a Negro. Maybe a white man fights only for the money, but for the Negro it's fame and honor. I mean what I'm saying: I fight for the honor. I don't know how I can explain it to you, to make you know how I mean it . . . Look, old people come in here just to touch me. Just to touch me on the sleeve. And kids. A kid wakes up after a heart operation and they say what do you want, and he says I want to talk to Ray Robinson. Tell me, can you buy that? Am I going to disillusion those people at this stage of my career by throwing a fight? I can't understand this. There has never been one suggestion of dishonesty in any fight I've ever been in up to this and I've been fighting all my life."

Ray thinks he knows why they've suddenly jumped on him. "They're looking for an out," he says. "They've been looking for outs all along. First they all said I shouldn't come back, they all said I could never do it. When I did win the championship from Olson, I didn't get the honor I had coming to me. When the referee raised my hand in victory and I knew I had done what no man had ever done before, I started to cry. I was sure I'd get Fighter of the Year out of it. Instead, they all belittled Olson. They'd been calling him a great fighter before, they'd made him a 4-1 favorite, but after it was over they decided he was really a bum.

"They said I had no chance against Fullmer this time, so now they need another out. If they can say that I wasn't trying the first time, then it doesn't make them look so bad."

Ray will admit they have some justification for saying that he fought a peculiar fight that first time out. "It's the only fight where I ever followed the same pattern for 15 rounds. I don't know why, I just wasn't thinking at all. I feel now that it was meant to happen the way it has; if I hadn't lost the first fight the second fight would never have been so big."

Although we don't think Sugar Ray needs any defense, there are a couple of things that might well be pointed out. After the first fight, Marv Jenson, Fullmer's manager, was mildly censured for making Fullmer hold to the pre-battle plan of keeping himself well protected as he lunged after Robinson. It was generally acknowledged that if Jenson had unleashed his tiger, Robinson probably would have been knocked out. In the return bout, Fullmer seemed to feel that Sugar Ray was indeed the toothless lion the papers said he was. Fullmer carried his hands much lower and went after Ray with far more abandon. It was Fullmer who fought a different fight that night, not Robinson. All Ray did was to encourage him in his folly.

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The Fight That Never Was



IT is generally agreed that Jack Dempsey's fight with Harry Wills—the fight that never was—would have drawn a couple of million dollars. The most dynamic heavyweight champion of many generations against the so-called Dark Menace.

Most boxing fans are aware that promoter Tex Rickard blocked it in New York City. "It would cause race riots," he said. He sealed its doom by taking Dempsey to Philadelphia, where he lost the title to Gene Tunney. The story untold all these years is that Dempsey and Wills almost were signed to fight by an independent promoter after cloak-and-dagger contact work by a well-known New York fight manager of the time.

Broadway Charley Rose was the manager. He was a confidant of Paddy Mullins, Wills' manager, he was friendly with Dempsey, and he had done business with Floyd Fitzsimmons, an important promoter in the Midwest. Rose had been responsible for the heavyweight champion signing to box Billy Miske in a Fitzsimmons-promoted fight at Benton Harbor, Mich., and he wasn't surprised one day when he got a phone call from Floyd, who was calling from South Bend, Ind. "Charley, I want you to go to work for me. With your help, I can make Dempsey-Wills. I can pay Dempsey a million guaranteed, Wills \$200,000. But you know Paddy Mullins, he's a stubborn old man and he'd starve with his fighter rather than make a deal with me. Will you get him to sit down with me?"

Rose assured Fitzsimmons that he would arrange it, but warned him: "You've got to do just what I tell you. It won't be easy." Floyd promised he would. Charley's instructions were for Fitzsimmons to come to New York and put himself at his disposal.

Recounting the adventure later, Rose said: "I kept Fitzsimmons waiting at a hotel for several days. Then, when I knew Paddy would be at home in Brooklyn, I got Fitzsimmons in a cab with me and we rode to Paddy's house. When we arrived, I made Fitzsimmons walk around the corner. 'If you're in sight, Mullins may not even open the door,' I told him. I went up alone and rang the bell. Paddy, a

crusty, old-fashioned guy, came to the door in his red-flannel underwear. He wanted to know what I was doing there and I said I was just in the neighborhood and decided to drop in. It was a lie and he knew it, but the old man liked me and he asked me in.

"We shot the breeze for half an hour and I was careful never to mention fights even once. But I kept saying that people who have made mistakes often are sorry and like to try to make up for it. Finally I edged around to the Dempsey proposition and the fact that Fitzsimmons would pay Wills \$200,000. 'But I wouldn't go around the corner to talk to him,' Paddy said. 'You don't have to,' I said. 'I've got him around the corner waiting for you.'

"That broke the ice and I went out and brought Fitzsimmons in to shake hands with Mullins. In 15 minutes they okayed terms, site—everything. But Paddy insisted, 'Suppose Dempsey backs out, what protection has Wills?' It was a fair question but Fitzsimmons was a fair man. He said he would give Wills a check for \$50,000. If the fight went through, it would be deducted from the guarantee; if it didn't, the money belonged to Wills anyway."

Harry got the check within a week, Rose reported.

Meanwhile Charley had verified Dempsey's interest in fighting Wills. "For a million dollars, I'd fight anybody," he said.

Rose was intrigued by the source of the guarantees. With a plea for secrecy, Fitzsimmons finally told him that a "big, big" man was behind it, a member of the Studebaker automobile family.

The formal signing was only a day or two off when a disquieting report came to Rose. Fitzsimmons had locked horns with Tex Rickard, who always could influence Dempsey, and Rickard had vowed to "fix" Fitzsimmons. The next night the pressure that Rickard could exert was felt. Dempsey called through his wife, Estelle Taylor, and said the fight was off.

But Wills had his money, the easiest "purse" he had ever earned. A piece of the \$50,000 went to Broadway Charley. At least Charley had earned his pay.

—Lester Bromberg

"Planning for a fight," he said, "mostly being in the ring and you can cope with whatever happens. We try to set certain traps, and they almost never work. The other fighter rarely runs that true to form. For Fullmer, we tried to encourage him to be a little more aggressive—mostly by giving him openings for his right hand. It was one of the few times that pre-fight strategy ever worked for me."

Another reason for Ray's listless performance the first time was that he was out to show his detractors that he could go 15 rounds. What started as a private challenge to himself became something like an obsession after Archie Moore was knocked out by Floyd Patterson. Sugar Ray found himself concentrating on the wrong goal, and by the time he shook himself loose, he had lost the fight.

Although few people inside the fight business believe that Robinson deliberately lost to Fullmer, their reasoning isn't awfully flattering to Sugar Ray. Robinson, they point out, looked just as bad during the first four rounds of the second fight as he had looked through the full 15 rounds of the first. "All that talk is ridiculous," says Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato. "Robinson couldn't be sure he'd win a rematch, because Robinson can't fight any more. He just got in his one punch."

Ray has an answer for that, too. "Sure, it was one punch. But that's all it takes. Setting up that one punch, that's what the whole thing's about." He is too polite to add that if Fullmer had got up, he might have hit him twice that night, but he leaves little room to doubt that if he hadn't landed his punch in the fifth, he would have landed it before the night was over. And if Sugar Ray did have to get his man early if he was to get him at all . . . well, doesn't that make his feat all the more remarkable?

Sugar Ray, frankly, no longer quails before the prospect of a bad press. He seems to view every knock at his ability as a challenge. If there had been no skeptics, it seems, then the full flavor of his triumph would have been lost. It does hurt him, though, to know that some Negroes have always disliked him. Part of it, of course, is nothing more than jealousy. Ray drives around in a long, sleek Cadillac convertible. He is carefully and spotlessly groomed. And he walks with a pride that can easily be taken for arrogance, especially when it is. Under no conditions will he apologize for himself. If he has to tell someone he hasn't got the money he's supposed to have for him, he will still dress with meticulous care, he will still oil down his hair, he will still go and look him in the eye.

The human animal is a funny thing. Negroes outside Harlem take great pride in Ray's accomplishments, in part because they feel he reflects credit upon themselves. And yet his neighbors, the people who see him walking the street every day, frequently resent him. Despite his chariot, he is no plumed knight in Harlem. They look upon that flaming convertible sitting in front of Sugar Ray's Cafe and they see it as his way of announcing that he has risen above them, that he could leave Harlem if he wanted to. What they resent, then, is not Sugar Ray but their own condition in life.

Both Ray and his wife insist that

the anti-Robinson Negroes are a small—if occasionally outspoken—minority. But they are both annoyed that any Negro should go out of his way to knock any other Negro who has made good. "Jealousy and spite," says Mrs. Robinson. "Much of our race's trouble rises out of our ignorance. We shouldn't allow ourselves to pull on the coattails of any of us who has risen from the filth. And that is what Ray has done; he has pulled himself out of the filth of the gutter."

Most of Ray's casual acquaintances end up as outriders for the knockers. When he's making the ordinary rounds at night, Ray likes to be an entertainer. He'll dance and beat the drums and tell jokes, and go all out to please his audience. The next day, if a couple of his new-found friends drop by his place to laugh some more, they stand a pretty good chance of getting cut dead. When Ray is tending to his businesses, he tends to business. And so the word goes around: "Sure, we're good enough for him when he's out to enjoy himself, but just because he's got a business and he's making a lot of money, he thinks he's too good for us."

In many ways, Ray deserves better from them. He is a charitable man who does not go out of his way to advertise his charities, since he was accused of trying to court the press when he donated his entire share of his title defense against Charlie Fusari to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund. He is a soft touch for the "penny beggars" who come in regularly for stakes—and sometimes come in such numbers that they form a line outside his office. His employees know that he not only has a list of pensioners he feeds regularly in his cafe, but that he also takes care of a few proud souls who don't want their friends to see them eating free meals at Sugar Ray's. Ray gives them the money and they buy their meals from his competition.

The picture Ray presents to the world is not always the true one. He is far from the self-sufficient person he gives the impression of being. As a rule, he does not show his disappointments, but when he is deeply hurt he goes cold and quiet. He becomes indignant when anybody dares to correct him about anything and although he can occasionally be persuaded to do something against his better judgment, he'll sulk and grouse so much that it is considered wiser to let him have his own way. And he demands complete and unquestioning loyalty from the minions of his entourage, even though he is thoughtless and undependable himself.

When Sugar Ray embarked upon his European tour, he brought along—in addition to his wife and manager—two trainers, a secretary, a golf professional and a personal barber. In Paris, he took on a midget as his translator and "bodyguard." It sounded so much like something out of an MGM picture about decadent royalty that the average sports-page reader couldn't help but mutter, "Who does this guy think he is?"

When he ended his triumphant tour by getting himself trounced handsomely by Randy Turpin, they said to themselves: "Aha, you can't live that kind of wild life and expect to stay in condition to fight. Not even if you're Sugar Ray Robinson."

Edna Mae maintains that everybody got the wrong impression of that tour.

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"The coterie had a good time, all right," she says. "But a fighter can't mess with women or drink. Ray was fighting two or three times a week, and the great concern of the camp was always about his condition. There was a constant fear that he was going to get down too fine. If there was anything wrong with his condition when he lost to Turpin, it wasn't because he was undertrained, it was because he was overtrained."

Ray doesn't drink or smoke under any conditions. He never even drank coffee until he and Edna Mae found themselves freezing at a night baseball game a few years ago. While he is training for a fight, the tension keeps building up within him, and he feels he has to have an entourage around to distract and relax him. In addition to the musicians and clowns, he might have had, in the old days, a cook, a masseur, a golf pro, a barber and a valet. One of the bitterest blows of his life came when he announced he was returning to the ring and found that the old friends had other interests. Sugar Ray felt that as soon as he whistled, they should all come running.

Robinson insists that he returned to the ring not because he was in hock to the government for back taxes but because he suddenly felt the urge to fight again. He was, he says, walking off the stage of the Alhambra Theatre in Paris when it suddenly hit him. Edna Mae was dismayed when he told her about it. ("It's a hard life for even a young man. It's an unnatural life. The first words that came to my mind were *Well, here we go again.*")

"Let's think about it and pray over it," she told him. They went to an American church in Paris. After, Ray told her he was going to cancel an upcoming African tour and return to the States.

Still not sure, he prayed for two solid weeks at St. Joseph's, a Catholic church which is almost across the street from his office. (His own church, Salem Methodist Church, is a few blocks up Seventh Avenue.) At the end of that time he still did not feel he had been given any sign. Father Blush, pastor of St. Joseph's, asked him if he still wanted to fight. Ray said he did. "Ray," Father Blush said, "you say you believe. You asked for guidance and you still want to fight, so that should be your answer."

Ray immediately announced his return to the ring.

Meanwhile, he had been discussing his financial affairs with Joe Glaser, his theatrical agent and a man who had had a stable of 26 fighters in Chicago back in the early Twenties. For all his astuteness as a businessman, Ray had been rocked by the kind of disaster he had never figured on. He had left his affairs in the hands of a business manager, and when he came back to the States he found both the business manager and a quarter-of-a-million dollars among the missing. A suit was placed against him by a delivery man who had been bitten by a dog owned by one of Robinson's employees. Ray looked over his insurance and found he wasn't covered. The case cost him \$30,000.

Glaser advised Ray to return to the ring. Although his act had sold for \$15,000 when Ray started out, the price had dropped to \$5,000 tops, and with all his expenses, Ray was lucky to realize \$1,000 net. Between his

debts and his rather privileged standard of living, it wasn't going to be enough. Ray insists, though, that he did not have to return to the ring. His financial condition wasn't too good, he says, but he could have pulled through.

As it was, Glaser took care of his debts. He put up the \$30,000 to take care of the suit. He lent Ray some money so he could make an initial payment on his tax debt. He bought up some mortgages on which Ray was being pressed. In all, he lent Ray more than \$100,000. Today, this is the only money Ray owes. He has paid off all the other obligations, including a tax bill of well over \$100,000.

The first shock came when all Ray's friends advised him against making the comeback. They were only doing what they thought best for him, but since Ray didn't doubt himself, he was affronted that anyone else could doubt him. As far as he was concerned, they were not simply saying that time had passed him by as it had passed by many good men before him; they were rejecting one of the most important decisions he had ever made, and to reject his decision was to reject him wholly. Jimmy Cannon, whom Ray had once instructed to let him know when he was through, wrote a column in which he announced that he was fulfilling that obligation. Ray felt that Cannon should have come and told him about it, instead of blaring it forth in his column. The Commission doctor, Vincent Nardiello, who had been Ray's close friend and personal physician, told him to his face that he was crazy

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and then repeated it for publication. Even those friends who rejoined the entourage did it with obvious reluctance.

Only Glaser and Edna Mae showed any confidence in his ability to really come back. "You don't need any of them," Edna Mae told him, "You need only God."

"My dancing had kept me in very good condition," he says now, "but after 31 months it was like starting all over again. I was rusty. The toughest part of all was getting into condition mentally after I found out I was going to have to prove myself all over again to everybody."

So anxious was Ray to convince the non-believers that he asked for tough Tiger Jones for his second fight. Joe Glaser told him he wasn't ready, but Ray insisted that he was. When that unhappy night was ended, he seemed to have proved only that his worst critic had been overkind. One of the judges didn't give him a single round; nobody gave him more than two.

The most discouraging moment of his life came when he returned to his training camp at Greenwood Lake. His wife and brother-in-law were there, plus a couple of close friends, Detective Johnny Jenkins and Joe Howard. That was all. Nobody from the entourage that had gathered around to let the good times roll. Nobody from the training staff that had been with him all his life.

"I thought I had some friends," he

says, grimly. "But I learned. Maybe it was the best thing that could have happened to me."

His family closed around him. "Daddy," said his wife, "I wasn't sure I wanted you to fight when you first told me about it, but now I want you to show them. You can't quit."

His mother said, "I never wanted you to fight at all, but I don't believe any man can be punished for believing in God."

For the first time in his life, Ray had to take sleeping pills. In his next fight, against a guy named Johnny Lombardo, he still looked pretty bad. Something was wrong and he couldn't figure out what it was.

Edna Mae set him straight. After one training session she said, "I don't know fighting, but I know you. You used to rely on your skill, but now you're just punching. Where's your skill now?"

"I knew she was right," Ray says. "I was trying to take my man out with one punch and that had never been my style. That was the missing link."

Ray went on to make history by regaining his title, then added the most fantastic chapter of all in the Fullmer series. At 37, he is now bigger and hotter than he ever was. And he is a man who knows how to market his product. Nothing shows the way he operates better than his negotiations for the Basilio fight, during which his patient, crab-like maneuvering brought forth glad cries of admiration from the floor of the Wall Street Stock Exchange. He started by disclaiming any interest at all in a Basilio fight. His future, he intimated, lay in the theater. He had a firm offer from Broadway producer Julie Styne to star in a musical version of *Golden Boy*, and, he said, he intended to study acting so he could achieve his heart's desire and play himself in a projected movie about his life.

In the meantime, Joe Glaser was putting forth a grandiose scheme for having Ray fight Archie Moore for the light-heavyweight title, and then go after Floyd Patterson and the heavyweight championship.

Through Ray's envoys, though, the IBC was given the distinct impression that he might be willing to fight Basilio for 45 per cent of the anticipated \$750,000 gate. (Conventionally, the fighters split 60 per cent between them.) The IBC, figuring he was really angling for 40 per cent, replied that the very best they could do would be 40 per cent—since Basilio had the unreasonable attitude that he should get paid, too.

To put pressure on Ray, the IBC signed Basilio at 25 per cent. Ray countered with the observation that if he were really interested in fighting Basilio—which, of course, he wasn't—Emil Lence, the promoter who had put on the Patterson-Jackson title fight, was willing to give him 47½ per cent, a figure at which Lence would have a fighting chance.

In the end, of course, Ray signed with the IBC.

Glaser has been so closely tied to the negotiations because he now seems to be the only man who has Sugar Ray's confidence, a situation which leaves the old hangers-on muttering unkind things into their beer.

As for Sugar Ray, the early predictions of ruin and disaster have only made the ultimate triumph sweeter. "If everybody thinks you can do something and you go ahead and do it, you haven't really done anything. But how much will power does it take to go on when everybody says you're a damn fool? It's an inspiration to me to do what people think I can't do. It's something," says Sugar Ray Robinson, "to defy the world."

— ■ —

The White Sox' Indispensable Man

(Continued from page 51)

But right now, and for the past few seasons, I'd have to take Lollar, Sherman has developed his hitting and I'll have to agree with those who say he has learned to take charge of the ball game. I gave Lollar all the credit in the world because he acquired these skills through hard work. He's one of the three most valuable players on the White Sox; Lu Aparicio and Nellie Fox are the other two."

Today you hear Sherman Lollar described as "the Rock of Gibraltar" by Bob Elson, the radio voice of the White Sox since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. You hear Ray (Cracker) Schalk, the White Sox Hall of Fame catcher, declare: "Lollar's record speaks for itself; he's as durable as Comiskey Park. And if he isn't a .300 hitter, he's a .900 man—in my book—in the clutches." And you hear Al Lopez, the current White Sox boss and the man who caught more games than any other player in major-league history, saying: "Sherm's a good, alert receiver and he calls a fine game. He isn't afraid to gamble. When I was managing Cleveland, we always thought twice before trying the hit-and-run on Lollar; he calls a lot of pitch-outs. How would I improve him? Well, that's a tough one. I'd like him to try pick-offs more; I always admired the way old Gabby

Hartnett could pick 'em off. And, of course, I wish Sherm had Jim Hegan's legs. But Hegan, who is a fine catcher, can't compare with Lollar as a hitter."

They've suddenly begun chanting the praises of Sherman Lollar for all to hear. It wasn't that way, though, when Sherm, then 21 and fresh from knocking down the International League fences with a .364 batting average the previous year, first reported to a big-league camp. That was in 1946, at the Indians' spring training camp. The Indians may not have had too many chiefs that season, but the wigwam certainly was filled with catchers. The veteran Frankie Hayes was there, along with young fellows like Lollar and Hegan, and other hopefuls with such names as Brightman, McDonnell and Weigel.

A picture of Lollar, a native Arkansan, as he was in those days, can be gained from the capsule description written by Ed McAuley, the veteran Cleveland baseball writer, at the time the Indians staked claim to the apprentice catcher. McAuley wrote: "From the brief report I have seen, he is something less than a Mickey Cochran in the department of defense. His arm isn't strong and he is slow afoot. But when he takes a bat in his hands, he is the most feared player in the International League."

Sherman Lollar, at 21, was an im-

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patient youth, and when he learned that Cleveland's plans for him centered around bench-warming, he asked manager Boudreau to return him to Baltimore. "Are you nuts?" Boudreau asked. "Kids work years to get a chance in the majors. You're here, and you want to be sent back down. Don't you know that the second chance may never come? I've seen it happen."

"I want to play every day," Lollar countered. "How about going back to Baltimore?"

So that's why the baseball records show that in 1946 John Sherman Lollar played only 28 games with the Indians and 67 with Baltimore in the International League. With the Indians, Lollar hit .242. With Baltimore, the former scourge of the International League hit a weak .234.

The Indians, who had brought Lollar back for another look at the season's end, soon traded him—with infielder Roy Mack—to the Yankees for two pitchers, Al Gettel and Gene Bearden, and outfielder Hal Peck. If Lollar had thought the Indians had an army of catchers, he was astounded by what he saw with the Yankees: Gus Niarhos, Charley Silvera, Aaron Robinson, Ken Silvestri, Ralph Houk, and a promising youngster named Yogi Berra!

Lollar played 111 games with the Yanks' farm club at Newark in the 1947 season, lifting his average to .280. He also played 11 games with the Yankees (B.A., .219). Most important, he caught two of the Yankees' World Series games with Brooklyn, and batted .750 in four appearances at the plate. That winter he looked ahead with anticipation to a long career in a Yankee uniform. He played exactly 22 Yankee games through the 1948 season, and in December was swapped to the lowly St. Louis Browns. There was only one consolation in his quick tumble from the pinnacle to the depths; the Browns gave Lollar steady employment for three seasons.

Then, late in 1951, the White Sox and the Browns got together on an eight-player swap. When the wheels had stopped spinning in Frank Lane's head, Sherman Lollar belonged to the White Sox. As Lane explains it: "Our manager, Paul Richards, wanted Lollar. He figured Lollar would be a key player in our plans to build a pennant winner in Chicago. So did I."

Lollar's switch to a Chicago uniform was eventually to bring him recognition as one of baseball's truly fine catchers. This recognition was not immediate, however. Although such authorities as Earle Brucker and Zack Taylor of the Brownie brain trust endorsed Lollar as a budding genius at handling pitchers, Richards was not certain that Sherm was even the best catcher on the Chicago staff. So until Richards left Chicago, late in the 1954 season, to be all things to all men in Baltimore, Sherm Lollar was platooned with several others who wore the tools of ignorance for the White Sox. These included Phil Masi, Matt Batts, Carl Sawatski and young Earl Sheely. Then Marty Marion was elevated from the coaching ranks to replace Richards as manager, and Lollar found himself with a steady job. "Marty told me I was his regular catcher. He said he had a lot of confidence in me," Sherm says. "That was what I'd been waiting to hear."

The White Sox, all the way through,

had confidence in Lollar. So when peppery Clint Courtney came to the club in 1955 and, with his accustomed bravado, told general manager Lane "I'm going to be your first-string catcher," Lane smiled knowingly and said, "Clint, you'll have to beat out Sherm Lollar to do that."

Once Lollar got into harness regularly, baseball people began taking notice. Soon they were asking how he compared with the Yankees' Yogi Berra. Sherm had come a long way.

Says White Sox pitcher Dick Donovan, who credits his major-league survival partly to a helping, encouraging pat from Lollar: "Berra couldn't carry Lollar's mask. The only guy in the league who can match Lollar defensively may be Jim Hegan, and you know how Hegan hits. And even Hegan has no fielding edge on Sherm. In his own, quiet way, Sherm is decidedly aggressive. And he is consistent: He catches the same way whether he's hitting .100 or .500."

"Stability! That's the word to describe Lollar's value to the White Sox," says Joe Heinsen, the batting-practice catcher who served in a similar capacity with the Cubs and Reds. "Sure, Yogi is a more dangerous hitter. But Lollar is a solid leader and a whiz defensively. I've never seen Sherm look bad on throws, or on his rare passed balls. At times, you know, Yogi can look mighty bad in those

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departments. Lollar is dead at grabbing pop-ups."

Heinsen, like Boudreau, emphasizes that Lollar's rise to stardom has been due to hard work. "You should see Sherm working out along third base, picking up grounders, and you'd know how hard he practices. As a workman I have to appreciate his stability. His greatest asset is handling pitchers. Billy Pierce says that sometimes, when a pitcher doesn't realize his fast stuff is gone, Lollar will shift him to breaking stuff without the pitcher knowing what's going on. Pierce tells me Sherm can transform a pitcher who is having a bad day into a pitcher who will have a good day. And that's quite a trick."

Baseball folk conceded that Yogi Berra is a more dangerous slugger than Lollar. They have to; the figures prove it. Through 1956, Yogi's lifetime batting average was .294 and he had hit 238 home runs. Lollar's statistics were .264 and 86 homers. No one is more respectful of Yogi than Lollar, who says: "Since Joe DiMaggio, Yogi is the most effective clutch hitter in baseball, to my mind. He swings at all kinds of pitches, and he gets his hits. On the other hand, Ted Williams—in the clutch—will often work you for a base on balls. Williams takes balls that Yogi would never pass up. That Yogi is a marvel at the plate."

But just as surely as Yogi is one of the game's great hitters, Lollar is Berra's superior on defense. In 1956, Sherman fielded .993. Berra's fielding

was .986. The previous year's figures were .995 to .984, Lollar leading.

It is typical of the quiet, unobtrusive Chicago catcher that he is rankled a bit when his ability is compared to Berra's. Nothing upsets him more, inwardly, unless, perhaps, it would be those rare barbs suggesting that he is a "hillbilly" because he comes from Arkansas. Sherm wants the respect that is due him, nothing more.

It is no accident that Sherman Lollar is the White Sox player representative. The boys knew he would do the job right. Roy Egan, the club's attorney, says: "He is wonderful to deal with. He has a fine grasp for business." And Johnny Rigney, vice-president of the White Sox, adds that Sherm not only has a good business sense when he's talking for all the players, but also when he's speaking for himself. Rigney says Lollar's salary is "in the \$20,000 to \$30,000 bracket."

If Lollar is helping himself to a bottle of soda or to a candy bar when a writer seeks him out after a game, Sherm will insist on treating the writer, too. "He sees that we're taken care of on tips," says Sharkey Colledge, the clubhouse attendant who has been with the White Sox for a half century. "He takes care of the flower collections, and stuff like that. Did you see the wrist watch the players gave our bat boy, Joe De Pasquale, after his graduation?"

Dick Donovan is a good example of the encouragement Lollar dispenses around the White Sox clubhouse. "I'd failed in the National League," Donovan says, "so when the White Sox brought me up in '54, it was a last gasp. Then, in my first start, Kansas City shelled me, and I was practically whipped. But that night Sherm Lollar, an established big-leaguer, saw me worrying and took me to his hotel room. We had a couple of sandwiches and Lollar treated me just like I was a regular star. A bit later, I ran into Frank Lane, and Frank said that no matter what happened, I was with the Sox to stay. I wouldn't have made it, though, except for the way Lollar and Lane treated me. They sure pepped me up."

Lollar, as we said before, has no holler, but he gives thoughtful, well-planned, and meaty answers when the baseball writers grab him for interviews. When we asked him if he had ever out-smarted himself behind the plate, Sherm grinned and said: "Last year, during our losing streak, we had the Yankees by a run in the ninth. But with two out, they had the bases loaded and Hank Bauer up. Jim Wilson was pitching, and of course we know Bauer is murder on fast balls. So we give him breaking stuff for two strikes. He fouls off three or four, then takes one for a ball. Now, I figure, Bauer expects the breaking stuff, so I crossed him up by coming in with a fast ball. Bauer powdered it down the third-base line, right off Fred Hatfield's glove, and knocked in the runs that beat us. We should've stayed with the breaking stuff."

Ed (Doc) Froelich, who has been a trainer for the Cubs, Yankees, Red Sox, and now the White Sox, tells an anecdote illustrating Sherm's wry humor. As Froelich tells it, a few years ago, in the late innings of a scoreless game with the Yankees, the New Yorkers had the bases loaded with nobody out and Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra, and Johnny Mize were

coming up. Lollar decided it was time to talk to his pitcher, Sandy Consuegra, who understood no English. But by the time he headed for the mound, shortstop Chico Carrasquel—the interpreter—and Nellie Fox, the second-baseman, were already there. So umpire Bill McGowan stopped Lollar and said "You can't go out, Sherm. You know the rules. No more than two players at a time out there with the pitcher."

Lollar merely handed the baseball to McGowan and drawled: "That's dandy, Bill. You just go on out and tell Consuegra how he oughta pitch to Mantle and Berra."

"Lollar reminds me lots of Bill Dickey," Froelich says. "Both of them have that 'Arkansas calm.' Both were expert handlers of pitchers and both had the respect of their players off the field."

John Sherman Lollar was born August 23, 1924, in Durham, Ark., and was named for William Tecumseh Sherman, the civil war general, because a grandpappy had fought for the North. Sherm was the oldest of four children, one of them born after the death of his father, who had been a semi-pro baseball player. Sherm remembers throwing a baseball when he was only six years old; he remembers because he had just been vaccinated and it hurt his arm to throw.

His father, who had operated a grocery store in Fayetteville, Ark., died when Sherman was a little boy. Subsequently, his mother became a librarian to help support her brood. Sherm went to high school in Fayetteville, then migrated to Pittsburg, Kans., a town which produced another famous catcher, Ray Mueller. He got a job with a dry-goods store (part-time employment paying \$13 a week) to help pay his way through Pittsburg State Teachers College, the educational institution that had lured him to the city in the first place. But Sherm wasn't a college boy for long, nor a dry-goods clerk, either. He soon went to work in the nearby mines—at almost three times the salary he had been making. In 1943 he found himself catching for the mining company's semi-pro ball team in Baxter Springs, Kan.

As the Baxter Springs catcher, Lollar caught the eyes of a miner named Stan West. Stan belonged to the Baltimore Orioles but, because of the war, was working at a defense job instead of playing baseball. Stan recommended Lollar to Tommy Thomas, a former White Sox pitcher, who was managing Baltimore. Before the 1943 season was over, Lollar belonged to Baltimore. He batted a glorious .118 in 12 games. But he had made his start up organized baseball's ladder.

Now, as the six-foot, 180-pound catcher of the pennant-contending Chicago White Sox, the principal spur goading the Comiskey Park speed-boys on to what they hope will be their first league championship since 1919, Sherm has come a long way up that ladder. He has a beautiful wife, two fine sons, a ranch-type home in Springfield, Mo., money in the bank and more coming in, the ungrudging respect of the men he plays with and against, and the admiration of the fans. What difference does it make if he isn't as good as Yogi Berra?

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Why Don't They Stop Knocking the Duke?

(Continued from page 13)

team. He's worse than Babe Ruth.

It is his misfortune that people never talk about the things Snider does, the ringing hits or the spectacular catches, but always about the things he might have done or "should" do. Take, for example, the tone of a story in the New York *Herald-Tribune* last winter. "Snider last year was something of a disappointment," the story said. Certainly you would conclude, from this, that he didn't help the club much. But the facts are that he led the National League in home runs with 43, led the league in slugging percentage with .598, was the most frequently walked player in the league with 99 bases on balls, and passed the 100-mark in runs-batted-in for the sixth time in his career. His batting average, it is true, slipped below .300 to .292, but is that so terrible? Production is what counts, not mere batting averages.

To illustrate the point, back in 1955, the New York *Daily News* compiled a production-average chart for the top hitters in the National League. The chart showed that the Duke ranked ninth in batting averages in the league, with .309. (Richie Ashburn led with .338, and ahead of the Duke were such sluggers as Stan Musial, Willie Mays, Roy Campanella, Hank Aaron and Ted Kluszewski.) But in production-average, obtained by dividing the sum of the player's hits, runs and runs-batted-in into his times at bat, Snider was all by himself at the top of the heap with a .796 mark. Mays was second with .748, and Ashburn wasn't even in the top ten.

It is typical of Snider's ill luck with the gods of publicity that most of the good notices he gets come when the papers are comparing him with Willie Mays and arguing which of them is the league's greatest centerfielder. "I'm a big man now," Duke once said with understandable bitterness. "Nobody appreciated me until Willie came along."

The voting for Most Valuable Player in the National League in 1955 produced another example of Snider's Luck. Roy Campanella won the award for the third time by polling 226 votes to Duke's 221. It was the closest the Duke ever had come to the prize, but he hadn't come close enough. It was the same in the World Series that year, in which he tied Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig for the most home runs hit in a single Series with four king-sized blasts, only to see lefty Johnny Podres steal his thunder and win all the "Series hero" awards. "As usual," Duke said wryly when it was all over, "I came in second best."

Maybe so, but the kind of second-best Snider has been going in for involves some tremendous baseball. The young man who has been labeled "can't miss" ever since he was signed by the Dodgers in 1944 can hardly be said to have let down the ball club or the fans. Put it this way: If he's a failure, what are all the other players in the league below the Snider-Mays-Musial level?

The Duke is many things to many fans . . . and to many writers, too—a hero, a special kind of bum as distinguished from the other Bums, a showboat, a popoff, a redneck, an ingrate, a spoiled brat who never really has grown up. Actually, he is none of

these. He is astonishingly like almost any other successful young man I've ever known. He has a strong turn of ego, as every great professional athlete must have, and there is an unbending sense of the truth within him that compels him to say, in any circumstance, exactly what he thinks—too often without pausing to think twice. He is extremely sensitive and is inclined sometimes to take offense where none is intended. He has, in common with all of us, moments of doubt and bewilderment and inward rages directed at himself. He has charm and grace and a ready laughter that also may be directed at himself, and he frequently is surprised to discover that, even by those who are not interested in baseball, he is considered a person of some importance.

See him now in the Dodgers' clubhouse. It is a couple of hours before game time and he has just come in. He is wearing a short-sleeved sport shirt, patterned in blue and gray, gray slacks and black loafers. He appears younger than his 30 years, although there is a frosting of gray on his crew-cut dark hair.

"Sure," he says, "I've complained about my lot now and then, the same as everybody must have complained about his, whatever it is. But I've never wanted to be anything but a ballplayer. I was telling people I was going to be a ballplayer before I knew what I was talking about, six or seven years old, when my father put a bat in my hands and told me, 'Hit left-handed. Most ball parks are built for left-handed hitters. Besides, you're a couple of feet closer to first base.'"

"First it was softball. I was 14 when I switched to baseball—and at 18, after I'd played with my high school team and a semi-pro team in Compton, I was in the Dodgers' wartime training camp at Bear Mountain. I had a lot to learn in those early years with the Dodgers. I didn't learn it all. Maybe I never will. Maybe I'll never be the ballplayer a lot of people think I should be. I've heard a lot about my potentials. All I know about them is that I've never reached them—or so I've been told.

"How does anybody know what my potentials are, or whether I've reached them or not? I know a ballplayer in this league who, they say, hasn't reached his potentials, either. He's a good fielder, he has a good arm, he can run and he stands up at the plate like a hitter, but his lifetime batting average is .220. The only thing that keeps him in the league is that he's a hell of a fielder and once in a while he gets a hit that knocks in a couple of runs.

"How do they know he hasn't reached his potentials as a hitter? Everybody can't hit .300, although everybody would like to. Ask me and I'll say this guy just hasn't got it at the plate, but the way they talk about him you would think he could hit more if he tried harder but he just doesn't give a damn. That's ridiculous.

"I don't know what my potentials are. All I know is that I try as hard as I can every day and that some days I'm good and some days I'm very bad, and when I'm bad I don't like it. I've tried everything I've ever picked up by myself or that has been taught to me by Mr. Rickey and George Sisler and the managers I've played for, and

I don't think I've ever been lazy or careless. They used to say of me . . . and it was true . . . that I tore myself apart and my hitting suffered because of what they called my black moods, or my tantrums, but I don't have them any more. I'm a little older and I've got better sense and I've learned to relax. When things break bad for me, I know that if I keep swinging I'll be hitting again pretty soon and I don't get excited.

"So know what they say about me now?" he asks, grinning. "They say I'm complacent."

"Batting slumps," it was suggested to the Duke, "are the bane of every hitter's existence. How do you combat one—by hitting the ball back to the pitcher, as Ty Cobb always did, for instance, just trying to recapture his stroke?"

"I've tried that," the Duke said, "and just about everything else, too. Mostly I've relied on what others tell me when I ask them what I'm doing wrong. How many different answers do I get? None. You see, I ask only one man. Ralph Branca used to be my man. He was very observant and very helpful. Now that he's gone, Carl Erskine is my man, and he's very helpful, too. I asked him in the beginning, like I asked Branca: 'Watch me closely when I'm hitting good and see how I do it. When I'm not hitting, tell me what I'm not doing—and what I'm doing that I didn't do before.'"

"I worry, too, of course. I keep telling myself everything is going to be all right, but when you don't feel right up there and you're not getting your base hits, you've got to worry some. Then all of a sudden one day I'm comfortable at the plate again and the slump is over. That's how it goes."

"Mostly my slumps start with me taking my eye off the ball. I know what I'm doing but I can't seem to stop it. I have a couple of pictures that show me at my best and at my worst—and they show why, too. One was taken at the moment I hit a home run. My left shoulder is up here, the bat is straight out in front of me and I'm looking in a straight line with my shoulder and the bat. The other caught me striking out. My left shoulder is down here, the bat's off here, and I'm looking at the sky."

"I have found," the interviewer said, "that a ballplayer may be in the big leagues for a couple of years before, in his own mind, he is really a big-leaguer. Waite Hoyt, for example, once told me that for the first three years he was like Alice in Wonderland. When did you feel that you weren't just wearing a big-league uniform but really belonged up there?"

"In 1949," Duke said without hesitation.

"Was there any one thing that happened to you that convinced you? Or any one day to which you can look back and say 'This was the day that,

for no obvious reason, I suddenly knew. . . ."

"No. It was a gradual development. In 1947, when the Dodgers sent me to St. Paul, and in 1948, when they sent me to Montreal, I believed I was at least a little better than most of the players in those leagues. I had to believe it because I was getting special treatment. I'd been told that all I needed was a little more time and training to make me a big-leaguer and that everybody was eager to help me. Each year, I was brought up to Brooklyn before the season was over. So from the time I went to the training camp in 1949, I knew I wasn't going to be sent out again. I knew I had it made."

"Don't get me wrong. I didn't take anything for granted. I realized that while I had proved I was a big-leaguer, I had to go on proving it, and sometimes I was scared."

"Hank Greenberg told me there were days when he hoped it would rain because he dreaded to go to the ball park."

The Duke nodded, half smiling as he heard this. "I know how Hank felt," he said. "I felt that way more than once, when I hadn't done so good the day before. If it looked like rain, I'd say to myself: 'I hope it rains. Maybe a day off would be good for me.' But when the rain didn't come, and I got to the ball park, I'd say: 'Oh, well, now that I'm here. . . .'"

"I had a good season in 1949. It could have been a better one, but for a fellow playing his first full year in the majors, it was good. I hit .292 and made 23 home runs and drove in 92 runs and scored 100." He made a wry face. "Then came the World Series," he said. "I was really scared before the opening game, and when I got over the scare, I was still tight . . . and you know what happened. I went three-for-21 and I struck out eight times."

Duke was reminded that, through the years, some of the game's greatest hitters had the miseries in the World Series: Ty Cobb . . . Hans Wagner . . . Rogers Hornsby . . . Ted Williams. . .

"I know about Hornsby," he said, smiling now. "It was his record of eight strikeouts in a five-game Series that I tied. Yet, in a way, that Series did something for me. I guess I was about as depressed as a man could be when I went home that fall. I didn't want to read about the Series, or think about it or be around where people were talking about it. I wished I could go some place where nobody even knew about it. For a while I wasn't sure any more that I was a big-leaguer. I'd had the big chance and I'd blown it. We'd lost to the Yankees, four games to one, yet all the games were close enough so that if I'd been hitting, we might have won four instead of them. Then one day I pulled myself out of it. I said to my-



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self. "You can quit worrying now.
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in baseball from now on can be as bad
as this. You've hit bottom, and the
only way you can go from here is
up."

"Tell me," the reporter said, "about
the World Series since then in which
you've been more than slightly spec-
tacular. Were you scared coming up
to them?"

"No. Oh, I always have butterflies
just before the opening game. I guess
everybody does. It's the same way on
Opening Day every season. Funny,
no matter how many seasons you open,
there's always that tense feeling.
Well, I guess it's better that way. It
shows you're still alive and interested
enough in what you're doing to be
excited about it, and I suppose if the
time comes when you don't feel like
that, you'd better stay home."

He isn't quite 31 years old yet, so it
seems reasonable to predict that it will
be a long time before Duke Snider
has to stay home instead of going out
to the baseball wars. And before he
is through, he will have left an in-
delible mark on the game. He prob-
ably will wind up ranking right be-

hind Babe Ruth, Jimmy Foxx, Mel
Ott, Lou Gehrig and Ted Williams as
the sixth leading home-run hitter of
all time, a position now held by Ralph
Kiner with 369 home runs. Maybe the
critics will still make light of his ac-
complishments by saying that he
should have done better, but, on the
other hand, maybe by then nobody
will listen to them. Maybe people will
understand that when the Duke turns
expressionless away from the plate
after striking out, it isn't because he
doesn't care. It's just that he hasn't
got it in his proud, sensitive makeup
to offer a public display of his feelings;
he can't kick the water cooler the way
Mickey Mantle does, throw his bat the
way Ted Williams does, or look like a
small boy caught playing hooky the
way Willie Mays does. But don't make
the mistake of thinking that, just be-
cause he doesn't kick up a storm, he
doesn't care.

They ought to stop knocking the
Duke; in fact, they had better stop
knocking him. Not only because he
deserves praise instead of censure, but
because, if they don't cut it out, he is
going to make them look awfully sick.

— ■ —

Will Pro Football Have Union Trouble This Year?

(Continued from page 27)

like baseball, is a business with obvi-
ous economic problems between the
players and owners. The democratic
approach on the business side of the
game is as important in football as in
any business, and the players would
like a voice in what so vitally affects
each one of them."

Of the Players Association's six
proposals originally brought to the
attention of the club owners last
February, four of them concerned
the pre-season training period. The
other two asked for recognition of
the Association by the owners (a
vital first step if the Association is
to function at all) and a minimum
player salary of \$5,000. Both Creigh-
ton Miller and Bert Bell are in agree-
ment that there is no player who now
earns less than \$5,000 in professional
football. But as late as three years
ago, there were linemen, college
graduates, making only \$3,500.

Here are the proposals made by the
Association concerning pre-season
play:

- (1) A shorter training period.
- (2) A stipulated amount of ex-
pense money per week for veteran
and rookie players.
- (3) A minimum of \$12 per day for
lodging and meals for the period after
the team leaves for training camp
until the first league game, provided
the team does not have a place for
the players to live and does not pro-
vide their meals. (Norb Hecker, the
Redskins' player representative, says
that when he was with the Rams in
1951, the players got \$5.50 a day meal
money and nothing else for a two-
week eastern trip.)

(4) Inclusion of an "injury clause"
in the players' contracts. The Asso-
ciation asked that the clause apply to
injuries sustained in the line of duty
during the training period, and that
the club agree to pay the injured
party a minimum of \$5,000 for what-
ever might be left of the season

in which the injury was sustained.

This would, of course, leave out Vic
Janowicz, who was severely injured
in an automobile accident last Sep-
tember, but it was the Janowicz case
which helped trigger the formation
of a pro football association.

Vic was unable to play for the
Redskins last season—he will never
play football again—and the 'Skins
refused to pay his salary for the year.
It is understood, though, that George
Marshall did pay all of Vic's hospital
and doctor bills, amounting to some
\$15,000. The players got together and
chipped in a certain amount among
themselves so that Janowicz would
have some money coming in. Harry
Wisner says he contributed \$100 a
week to the Janowicz fund.

In defense of the Redskins stand on
Janowicz, a league official said it
would be setting a dangerous prece-
dent to pay a player for injuries sus-
tained off the field when that player
was obviously violating training
rules. (Vic's injury occurred in the
early hours of the morning.) Says a
league official, "If a club paid salaries
for guys carousing around, it would
establish a dangerous precedent and
they would be in trouble."

Still, it seemed to many observers
that the 'Skins' handling of the
Janowicz injury was in bad taste and
cold-blooded in nature.

But there are a number of instances,
past and present, of players who were
injured playing football who were
later dropped—minus any salary con-
siderations—by their clubs. Frank
McPhee, former end of the Chicago
Cardinals, is suing the club for \$4,229
(representing the difference between
his season's contract and what he
actually got) on the grounds that he
was dropped from the team in 1956
because of injuries. McPhee said he
was released five weeks after he had
injured his shoulder in a practice
game. A spokesman for the NFL, com-
menting on the McPhee case, says

"He had played practically the whole previous season with a sore shoulder. They brought him back last year and then released him. But he could have appealed to the commissioner, and he has every right to sue."

In another case, 22-year-old Dick Fouts was signed by the Rams off the Missouri campus. He was then injured in an exhibition game and hospitalized. The Rams asked waivers on him and he was paid off for four games on a per-game basis. The Commissioner's office says that Fouts was examined by both a team physician and then by another Los Angeles doctor, Daniel Fortmann, the former great tackle of the Chicago Bears. In Dr. Fortmann's letter to Ram officials, he said, "Mr. Fouts was examined in October 1956. There was no swelling and only slight tenderness. It is my opinion at this time that he has made excellent recovery and is ready to play football." Had Fouts appealed to Bell, the Commissioner would have taken these steps: he would have had Fouts brought to Philadelphia and examined by a third doctor and then he would have issued a ruling on the case. "If you put in an injury clause," so the argument goes, "every guy who couldn't make the club would use a sore shoulder or ankle as a blackjack to extract money from the owners." The players, on the other hand, feel that, pro football being the hazardous occupation it is, they should receive some form of salary protection, especially since other occupations offer such clauses for occupational disabilities.

In all the sound and fury over the new organization, some of the utterances came through in classic style. George Marshall, for instance, came up with three proposals of his own: that a team not start training more than three weeks prior to the first exhibition; that the squad be cut to 50 or less by September 15; and the player limit be increased from 33 to 35—all of which was pretty irrelevant to the issues at hand, although the league deferred to Marshall and did increase the squad limit to 35.

Then there was the horrified owner who exclaimed, anonymously, "Can you imagine what would happen to a player who refused to join the union, when he was in a scrimmage or even a game? It would be awfully easy to let the opposition gang up on such a player by not giving him the protection, especially if he was a back." Well, the Bears as a team haven't as yet signed up, and they got whopped by the Giants in the championship game last December, 47-7, which might have been caused by strong labor union loyalties among the Giant players, although we doubt it.

The only owner foolhardy enough to go on record as pro-association has been Carroll Rosenbloom of the Baltimore Colts, a relative newcomer, who said, "I'm in favor of anything that would make conditions better for the players." Harry Wismer, who helped organize the present Detroit Lions' management, says that the Lions' owners feel that anything the players want is all right with them. Most of the other clubs in the league are maintaining a discreet silence about the whole affair, but one gets the impression that they are secretly hoping it's only a slight thunder squall that will soon blow over.

One gets a similar squallish feeling

listening to some of the arguments propounded against the Association by league officials. "This is a very competitive sport. If you ever restricted a coach in any way as to discipline, football would go to hell. We lack discipline in this country . . ." Or, "The Bears sit down every year and give bonuses before the kids go home. It's up to the kid to tell what he wants, to bargain for it. Incentive playing. It takes incentive to be a ballplayer. This is an incentive game . . ." Or, "The Lions and Bears can do much more for a player than the Eagles or Steelers." (So, for that matter, can the Yankees and Milwaukee Braves as compared, say, with the Senators and Cubs. But the Senators and Cubs enjoy the same benefits as their rich relations—except the privilege of working for a pennant contender.)

The National Football League Players Association, as it is formally known, was organized at a meeting in New York last December just before the world championship game between the Giants and the Bears. Each of the 12 National Football League clubs was represented except the Bears, who were not interested in joining, and the Steelers, whose representative, Lynn Chandnois, was unable to make the meeting. The other players representatives are Bill Pellington, Baltimore Colts; Billy Howton, Packers; Jack Jennings, Cardinals; Don Colo, Browns; Norb Hecker, Redskins; Adrian Burk, Eagles; Joe Schmidt, Lions; Gordy Soltau, 49ers. The Association's two representatives, working closely with Miller, are Van Brocklin of the Rams and Kyle Rote of the Giants.

The Association itself is modeled closely after the baseball set-up. The players do not like to refer to themselves as a union. Several times at that December meeting, Creighton Miller kept repeating, "We do not consider ourselves as a union . . . We don't like to call ourselves a union." The players felt that the connotation, *Association*, would perhaps make it easier for the owners to swallow—which turned out not to be the case.

Miller is a boyish-looking, pink-cheeked, wavy-haired young man who graduated from Notre Dame in 1944 after winning acclaim as an All-America halfback. He played against the pros in the All-Star game and was later a backfield coach with Cleveland, and after graduating from Yale Law School, was an attorney for the Browns for two years. Today he is a successful Cleveland lawyer.

The first birth pains of the Association occurred three years ago when a couple of the Cleveland Browns went to Miller and asked him if he would be interested in working for a professional football players' association. Miller spent the next two years investigating all the angles. Finally, he sent out circulars to key players of each team and asked them to tell the players about it. The response was immediate. The Colts held a meeting and every player signed the circular. Miller today has in his office the signatures of 337 players, plus authorization from a five-man committee of the Rams to include all the Ram players. That makes a total of 370. This year, with the increase of each roster to 35 men, there will be approximately 420 players in the league. So, not counting the Chicago Bears,

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only 15-odd players had not signed as members of the Association. But most of these were rookies who undoubtedly will fall in line when they make the ball club.

It is worth noting that most of the guiding lights in the Association are players who, personally, have little to gain from their labors. A good many of them are in the last stages of their careers. Others are star players who do much better than the average player, anyway. It is an interesting development, this burst of altruism from professional athletes.

At that December meeting the players sat around a big conference table, smoking cigars and scribbling on scratch pads and making like mogul or magnates or club owners, if you like, and trying to come up with general problems affecting all clubs. After the meeting was over, Miller said of it, "There was a feeling of confidence there. We were all pleased to find we had a unity of purpose."

That feeling of confidence was quickly deflated, however, when the Association found itself on the seat of its pants, looking up at the stars. The players had gone out of their way to be conciliatory ("we want to improve the relationship between the players and the owners and to resolve differences peacefully without disrupting the game or creating animosities," was the way they put it) and — boom — they found themselves slapped down hard by the owners. After that setback last January, the Association wasn't so conciliatory. Miller said, "We had hoped to resolve our problems in friendly and amiable manner. But apparently they are going to force us to fight. We can do that, too. Our fellows are used to getting up when knocked down."

Not that the league didn't try to placate. Out of its annual meeting emerged five proposals which, they said, every club would agree to guarantee for the players in writing. They

were:

1) All teams in the league will pay transportation and expenses of all players to training camp. Any player who thereafter does not make the team shall be paid return transportation and expenses to his home.

2) All teams, at the club's expense, will provide the players with game equipment for league games.

3) Whenever practicable, all players shall eat in a group. When such is impracticable, the club shall advance each player money for meals and/or lodging, \$9 a day for meals, \$12 a day for meals and lodging.

4) A player under contract may immediately, after each pre-season game, draw against his salary if he desires an advance of \$50 for each pre-season game. A player who fails to make the team need not repay the advance.

5) A player under contract may not be asked to report to training camp earlier than nine weeks before the first game, except in the case of the All-Star game.

The reaction by the players to these terms was not, to say the least, cordial. Norm Van Brocklin fired back bitterly, "They haven't done a thing for us." Then Van Brocklin, Rote and Miller issued a statement charging that a blackball system was in effect among the owners to prevent a player being picked up by another team after being released. This undoubtedly received a fuller airing at the congressional hearings.

And so as this was being written, the bickering was getting noisier, there was bad feeling, uneasiness and distrust all around. Out of it all, one sure fact remains—there is trouble ahead in pro football unless the owners take a more reasonable look at their employees' demands for recognition and security. And this may very well be the year the trouble explodes.

— ■ —

SPORTalk

(Continued from page 8) Green Bay Keeps Its Football Team

With all the talk of franchise shifts going around now, it is pleasant for a change to hear about a city where the team and the community have enough faith in each other's future to bind their long relationship with something as solid as a steel-and-concrete stadium. The scene of this idyllic partnership is Green Bay, Wisc., where the Packers will open the 1957 season against the Bears on September 29 in their new home—City Stadium. It is a triumph for both the city and the Packers. Seven years ago, when founder-coach Curly Lambeau resigned, it was widely rumored that the Packers were on their way to a bigger city; obviously, it was said, Green Bay (population 52,000) would lose its team, just like so many other smaller cities have after trying to support a big-league franchise in any sport.

The new 32,000-seat stadium is proof that the Packers are in Green Bay to stay—perhaps for as long as steel and concrete will last. It replaces the old wooden structure which started with a few bleachers 25 years ago and was gradually built up to seat 24,500 spectators. The cost of building the stadium will be split

between the city and the Packers, with Green Bay providing the cash now through a bond issue and the Packers paying their share over a 20-year period. Built on a ridge overlooking the city, it is the second stadium built in the United States expressly for pro football, the first being the one the Packers have just abandoned.

What's behind this faith the Packers and their community have in each other? Well, for one thing, the Packers are one of the three charter members still in the National Football League, along with the Bears and Cardinals. Having survived the roughest years of the old pro league, there is no reason to expect they will go under now in this era of the greatest prosperity the game has known. The Packers are rebuilding and this year have come up with two of the brightest prospects from the college ranks, Paul Hornung of Notre Dame (their bonus choice last winter) and Ron Kramer of Michigan. With the veteran Tobin Rote a fixture at quarterback, the Packers will move Hornung to offensive halfback and end Kramer may be used as a slot back.

The community, too, is looking toward a bright future. Green Bay,

because of its excellent port facilities, expects to grow at a dizzy rate once the St. Lawrence Seaway is opened. At present the Packers are billed as "Wisconsin's Pro Football Team" because they split their home schedule between Green Bay and Milwaukee's County Stadium. Their new home in Green Bay is constructed so that it can easily be expanded to a 50,000-seat stadium. When the Seaway is opened and the population soars, Milwaukee will probably lose its share of a football team.

Interviewing Fred Haney

Fred Haney has, off and on, done considerable broadcasting work. Yet, one of our editors reports, he tends to mumble his answers when interviewed. Also, he likes to pause.

Working on the SPORT SPECIAL (see page 52) naturally required a number of interviews with Haney. Our man recalls one of them for us. "This session was in Haney's hotel room. I'd ask a question, he'd answer slowly, with embarrassingly few words (I felt), and then he'd pause. I kept thinking he was considering his next sentence, framing the answer carefully. But no—he was finished. And I'd have to think of something else to say to get him talking again. Else, he'd be content to just sit there in silence.

"The television set was on during our interview, tuned to a Giant-Cub game, and during our conversational lulls we'd watch the game.

"This may never have happened before in the crazy history of sports interviewing, but I can report without malice that at one point I asked a question and there was the pause. I waited maybe one minute for Haney to speak and when he didn't I looked across the room at him. He was asleep."

Little League Talks Back

Mickey McConnell, Little League's Director of Training, tells us that he read with interest Tommy Henrich's objections to the program in last month's SPORT. "I think Tommy's dead wrong about the kids not having as much fun, though," Mickey said. "For instance, I've asked hundreds of kids what they like about Little League and one answer I invariably get is 'the umpires.' It seems that in pick-up games on the sandlots, the boys spend much of the time arguing about whether a player is safe or out, or what the rules are. In Little League games, the kids play ball and the umps take care of the rules."

Of course, Mickey may have forgotten that Tommy comes from Massillon, O., a pretty tough town. Maybe the kids there would rather argue.

"The Home Of Champions"

While it is true that New York City may be divided into hundreds of little villages scattered throughout its five boroughs, the out-of-town visitor generally cares only for that fabled area which lies in midtown Manhattan. One of the few magnets which will pull tourists out of the area is an 11-acre plot of ground in the Bronx known as Yankee Stadium. For nine months every year, people will flock to "The Home of Champions" to see (1) the Yankees, champions of the baseball world and (2) the Giants, champions of the foot-

the Stadium a home fit

ball champions is a year-round job. The man responsible for it is a broad-shouldered six-footer named Jim Thomson, the Stadium's superintendent. Thomson runs a staff that swells to as many as 500 employees for a big ball game, including groundskeepers, ticket sellers and takers, ushers, rest room attendants, electricians, painters and carpenters. Thomson escorted us on a tour of that part of the stadium which is closest to his heart, the three grass-covered acres which make up the playing field. Pointing to the outfield grass, he said proudly, "Look at that, it's like a putting green. You never would have believed we could do it after the Giants got finished playing football here last December. Any farmer will tell you that you should wait until the early spring before opening up the earth and planting, but we had no choice. We planted grass here on February 9—100 per cent Merion blue grass. Luckily we had a mild winter, and the grass came up wonderfully. It's like a thick mat under your feet. We have an irrigation system under the field here and so we can water the entire field from our 27 sprinkler heads."

Thomson is also proud of his ground crew and its record for putting the two big nylon covers, which cost over \$5,000 apiece, on the infield in one minute and 15 seconds. "Ground crews need practice just like the ball players," he said. "Our crew didn't get much practice this spring because of the young grass. Then one Saturday we went out and put down the cover five times. Their best time then was two minutes. The next day it poured here during the middle of the game and the crew went out and slapped the covers down in record time. Just like the Yankees—they're good under pressure."

Thomson is ideally suited for his new post as Stadium superintendent. He was assistant super there during the late Forties, and then went over to Ebbets Field where he put the old ball park back in shape. When the Yankees decided to overhaul their setup, Jim was brought in last January. "I check the playing field every day because that's the important thing. I also talk to Casey Stengel and the coaches, because the players will have told them if there are any flaws in the playing surface, or if they have any suggestions about how we can improve it. No matter how close we check, we might miss something. We can only see, but the players can feel, too."

"Sometimes we get a special request from a player to tailor his position to his own needs. The older players, especially, have their own ideas. This Yankee team is basically a young one, so there aren't as many individual requests. But over in Brooklyn we divided the infield in two parts the last couple of years I was there. We kept the right side packed hard or "fast," for the younger players, Hodges and Gilliam. Gilliam, especially, liked the infield hard because he said it gave him better footing when he pivoted on double plays. The older players, Reese and Robinson, played the left side and they wanted an infield that would slow ground balls down and give them a chance to come up with them. We loosened up the dirt a little. Who knows? Maybe we helped Jackie get through the last year or two."

See you next month.—F. G.

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time out

with the editors

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HOW TO MAKE ENEMIES OUT OF FANS

NOTHING has so dramatically pointed up the difference between the old "what's good for baseball" rule of thumb by which Judge Landis ran the game and the new "chairman of the board of directors" approach taken by Ford Frick than the outrageous manner in which certain major-league franchises have been put on the block for competing cities to bid for—even, in the words of some outspoken critics, to "steal," if they can.

Nobody but the commissioner can put a stop to such crass and callous maneuverings as Walter O'Malley's playing both ends against the middle in the Los Angeles-Brooklyn mess. It ought to be a matter of paramount concern to the commissioner that O'Malley has made more enemies for big-league baseball this summer than the public relations firm Frick hired last year to spread the gospel of the game could possibly count.

Never in the modern history of organized baseball have so many public officials, big-city newspapers and ordinary fans shown so much hostility toward the game as has been evident since the "Los Angeles bids Chavez Ravine, New York bids Flushing Meadows, O'Malley says neither is enough" comedy got under way.

Everybody is familiar with the famous quote attributed to William Wrigley, the old chewing-gum magnate who turned over the Chicago Cubs to his son, Philip K. "Baseball," Mr. Wrigley said in a moment of mild exasperation, "is too much of a business to be a sport, and too much of a sport to be a business." That was true in his time; it was true when the game was under the direct influence of men like Col. Jacob Ruppert, Connie Mack, Clark Griffith, Tom Yawkey and Horace Stoneham. It is no longer true, except in isolated instances. Now it is all business.

The editors of this magazine believe with utter conviction that an historic turning point was reached when O'Malley's incredibly cavalier treatment of the long-loyal Brooklyn fans brought no sharp correction



The ordinary fan who has supported his team resents seeing it put on the block.

from the office of the commissioner. Moving franchises that had failed was one matter; when O'Malley began to maneuver on the premise that successful franchises could be moved, too, if an extra buck was to be made by doing so, the gaping hole that was sheared in the tradition that the game belonged to the fans was too noticeable for even the most docile customer to overlook.

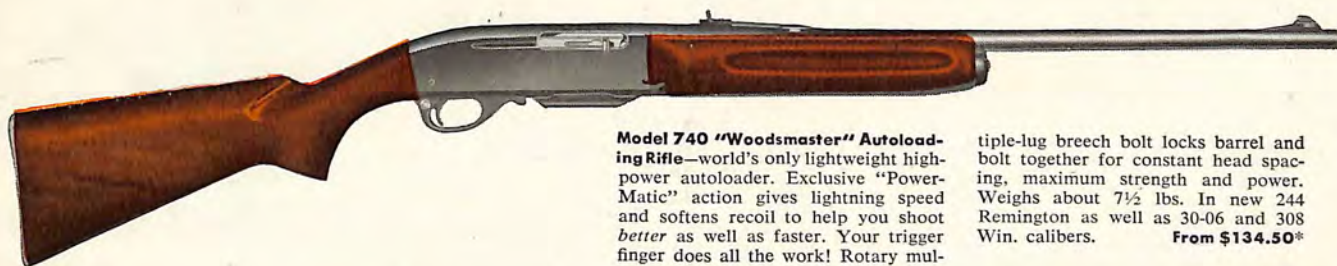
The height of something was reached when, even as he led the officials and citizens of Los Angeles to believe that his (his, mind you) baseball club was all wrapped up in a neat package and ready to be delivered, O'Malley saw fit to say for publication that the best thing the embattled Brooklyn fans could do was to keep coming on out to the ball games (at Ebbets Field, which O'Malley keeps labeling as a sort of 19th Century garbage heap). Clearly, Walter places no stock in the old adage that you cannot have your cake and eat it, too.

But if he doesn't, we do. Instead of worrying about Duke Snider's batting average, and instead of arguing about whether or not Roy

Campanella is over the hill, Dodger fans have been spending most of their time this season talking—first with anger, then with sadness and finally with unconcealed bitterness—about the way their ball club was being stolen from them. And because nobody stopped O'Malley when he started the whole thing, Giant fans were wondering if their ball club was going to San Francisco, Minneapolis fans were wondering why they had bothered to build that new ball park, Cincinnati fans were wondering if it was true that the Reds were dickering to move into New York, and White Sox fans were wondering if Pay-TV was going to force their team to get out of Chicago.

If the commissioner had hired a high-powered public relations outfit to work in reverse and make enemies out of the game's fans, no better job could have been done than has been done this summer by men who are

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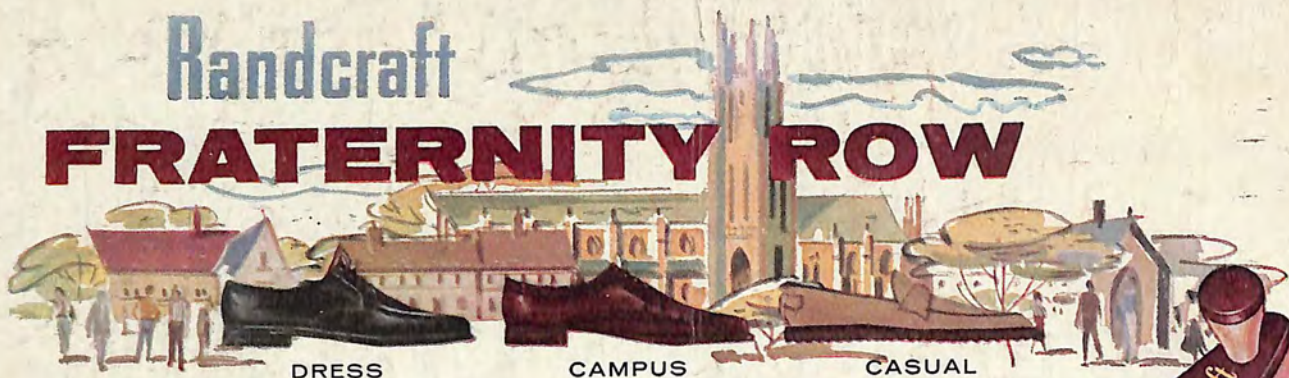


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